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THE NEW YORKER

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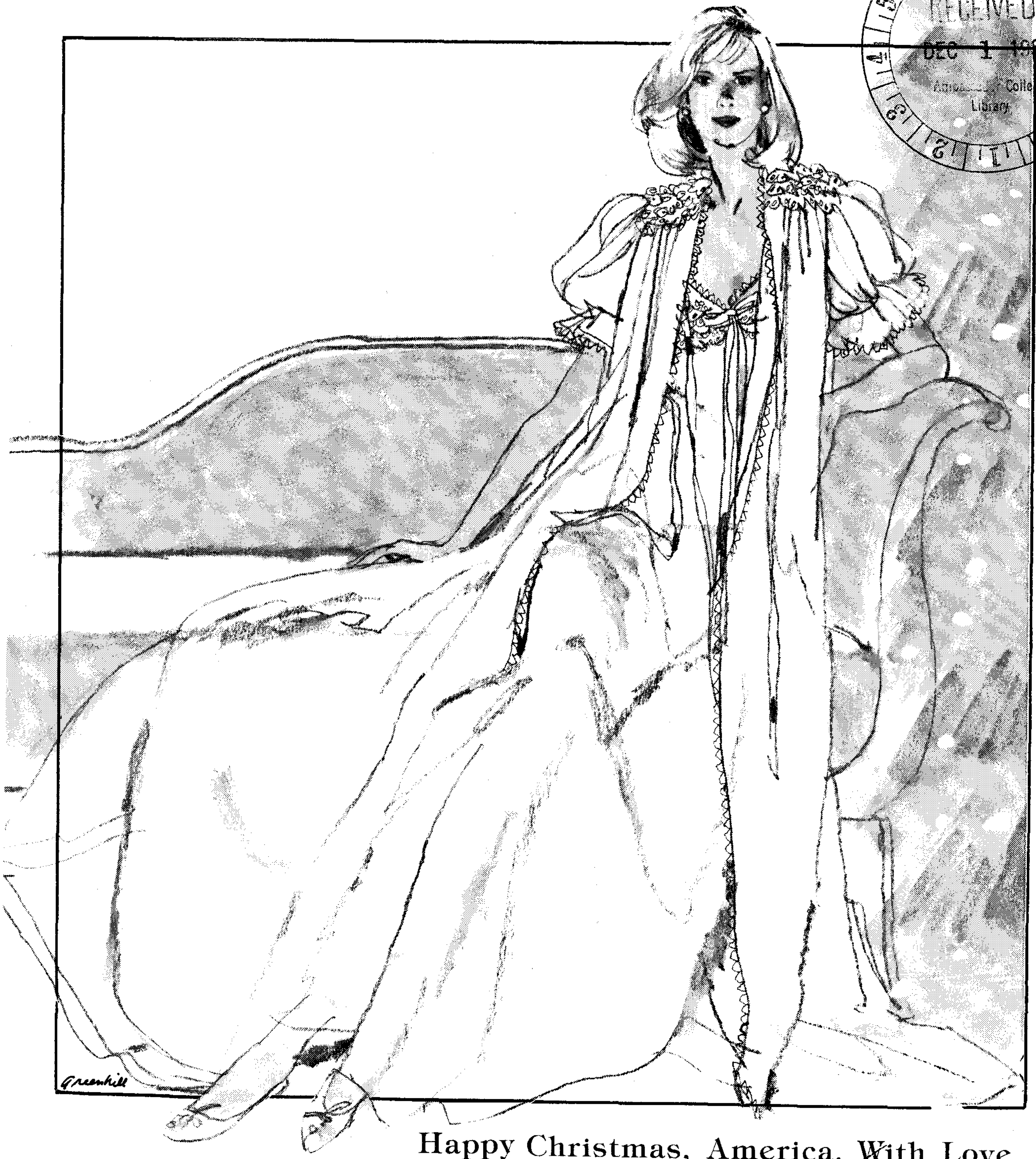

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Camelot—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Charlotte—Uta Hagen in a single performance of Peter Hacks's play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Cowboy Mouth (in Concert)—A rock performance of Sam Shepard and Patti Smith's collage. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesday and Thursday at 7; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes, wonderfully well acted. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Day Out of Time—A play by Alan Foster Friedman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

The Dresser—An oddly Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Mondays, except Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 27, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Monday, Dec. 7.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes sex object of his middle-aged landlady her homosexual brother. With Brad Da Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jer Dempsey. John Tillinger is the direc (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays a Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sunday 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, serious comedy by David Hwang about a derly Chinese who comes to America to his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, Califor The performance has its ups and downs, there is no question of the remarkable ab of Victor Wong in the leading role. The ha some, witty setting is by David Gropn (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Tha giving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and days at 3.)

The First—A musical focussing on Jackie Ro son's first season with the Brooklyn Dodg The book is by Joel Siegel, with Martin C nin (who also directed); the music is by Brush; and the lyrics are by Mr. Char With David Alan Grier, David Huddles and Lonette McKee. (Martin Beck, W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except M days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, ex

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . .

"CHEF'S HOUSE" . . . . Raymond Carver

"THE WASHING-MACHINE TRAGEDY" . . . . Stanislaw Lem

"CARIBOU NEAR ARCTIC" (POEM) . . . . Robert Penn Warren

"PLAGIARISM" (POEM) . . . . Maureen Howard

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . Roger Angell

THE THEATRE . . . . Brendan Gill

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . Winthrop Sargeant

A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE UNDERCLASS—PART III) . . . . Ken Auletta 1

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE) 1

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . Andrew Porter 1
  FURTHER EVENTS . . . . Nicholas Kenyon 1

DANCING . . . . Arlene Croce 1

BOOKS . . . . George Steiner 1
  BRIEFLY NOTED 2

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Jack Ziegler, Arnie Levin, Dean Vietor, William Hamilto Eldon Dedini, Edward Koren, Henry Martin, Robert Mankoff, Warren Mill William Steig, Robert Weber, Edward Frascino, James Mulligan, B Woodman, George Booth, Stan Hunt, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Ed Arno, Charl Barsotti, Michael Maslin*

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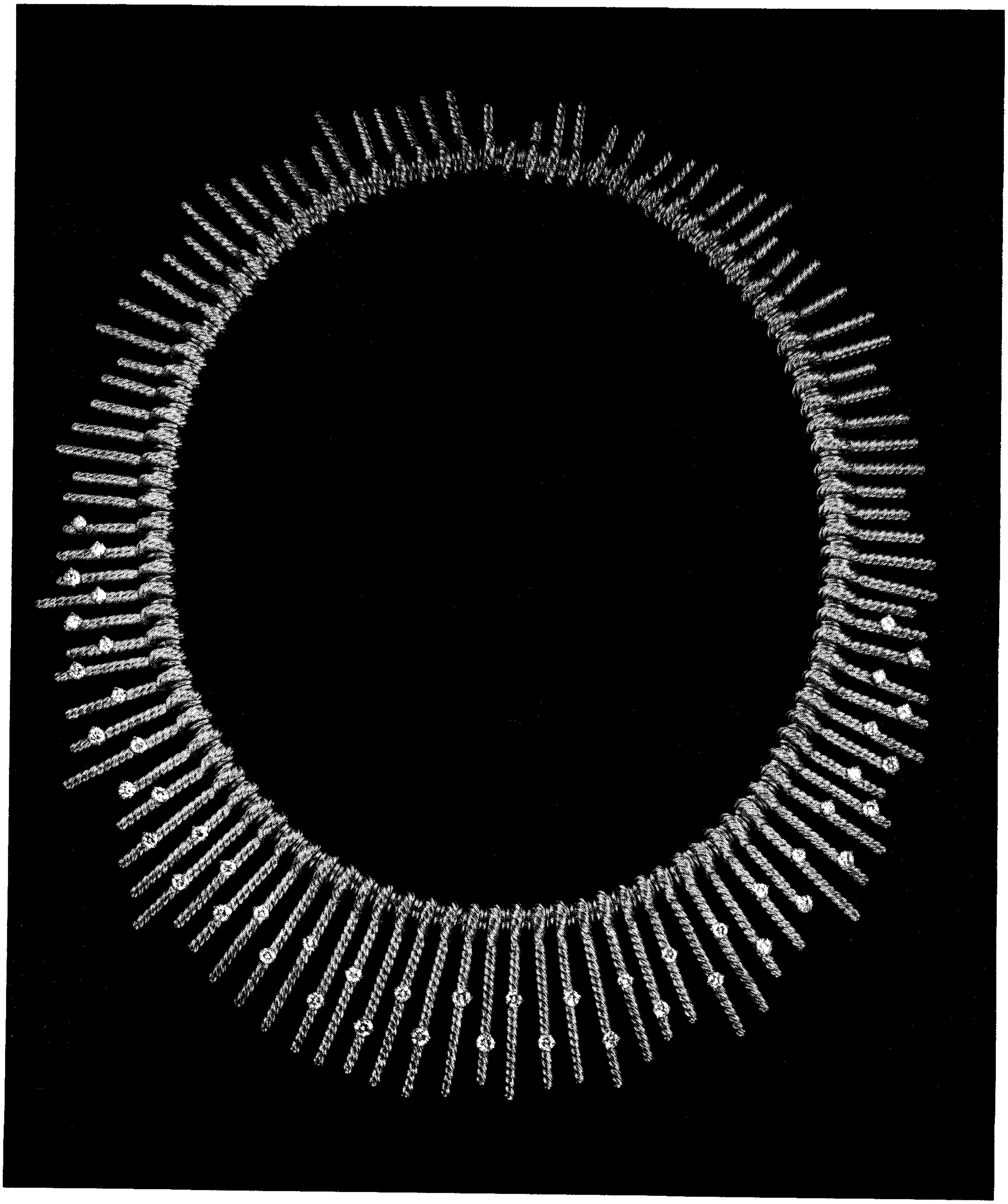

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 25, at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical based on the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Sixteen plays that were originally seen here during the sixties. The project will be spread out over the next couple of months. Through Sunday, Nov. 29: **the son of fricka,** by Bruce Kessler: Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. . . . **hurrah for the bridge,** by Paul Foster: Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 9, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, at 6 and 9. . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Dec. 3: **rimers of eldritch,** by Lanford Wilson. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. . . . **soon jack november,** by Sharon Thie, and **motel (america hurrah),** by Jean-Claude Van Itallie. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Nov. 28.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—The Royal Shakespeare Company's dazzling adaptation of the Dickens novel isn't to be missed for love or money. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. There will be no performances Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 25-27.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **the red mill:** Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2 and 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 4 and 8:30; and final performance Sunday, Nov. 29, at 4. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Dec. 2, a four-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland:** Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—**crossing niagara:** A pretentious little curiosity, by Alonso Alegría, about a nineteenth-century French tightrope walker, who is persuaded to cross the Falls with a young man perched on his shoulders. Alvin Epstein gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Paul McCrane does well as his piggyback passenger. Distinguished scenery and lighting by Santo Loquasto and Jennifer Tipton. (11/16/81) Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Marlowe—A rock musical about the author of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

"Dr. Faustus." Even reduced to dust, the great dead are subject to mistreatment. (10/26/81) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Merrily We Roll Along—A musical with a book by George Furth and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, based on the 1934 George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same title. With Jim Walton, Ann Morrison, and Lonny Price. Directed by Harold Prince. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

My Fair Lady—After twenty-five years, the Lerner-Loewe musical is as witty and nimble as ever, and so is its star, Rex Harrison. Every immaculate word he utters pays homage to the English tongue. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's **a soldier's play** is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Phoenix Theatre—Fay Weldon's **after the prize** is the second in this season's series of five productions. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Clo Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engagi and spirited little cabaret musical, set in gas station with diner attached, somewhere the South. Most of the good songs were wr ten by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, a pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morg (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). T six singer/instrumentalists are delightf Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especia so. A Dodger Theatre Company productic (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, cept Thanksgiving, and Sundays at 8, a Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Spec matinée Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Shiro—Yutaka Higashi's samurai musical, p formed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers. (La Mar Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunda Nov. 29.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You a **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny e ning in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," t second of Christopher Durang's brace of or acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic educ tion: a crazy nun verbally molests her sm pupils until she is given her comeuppance four visiting alumni. In the curtain-rais "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessm dreams that he is on a stage and forced perform, giving rise to a cluster of shre and wicked parodies of respected pla wrights. Everyone in the company does ve well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble directic Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, a Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of hi self. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 4 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays throu Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; a Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half dozen fellow-dancers and singers make th way at breakneck speed through some thirt five Duke Ellington numbers. A very sli production, though the great Duke hims seems oddly absent from his own part (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; speci matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Ne double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays, exce Thanksgiving, through Saturdays at 8. Ma inées Wednesdays and Thursdays, exce Thanksgiving, at 2, and Sundays at 3; speci matinée Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2. Closes Su day, Dec. 6.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert a Jean-Pierre Aumont are always worth seein but without them this trashy little pl would drive you out into the streets with ten minutes. (10/21/81) (Biltmore, 261 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Satu days, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda at 3; special matinée, Friday, Nov. 27, at Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fie stein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Gett Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Pa Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the ca (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 86 3981. Thursdays through Mondays at 7:30.

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters Frank South. The performances, under t direction of Robert Altman, are good; that Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in t West who has committed a murder and wai alone for retribution, is very good. (S Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Nigh ly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at Special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepbu Dorothy Loudon, and Regina Baff fill t rather thin little comedy with a brisk a sometimes touching liveliness. The author Ernest Thompson, who wrote "On Gold Pond." (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barr more, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesda and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed fro

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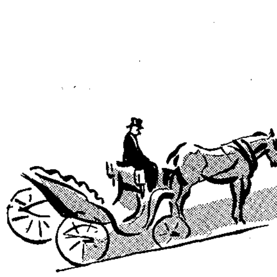
start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, Raquel Welch will fill in for Miss Bacall for two weeks. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **BARNUM:** David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2:30.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,976 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. On Thursday, Dec. 3, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Treat Williams, George Rose, Robby Benson, Kaye Ballard, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The hundred-and-eleventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's brouhaha at two locales. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 3 and 7:30; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, at 11, 3, and 7:30; Monday, Nov. 30, at 7:30; and final performances Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 10:30 and 7:30. . . .



¶ Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnp Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Thursc Dec. 3, at 8; Friday, Dec. 4, at 10:30 an and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11, 3, and 8. Cl Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christ show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Ra City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 2 4600. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Thanks ing Day at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday and Sa day, Nov. 27-28, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; S day, Nov. 29, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monc Nov. 30, at 11 and 2:30; Tuesday, Dec. 1 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 11, 2:30, 7:30; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

The Amazing Masters of Magic and Illusion— international cast headed by Richiardi. (Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-44 Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 25-27, 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1 and 5. Closes Sund Dec. 6.)

A Birthday Salute to Tennessee Williams— participants include James Coco, Me Streep, Ben Gazzara, Warren Beatty, Maureen Stapleton. For the benefit of National Committee for the Literary A (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesd Dec. 2, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 25 8: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Conc to," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, N 26, at 8: "Swan Lake," "In G Major," "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. "Agon," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Sat day, Nov. 28, at 2: "Apollo," "In the Nigh and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Tch kovsky Suite No. 2," "In the Night," "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, 1: "Scotch Symphony," "In G Major," "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. at 7: "Swan Lake," "Fancy Free," and "Sy phony No. 1." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at Friday, Dec. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 5, 2 and 8: Opening performances of a twen eight-day engagement of "The Nutcrack which will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (N York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 8 5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Open performances of a three-week engagem that will run through Sunday, Dec. 20 Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Phases," " Lark Ascending," "Treading," and "Conce in F." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Mem ia;" "Fontessa and Friends" (première); unnamed ballet (première), with gu dancers Judith Jamison and Alexan Godunov; and "Revelations." (A bene performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at "The River," "Spectrum" (première), a "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at "Phases," "The Still Point," a "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at "Phases," "Fontessa and Friends," and "C certo in F." (City Center, 131 W. 55th 246-8989.)

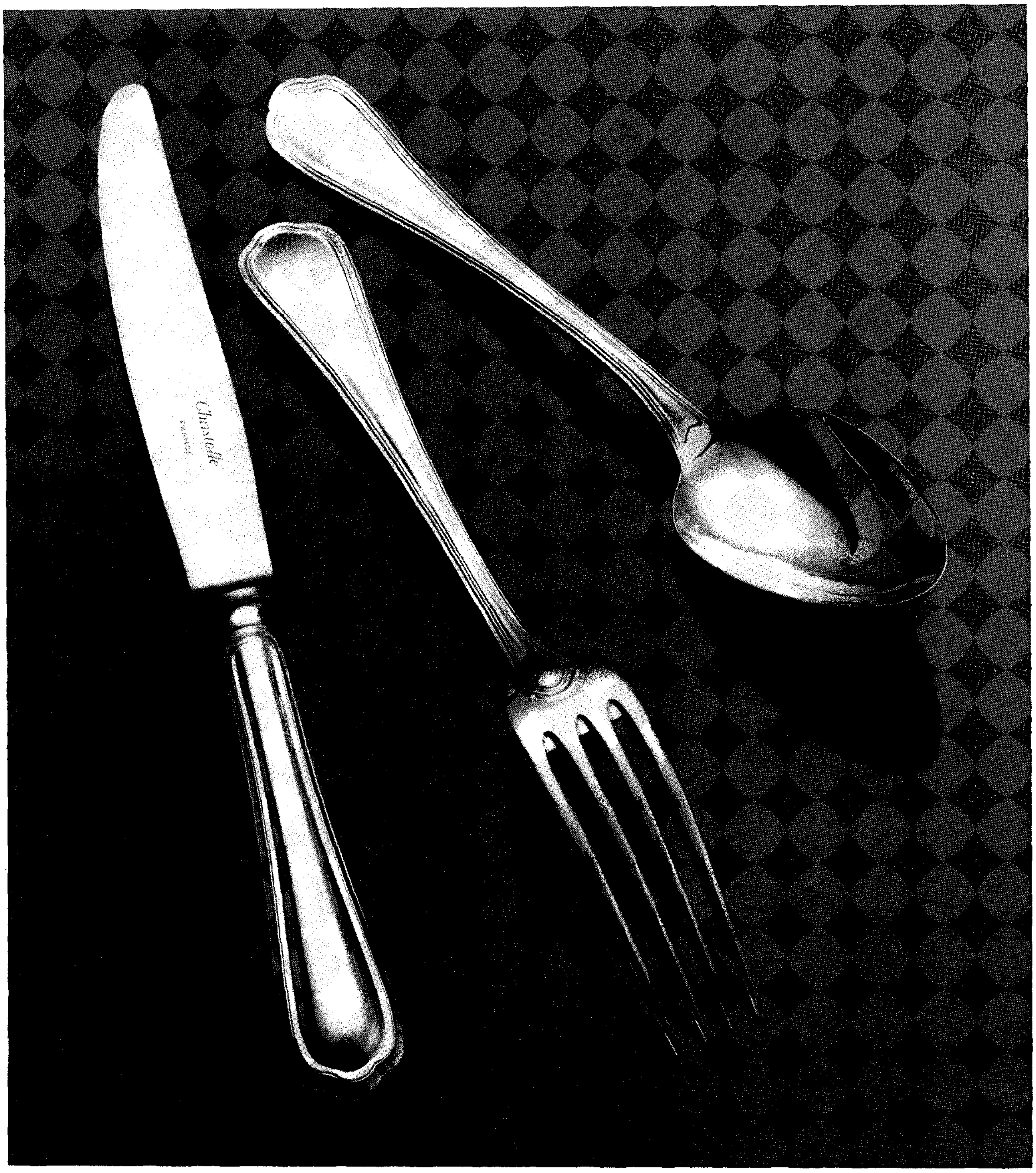
Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by t companies. **VAN GRONA DANCE THEATRE.** Wedn day, Dec. 2, and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, a Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Revival '81," a rec struction of Eugene Van Grona's Americ Negro Ballet Company, which was in ope tion in the thirties. . . . **ROBERT SMALL AND SMALL DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, Dec. 3, a Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 5-6, at 8: "Ska (première), "Tuber Tales," "Boundarie and "Patio" (New York première). (Thea of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fa type is used to pick out a few of the more not ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a night-club proprietors live complicated liv that are subject to last-minute change; it therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd

The Elegant Alternative



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

(242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will be present with his trio; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will head a trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. **DON ELLIOTT,** vibraharpist, mellophonist, singer, whistler, and composer for movies and television, leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 29. On Tuesday, Dec. 1, bassist-vocalist **SLAM STEWART** will cruise in with a trio. Music nightly from nine.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a nifty four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Bebop trombonists **KAI WINDING** and **CURTIS FULLER** will head a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 29. Mondays belong to saxophonist Turk Mauro. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday, Nov. 25, Karla DeVito; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, two evenings of doo-wop groups featuring Jimmy Beaumont & the Skyliners, Earl Lewis & the Channel, Silhouettes, and Fourteen Karat Soul; Sunday, Nov. 29, Jack Cassady & SVT and the Metros; Monday, Nov. 30, George Benson sextet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** and **DAVE VALENTIN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. Pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** works with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** every night but Sunday from nine-forty-five. On Sunday, Nov. 29, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will be buoyed by bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, performs, as always, with grace and ease in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, Nov. 28 **BOBBY SHORT** returns to his turf on Tuesday, Dec. 1, with his faithful *compadres*, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Nov. 25 the Pseudos, Doll Reys, the Spooleys, and High Roller; Thursday, Nov. 26, True Romance, the Flavors, and the Dischords; Friday, Nov. 27, Shrapnel, Poptronix, and Vietnam; and Saturday, Nov. 28, Marshall Crenshaw, They Came from Houses, and the Flicks. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

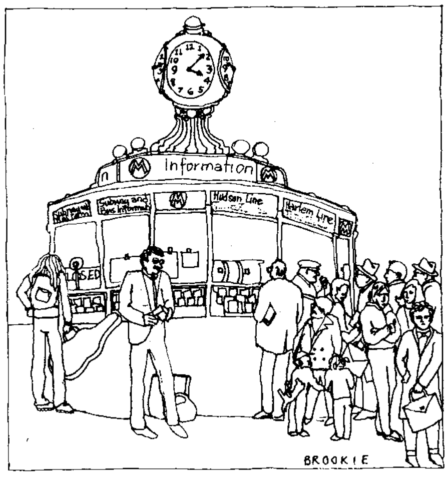
CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is singing some of her fifties R. & B. hits and a few jazz standards with a trio nightly, except Sundays. Sundays are the property of singer **CARRIE SMITH,** whose voice is big and resounding enough to take on Bessie Smith and Sister Rosetta Tharpe material. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 25, James Keane, Mick Moloney, and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 26, the Jumbo String Band; Saturday, Nov. 28, **FIDDLE FEVER;** Sunday, Nov. 29, guitarists Jonathan Kalb and Bob Zaidman; Thursday, Dec. 3, a jam session; and Saturday, Dec. 5, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 29, trumpeter Waymon Reed will lead a quintet from nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowd-
ed, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly ma
stream-jazz room. Pianist **MC COY TYNER,**
rhythmically intense as ever, leads a quin
through Sunday, Nov. 29; on Tuesday, D
1, alto and tenor saxophonist **SONNY STITT** v
bring in a sextet. The first set begins ab
nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.



GINGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In t
less frenetic area of this restaurant, one v
find vintage jazz musicians performing w
vigor and skill the music from their youth
the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombon
EDDIE DURHAM, guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassi
JOHNNY WILLIAMS (on Thursdays and Frida
and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), tenor saxophon
EDDIE CHAMBLEE, pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN,** tru
peter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and either **TOMMY BENFC**
or **SHELTON GARY** on drums—collectively, t
HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND—perform fr
nine-thirty on Thursdays, Fridays, and S
urdays. Closed Thanksgiving.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince
(925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza*
popolo for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* w
can afford to live there. There are brick wa
and archways, lots of vegetation (in pot
wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. T
schedule: **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—Jackie a
Roy to their numerous fans—sing jazz du
through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Monday, N
30, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BR**
TOWNSEND will be joined by singer Ebony J
Ann; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-
Janet Lawson will sing here; and Thursda
Dec. 3, and Saturday, Dec. 5, will be giv
over to soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Sunda
ANGELA SUAREZ sings Brazilian-jazz standar
Music Tuesdays through Saturdays fro
eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from te
thirty. Dining. Closed Friday, Dec. 4.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (37
2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up
trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesda
through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** hol
down the fort with bassist Ronnie Markowi
vocalist Alicia Sherman, and a pianist. The
groups play from ten. Sundays, singer a
pianist **BROOKS KERR** takes over the place fro
five until ten.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (86
7179)—The plaza is the open-air terra
that wraps around this restaurant and hang
one story up, over Third Avenue. The insi
is pleasant and modern. Pianist **AL HAIG** pe
forms through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Tue
day, Dec. 1, **JOHN BUNCH** claims the piano. M
sic from eight to midnight Tuesdays throu
Fridays, from nine to one on Saturday
Closed Thanksgiving.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (28
3200)—An East Side counterpart of a wel
known arty upper West Side bar and resta
rant of the same name. Pianist **RED RICHAR**
plays through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Tue
day, Dec. 1, **ART HODES,** whose sets are less li
sets and more like History of the Jazz Pia
101 as they dip into the blues, Fats Walle
Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's ear
and late blue periods, will move in. The m
sic runs Tuesdays through Thursdays fro
nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays fro
ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, bebo
per **JOE ALBANY** claims the piano bench fro
seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Thank
giving.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the Worl
107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (93
1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a tri
some thirteen hundred feet above sea lev
for listening and dancing Tuesdays throug
Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirt
Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternate
with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—
A much bigger, airier space than its previou
quarters. Wednesdays are claimed by **OL**
DARA, who sometimes plays his trumpet up
side down, and his occasionally out-there **OKR**
ORCHESTRA, which sometimes plays its jazz
funk material inside out. Friday and Sat
urday, Nov. 27-28, and Thursday, Dec. 3
bandleader, guitarist, and singer **THIAGO D**
MELLO will guide his ten-piece **AMAZON,** whic
features **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet. On Frida
and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, pianist **WALTER BISHO**
JR., will direct a band featuring tenor saxo
phonist **GARY BARTZ** and vocalist Carme

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Lundy. Music from nine, on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Thanksgiving.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **Hank Jones** and **Victor Gaskin** perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Tuesday, Dec. 1, pianist **Cedar Walton** will come in with bassist **Ron Carter. Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera** are the musicians on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 25, Texas Turkey Shoot, Hank B., and Eddie Condon; Thursday, Nov. 26, **Sam & Dave;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, Cobble Mountain Band; Sunday, Nov. 29, Jan Hammer; Monday, Nov. 30, Exile; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, Johnny Paycheck. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden *and* of **Mel Tormé.** Mr. Tormé sings through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Monday, Nov. 30, **Carmen Mc Rae** will begin chirruping. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), sings Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell antique teapots; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, rural bluesmen **Sonny Terry & Brownie Mc Ghee** will play, sing, hoot, stamp, and chuckle, the way they've played, sung, hooted, stamped, and chuckled for decades. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big space, usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, Nov. 25, Our Daughter's Wedding; Thursday, Nov. 26, **Joe (King) Carrasco;** Friday, Nov. 27, Johnny Thunders; and Saturday, Nov. 28, Bongos. The music *could* begin before midnight.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **Sy Oliver's** bouncy dance orchestra is at work Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Nov. 25, **Tom Verlaine;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, Bow Wow Wow; Monday, Nov. 30, Pariah; Friday, Dec. 4, the Cramps and SVT; and Saturday, Dec. 5, the Rockats. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "They Say It's Wonderful," honors Irving Berlin and stars Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 25, the Functionaries; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, **Steps,** which is made up of saxophonist **Mike Brecker,** vibraharpist **Mike Mainieri,** pianist **Don Grolnick,** bassist **Eddie Gomez,** and drummer **Peter Erskine;** and Tuesday, Dec. 1, the Ronnie Burrage quintet.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, pianist **Kenny Barron** directs a trio; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, pianist **John Hicks** will turn up with his threesome. Music from about ten.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **Scott Hamilton** pilots a combo through Saturday, Nov. 28; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 29-30, a foursome made up of drummer **Victor Lewis,** bassist **Rufus Reid,** pianist **Art Resnick,** and saxophonist **Bob Rockwell** will perform; and on Tuesday, Dec. 1, saxophonist and composer **Benny Carter** will bring in a rhythm section consisting of pianist **Kenny Barron,** bassist **George Duvivier,** and drummer **Ronnie Bedford.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: **Big Joe Turner,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter and early rock-and-roll singer, is still in the city. You can hear him Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Nov. 29-30, the Jimmie Rodgers Blues Band will perform. And if you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **Uptown Horns,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 25, present-day incarnations of the Drifters and the Marvelettes; Friday, Nov. 27, Sterling and John Galt; Saturday, Nov. 28, the Nitecaps, Robert Hazard, and Heros; Tuesday, Dec. 1, Hybrid Ice and Shady; Wednesday, Dec. 2, Video and Spaces; Thursday, Dec. 3, Ex-Husbands; Friday, Dec. 4, the Iron City Houserockers; and Saturday, Dec. 5, the Brains. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands perform from about nine-thirty for exuberant audiences; on Monday, Nov. 30, pianist **Eddie Palmieri** and his band and an outfit known as Saoco will be on hand along with saxophonist **Charles Rouse.** Tuesdays, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **Elvin Jones** and his foursome wind up their visit on Sunday, Nov. 29; on Monday, Nov. 30, tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** and pianist **Barry Harris** will show up with a quartet. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Tony Regusis has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 25-28, belongs to tenor saxophonist **George Kelly;** Sunday, Nov. 29, is reserved for guitarist **Al Casey;** and beginning Wednesday, Dec. 2, tenor saxophonist **Harold Ashby's** combo will be present. Mondays are reserved for saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays for **Jo Jones,** master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bombs. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK /ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Rod Stewart—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8.

Ella Fitzgerald (with the Jimmy Rowles Trio) and **Oscar Peterson (with Joe Pass)**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Stanley Turrentine—With Jean Carn and the Main Ingredient (featuring Cuba Gooding). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Mark Murphy—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.

Pete Seeger and **Arlo Guthrie**—With Shenandoah. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 and 8. Note: A sign-language interpreter will be present at both performances.)

Go-Go's—With Joe (King) Carrasco & the Crowns. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Greg Lake—With Novo Combo. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys and **the Dry Branch Fire Squad**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman-Junior Cook quintet, with Walter Bishop, Jr. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Kenny Barron quintet, with Claudio Roditi and Charlie Rouse. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 10: The Village People. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8 and 11: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 9: Renaissance and Jan Hammer. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 9: Meatloaf & the Neverland Express. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 10: The Knack and Karla DeVito. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Nov. 27: Diane Thome. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28: Amiri Baraka with Don Pullen and Beaver Harris. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3: Arturo O'Farrill. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5: Julius Hemphill and the Mixed Wind ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Hannelore Baron—Found boxes filled with found and handmade objects. Through Dec. 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—A benefit loan show of fifty-six paintings, the most comprehensive exhibit of his work in nearly twenty years. Through Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Eugène Boudin (1824-98) / **David Smith** (1906-65)—Paintings and drawings. / Spray paintings on linen and on paper by the sculptor. Through Dec. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Brian Conley—Three-dimensional painted wall pieces incorporating dense clusters of plastic foliage and references to primitive African sculpture. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Honoré Daumier (1801-79)—Forty lithographs. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, portraits) and works on paper (nudes, figure studies). Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Mary Faulconer / Evelyn Taylor—About twenty-five realist paintings. More than half of them date back to the early nineteen-fifties, and the remainder (of collages, New Orleans riverboat houses) are recent. / Realist landscapes, all with a touch of the mysterious. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Hague / John R. Grabach (1880-1981)—Watercolors by an illustrator of children's classics (these for a Hans Christian Andersen collection). / Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28.)

Cleo Hartwig—Stone and clay sculptures, both representational and abstract, of birds, plants, and animals. Through Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joanna Krasner—Abstract oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Daniel Lang—Recent realist landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Lostutter—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 19. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings, dated 1937-1947, by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Browne, a new gallery at 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Characteristic Expressionist watercolors and a few oils—landscapes, a bright poppy, a group of salamanders. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Reginato / Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953)—Recent freestanding abstract welded-steel sculptures. / Paintings from the teens through the forties, among them a rooster, a cow, fish. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Salander O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Mark Schlesinger—Recent abstract paintings Through Monday, Nov. 30. (Acquavella, 1 E. 79th St.)

Judith Shea—Fabric constructions shaped t suggest, rather than to portray, clothing (vest, a jacket) by an artist and fashion designer. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Willard 29 E. 72nd St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Tabletop-size bronzes i most of which architectural details (columns entablatures) are combined with geometri forms. Through Dec. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom 417 E. 75th St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Magnified close-up portraits usually a part of a face, in oils and pastels Through Dec. 12. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Fifteen wood o wood-and-metal sculptures and twenty watercolors by this artist, who died recently Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Fourcade, 36 E 75th St.)

Picasso Centenary—Exhibitions of paintings sculptures, and works on paper at two galleries. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Saidenberg, next door at 1018 Madison Ave Through Saturday, Dec. 5. Opens at 1 or Saturdays.)

Social Art in America: 1930-45—A loan exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the ACA Gallery, which was founded for the "purpose of representing and promoting the art of social awareness." Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, Robert Gwathmey Marion Greenwood, Doris Lee, and the three Soyers—Isaac, Moses, and Raphael—are among the nearly forty representers. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **carus**, 872 Madison Ave. at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Dec. 19. . . . **davis & langdale**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: English watercolors from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. The roster of artists includes George Romney, Francis Danby, and Augustus and Gwen John. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **gibson**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Dec. 19. . . . **paul rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Selections from the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. John Graham is the central figure of the show, which also includes a number of works by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Arshile Gorky. Through Saturday, Nov. 28.

Sculpture—Twentieth-century works by, among others, Arp, Maillol, and Moore. Through Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

David Lee Brown / Cynthia Gallagher—Highly polished stainless-steel sculptures. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Brown—Abstract oils. Through Dec. 19. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Nov. 27.)

William Clutz—New oil paintings: figures in Central Park and other scenes of New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet and Joan Miró—Early drawings and collages. Through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large-scale paintings completed in the past year. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946) / **Konrad Cramer**

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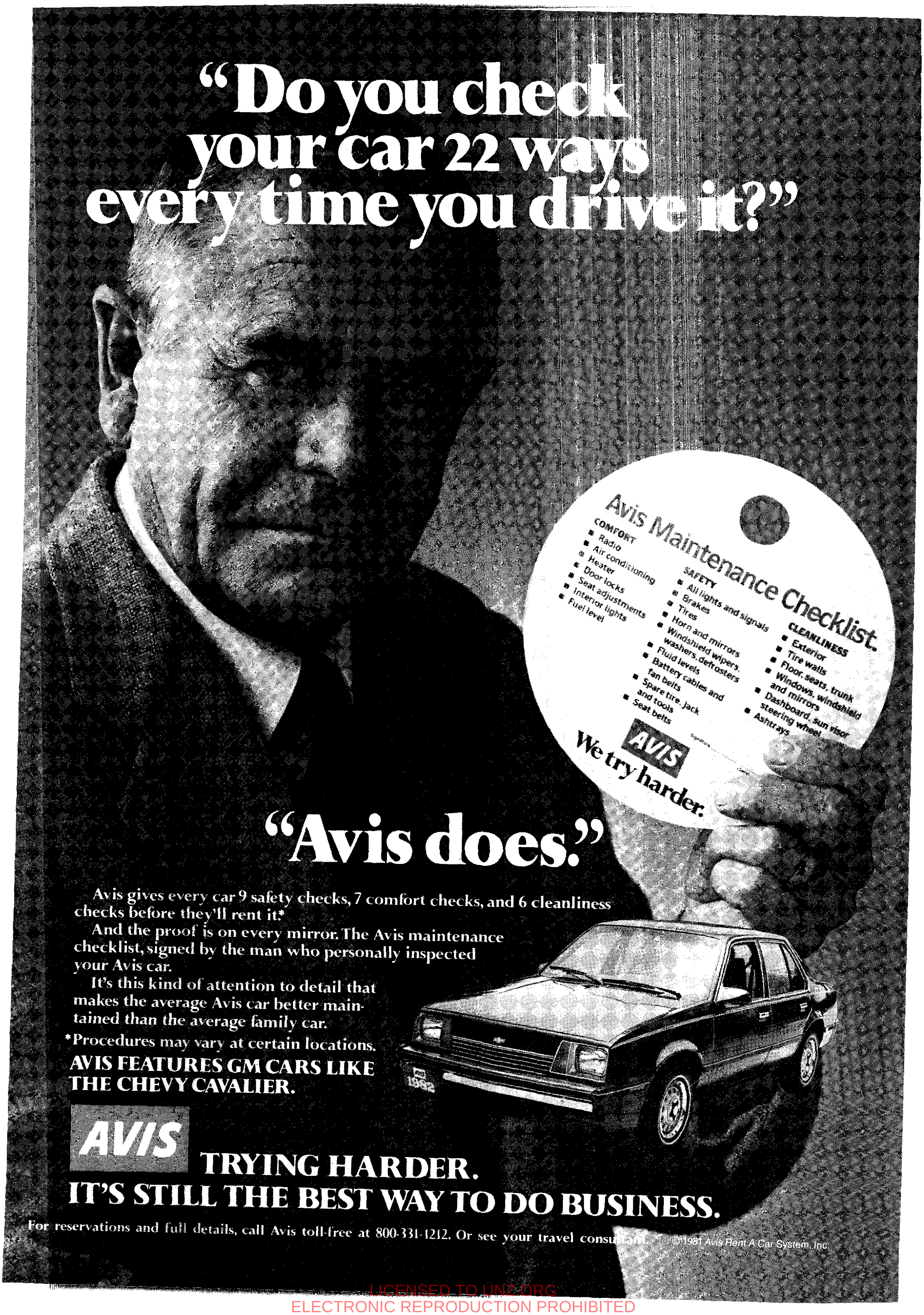
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(1888-1963)—Still-lifes in oils applied with a palette knife. / Still-lifes by a modernist. Through Jan. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sragow, 80 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. is showing fifty prints, drawings, and photographs by Mr. Cramer. Through Jan. 16.

Brenda Goodman—Paintings, sculptures, and a collection of twenty drawings—from 1975 to the present, and all bordering on the surreal. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract drawings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings in tempera and watercolor. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Hélion—Paintings and drawings from 1939, when his work was abstract, to 1960, when it had become representational. Forty in all. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Recent realist landscapes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent small-scale abstract paintings. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Related drawings, from 1975 to the present. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through Saturday, Dec. 5.

Harry Koursaros—Pictographic-style paintings and works on paper depicting figures, animals, and plants. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sven Lukin—Plywood sculptures, generally in the shape of birds' wings, bound with painted muslin. Through Dec. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

André Masson—More than forty oils and works on paper from the early forties, when Masson was living in the United States. Through Dec. 12. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Thirty-four drawings in pen-and-ink, charcoal, and pencil. Through Dec. 12. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—This artist, whose huge colored-pencil drawings heretofore have concentrated on undersea life, has moved on to mythological creatures in fantastic surroundings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Recent pastels and a few oils. Through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract oils on canvas board and on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Irene Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Abstract geometric paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marjorie Portnow—Recent realist paintings, mostly of landscapes. Through Friday, Dec. 4. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Rembrandt—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

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Bruce Robbins—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Impressionist paintings and monotypes: still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits, done since 1974. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Seery—New paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

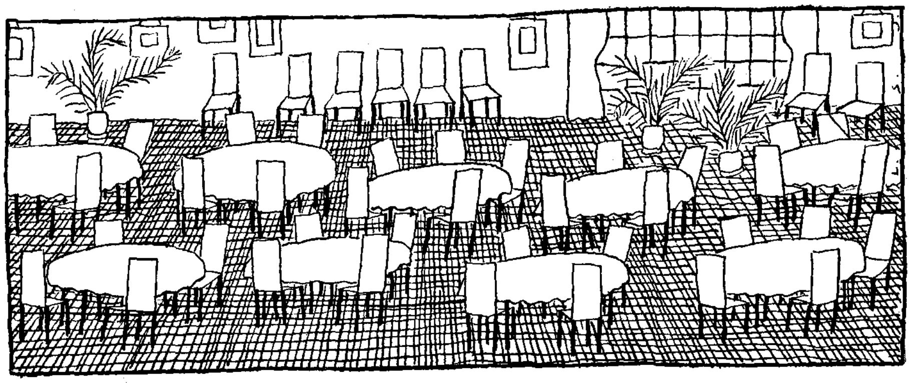
David Shapiro—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Dec. 19. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo / Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Seventeen new oils. Through Wednesday, Dec. 2. / Large-scale sculptures installed on the terrace. Through Feb. 19. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Forrest Moses—New oils: landscapes seen from windows in Maine and Long Island. / Monotypes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **brewster,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Latin-American artists, including Fernando Botero, Leonora Carrington, Diego Rivera, and Francisco Zuñiga. Through Dec. 12. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure drawings by six realists (Jack Beal, William Beckman, Paul Georges, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and James Valerio), most of them studies for finished paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **kraushaar,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Dec. 30. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by the gallery artists, among them Ruth Cobb, Ethel Magafan, Jason Schoener, and William Thon. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **stefanotti,** 30 W. 57th St.: The First Energist Drawing Show: charcoal, pastel, and watercolor. Austé, Cynthia Gallagher, and Robin Tewes are among the artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **touchstone,** 29 W. 57th St.: Original drawings by designers for the stage, including Santo Loquasto, Carrie F. Robbins, and Tony Walton. Through Dec. 30.



Sculpture—Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through De 19. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Big blocks of Douglas fir an cedar arranged in various configurations o the gallery floor. Through Saturday, Dec. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Artschwager—Paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 420 Wes Broadway. Closed Friday, Nov. 27.)

Peter Berg—Architectural models (for project at the Hudson River Museum among others paintings, and drawings. Through Dec. 1 (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—Abstract paintings in black an white. Through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Boone 420 West Broadway, and across the street a 417.)

Tom Boutis—Recent abstract paintings Through Dec. 9. (Landmark, 469 Broome St Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, a noon Saturdays.)

Robert Delford Brown—Cartoonlike painting and bits of sculpture by an antic artist Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Kind, 13 Spring St.)

John Colt—Abstract paintings. Through Dec 23. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Hanne Darboven—Conceptual works frequentl involving framed pages of symbolic notations Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St Closed Friday, Nov. 27.)

Douglas Davis / Edwin Schlossberg—A movie o three screens in homage to Abel Gance' "Napoleon." / Lithographs, drawings, and sil screens based on Mr. Schlossberg's poems which are incorporated into some of the prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Jean-Claude Farhi—Nearly two dozen columns some of them eight feet tall, made of methyl methacrylate (a plastic crystal) and irradiating surprising colors caused by their refraction of light. Through Saturday, Nov. 28 (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Hermine Ford—Abstract paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michael Gallagher—New work. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Fred Gutzeit / Susan R. Laufer—Paintings by an artist who applies random objects to canvas (asphalt siding, linoleum, yarn) and builds them up with layers of paint. / Abstract works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Karl Hagedorn / Irving Kriesberg—Abstract paintings and drawings based on machine parts. / Works on paper that reflect the artist's study of art in India. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Jack, 138 Prince St.)

E. F. Higgins III—Representations of imaginary stamps, most of them in oil on canvases measuring eighteen inches by sixteen. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Tom Holland—Painted abstract works, three-dimensional and otherwise. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Aris Koutroulis / Marilynn Gelfman—Abstract works combining torn strips of cotton and linen applied to a wet acrylic backing. / Small-scale delicate abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

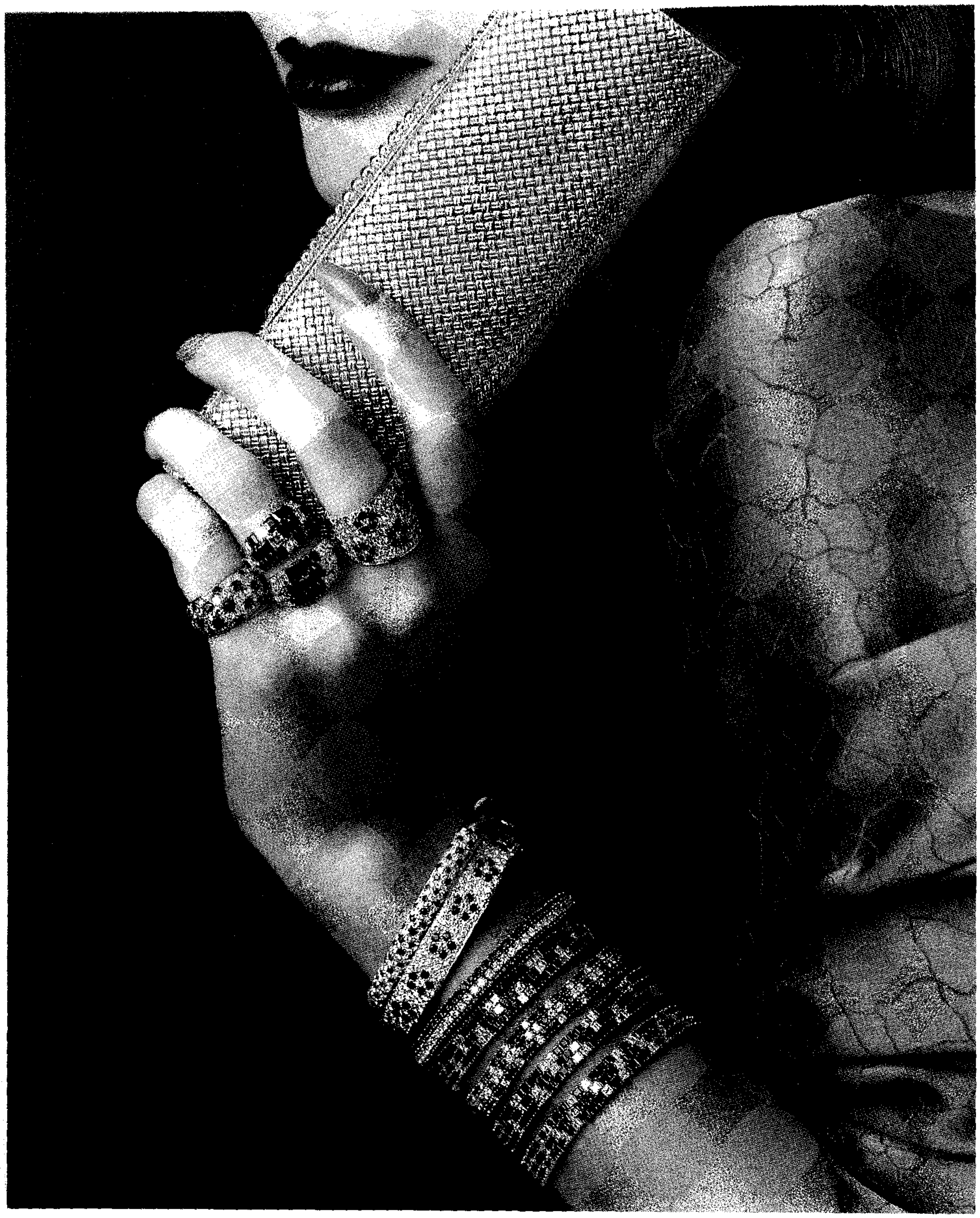
Don Nice—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ce Roser—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Salomé—Paintings by a Berlin artist. Through Dec. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

David Thauberger—Paintings by a young Saskatchewan artist, mostly of architectural subjects—churches, dance halls, garages. There are also a couple of landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (49th Parallel, a recently opened gallery for contemporary Canadian art, at 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through



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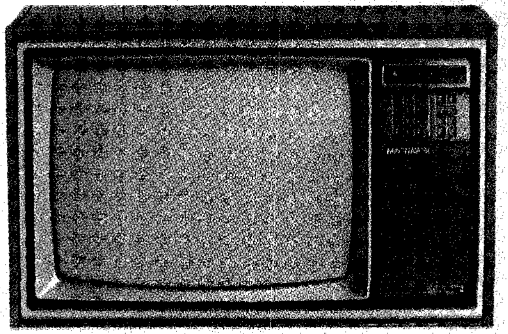

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PROTETCH,** in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, Alfred Jensen, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in 1956, plus memorabilia. Through Dec. 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Wednesday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 5; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, from 1 to 5. Thereafter Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Sculptures, paintings, and constructions. Through Dec. 31. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CLAYWORKS STUDIO WORKSHOP,** 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramic pieces by eighteen painters and sculptors (Kenneth Noland, Jo Buffalo, Miriam Schapiro), many working in clay for the first time. Through Dec. 16. (Opens at 1.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Paintings by artists who work predominantly in black; Rudolf Baranik, Marcia Hafif, Doug Ohlson, and Kay WalkingStick are four of them. Through Dec. 12. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. Through Jan. 10.

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Douglas Duncan—Two hundred and fifty shots of Picasso—at work and at play. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Elgort—The Rolling Stones at Longview Farm, in Massachusetts, and in the photographer's studio; dancers of the New York City Ballet in rehearsal. Through Dec. 19. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nancy Goldring—Works in which a photographic slide is superimposed on a pencil-and-gouache drawing; both are then photographed. Through Dec. 7. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Groover / Boyd Webb—A series of palladium-platinum contact prints. / Photographs of unlikely tableaux, with Webb himself in some of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ruth Orkin / Mary Orkin—Photographs of people and places from the past five decades, beginning with a cross-country bicycle trip in 1939 and including such subjects as Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Orson Welles (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). More than seventy-five prints in all. / Primitive paintings of Central Park by the photographer's mother. Through Dec. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Aaron Siskind / Nicholas Nixon—Photographs. / Group portraits, chiefly of young teen-agers. Through Dec. 12. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Photography at the Bauhaus—Fifty photographs. T. Lux Feininger, Joost Schmidt, Josef Albers, Hannes Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Édouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened three new galleries, one for painted Federal furniture and Windsor furniture, another for decorative folk art and furniture, and the last for an entire room from the Shaker community at New Lebanon, New York. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract works of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving evening—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore the contemporaries' contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody which includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America, and who are said to "continue their way of life much as their ancestors did in Africa." Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—About forty works by contemporary artists Wayne Thiebaud, Red Grooms, Athena Tacha, and others. Some of the works will be purchased by the academy with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oils and other works by Childe Hassam (1859-1935), from the academy's collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's Column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements is explored, as is the learning of one's ABCs. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wiscon-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except *Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.* Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream" to "The Slough of Despond," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo and Novelli (poetry) and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also twenty "*presentation books*"—commissioned volumes given by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five examples of inlaid metalwork (furniture, decorative household items, a half-ton brass door with inlaid silver) in the Mamluk style, made during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Jewish craftsmen. A show timed to coincide with the one at the Metropolitan Museum. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day, Fridays, and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Starts Friday, Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor), but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6.—A sixth-anniversary show featuring more than a hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Dotty Attie, Jay Maisel, Liliana Porter, and Stuart Diamond are among the seventy artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 5.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6.—Eiko & Koma (dance), Friday through Monday, Nov. 27-30, at 8:30; John Morton (music), Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Carl Stone (music), Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Trans Museq (music), Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Roscoe Mitchell (music), Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Rob Wynne, incorporating photomurals, glass spheres, and video. Through Saturday, Nov. 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 25: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 26: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 27: "Die Zauberflöte," with Gail Robinson, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 28: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Gabriel Bacquier. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 28: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, No 30: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carr ras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patan . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 1: "Madan Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jea Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Mario Seren Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Wednesday evenin Dec. 2: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," wit Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Co nell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gild *Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and* "Gian Schicchi," with Patricia Craig, Giulian Ciannella, and Louis Quilico. Angelo Campo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Thursday ev ning, Dec. 3: A program entitled "Str vinsky," consisting of three of his works– the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with th Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "L Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradle Claudia Catania, Lili Chookasian, Morle Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as gue *dancers Natalia* Makarova and Anthon Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," wit Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, an Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the co ductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday ev ning, Dec. 4: A benefit performance celebra ing Carlo Bergonzi's twenty-fifth anniversar *with the Metropolitan Opera. The secon* acts from "La Traviata" and "Un Ballo i Maschera" and the third act from "Tosca will be performed by Mr. Bergonzi and su colleagues as Catherine Malifitano, Galin Savova, Teresa Zylis-Gara, and Lucian Pavarotti. Conducted by James Levine. (F tickets, call 580-9830.) . . . ¶ Saturday mat née, Dec. 5: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Jos Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giusepp Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 5: " Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Galin Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Corne MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schic chi," with Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannell and Louis Quilico. Angelo Campori conduct ing throughout. (Evenings at 8. Matinées a 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hal Raymond Leppard conducting—Wednesday Nov. 25, at 8; Friday, Nov. 27, at 2; Satur day, Nov. 28, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 1, a 7:30: An all-Britten program that include the American première of "The Young Apoll for Piano and Strings," with Christian Black shaw, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Satur day, Dec. 3-5, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, a 7:30: A Purcell-Shostakovich program, wit Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano, and Davi Britton, tenor.

Orchestre National de France—Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eduardo Mata conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Bohemian Virtuosi of Prague—Tomàš Koutnik conducting a fourteen-member chamber ensemble appearing here for the first time (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of Viennese music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a baroque program that includes a concert performance of Telemann's chamber opera "Pimpinone," in English, with Michael Gallup, baritone; Jane Thorngren, soprano; and Paul Ingraham, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—The first in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music, this one conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. With Janos Starker, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting, with Thorhallur Birgisson, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the second in a series of three Haydn-Mozart programs, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—A Haydn-Grieg-Brahms program performed by Jaime Laredo and Daniel Phillips, violin; Yefim Bronfman, piano; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

New York Renaissance Band—Presenting a musical drama loosely based on Rabelais' "Gargantua and Pantagruel." With Peter Johnson, narrator, and Eric Benson, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Rolf Smedvig—Trumpet, with Joyce Lindorff, harpsichord, in an all-Telemann program. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Carol Ferri—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of eight recitals will be performed by Sequentia, a vocal and instrumental quartet from Cologne which performs medieval music. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—With James Tocco, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.)

Holger van Bargen—Bass-baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman, Walter Trampler, and Lee Luvisi—Clarinet, viola, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Music for strings, winds, and piano. With Paul Doktor, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Peter Orth—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

James Galway—Flute. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8, with Phillip Moll, harpsichord, and Moray Welsh, cello.)

Gene Collerd and Barbara Gorgol—Clarinet and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The second in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one a Buxtehude-Saint-Saëns-Schumann program, performed by Ida Kavafian, Richard Sortomme, and Carol Webb, all violin; Emily Mitchell, harp; David Oei, piano; Renée Siebert, flute; and David Taylor, bass trombone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Cheryl Seltzer and Edmund Niemann, piano; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; and Jayne Rosenfeld, flute. Pianist/composer Ned Rorem will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement,. 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Jerome Barry—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Miriam Brickman and Naomi Drucker and Stanley Drucker—Piano and clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8, an all-Scandinavian program. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, a Bartók-Smetana-Mozart program, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

Lynn Harrell—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute, with James Tocco, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; and Robert Stallman, also flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5.)

Composers String Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the nineteenth century. With commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Peter Wiley—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:05. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:35.

College Football—Holy Cross vs. Boston College. (Worcester. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1.) . . . ¶ Army vs. Navy. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3:40.)

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 29: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco.

Gymnastics—Women's International Gymnastics Team Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 1, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at noon.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 26, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1:30 and 8. Thereafter, weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

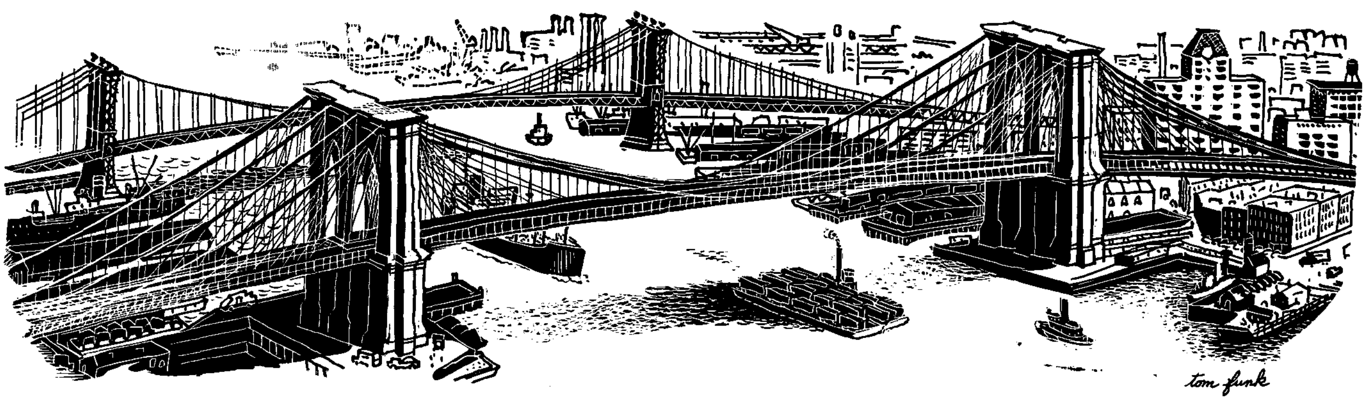
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Cynthia Ozick reading from her own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ William Meredith reading from his own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ James Merrill reading from his own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Carol Muske and Philip Schultz reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Flower Show—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 29.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Antique and other jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7, and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3628. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 27. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, Nov. 27, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 10:15 and 2: European works of art, furniture, and tapestries. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: A group of Latin-American books and manuscripts, Lincoln memorabilia, and other Americana material. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 27. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 2: Latin-American paintings. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 11: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3: Property from the estate of Antoinette E. Schulte—jewelry at 10, furniture and decorations at noon, and paintings at 6. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 29.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Thanksgiving.)

A Nicholas Ray festival:

Nov. 25: At 6 and 10, "They Live by Night." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).

Nov. 27: At 6 and 10, "Knock on Any Door." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Nov. 28-29: At 6 and 10, "King of Kings" (1961), with Jeff Hunter, Siobhán McKenna, and Robert Ryan. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Dec. 1: At 6 and 10, "Born to Be Bad" (1950), with Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott, Joan Leslie, and Mel Ferrer. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Dec. 2: At 6 and 10, "Hot Blood" (1956), with Jane Russell and Cornel Wilde. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Dec. 3-4: At 6 and 10, "Wind Across the Everglades" (1958), with Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer, Chana Eden, and Gypsy Rose Lee. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

From Dec. 5: At 6 and 10, "Rebel Without a Cause." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Dec. 1: "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (James Ivory), with Anne Baxter and Robert Powell.

From Dec. 2: A week-long festival of gay films. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Dec. 3: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence; and "The Blues Brothers." (†)

From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Dec. 3: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

From Dec. 4: "New York, New York." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Dec. 3: "Superman II." (†)

From Dec. 4: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Theatre 3: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"True Confessions." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Southern Comfort." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Arthur." (†) From Dec. 4: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Dec. 3: "The Devils Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

From Dec. 4: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Chariots of Fire." (†) From Dec. 4: "On Golden Pond" (Mark Rydell), with Katharine Hepburn and Henry Fonda.

Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Superman II." (†)

Theatre 2: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Dec. 1: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

From Dec. 2: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Nov. 26: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Nov. 27-Dec. 3: "Body Heat." (†)

From Dec. 4: "Prince of the City." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Prowler."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Nov. 26: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

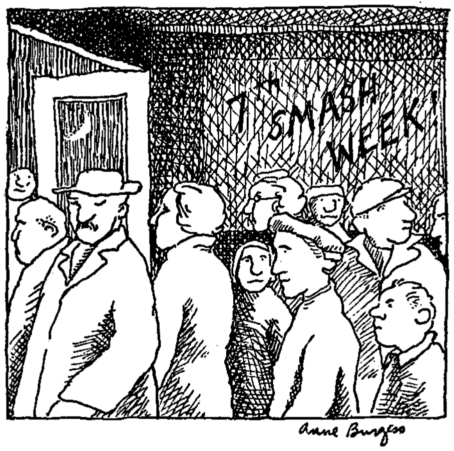
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Galaxy of Terror."

Theatre 2: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Strong Medicine" (1979; directed by Richard Foreman), with Kate Manheim.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." (†) From Dec. 2: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (†); and "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog; in German), a documentary about Walter Steiner ski-jumping.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Ashram" (Wolfgang Dobrowolny).

Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Theatre 2: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)

Theatre 3: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.

Theatre 4: "Pixote." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"High Street" (1976; André Ernotte; in French), with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.

Theatre 2: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Theatre 3: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

Theatre 2: "The Hungarians" (Zoltán Fábri; in Hungarian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 26: "Prince of the City."(†) From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 26: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film. From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 26: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 26: "True Confessions."(†) From Nov. 27: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Body Heat." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 26: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams. From Nov. 27: To be announced.

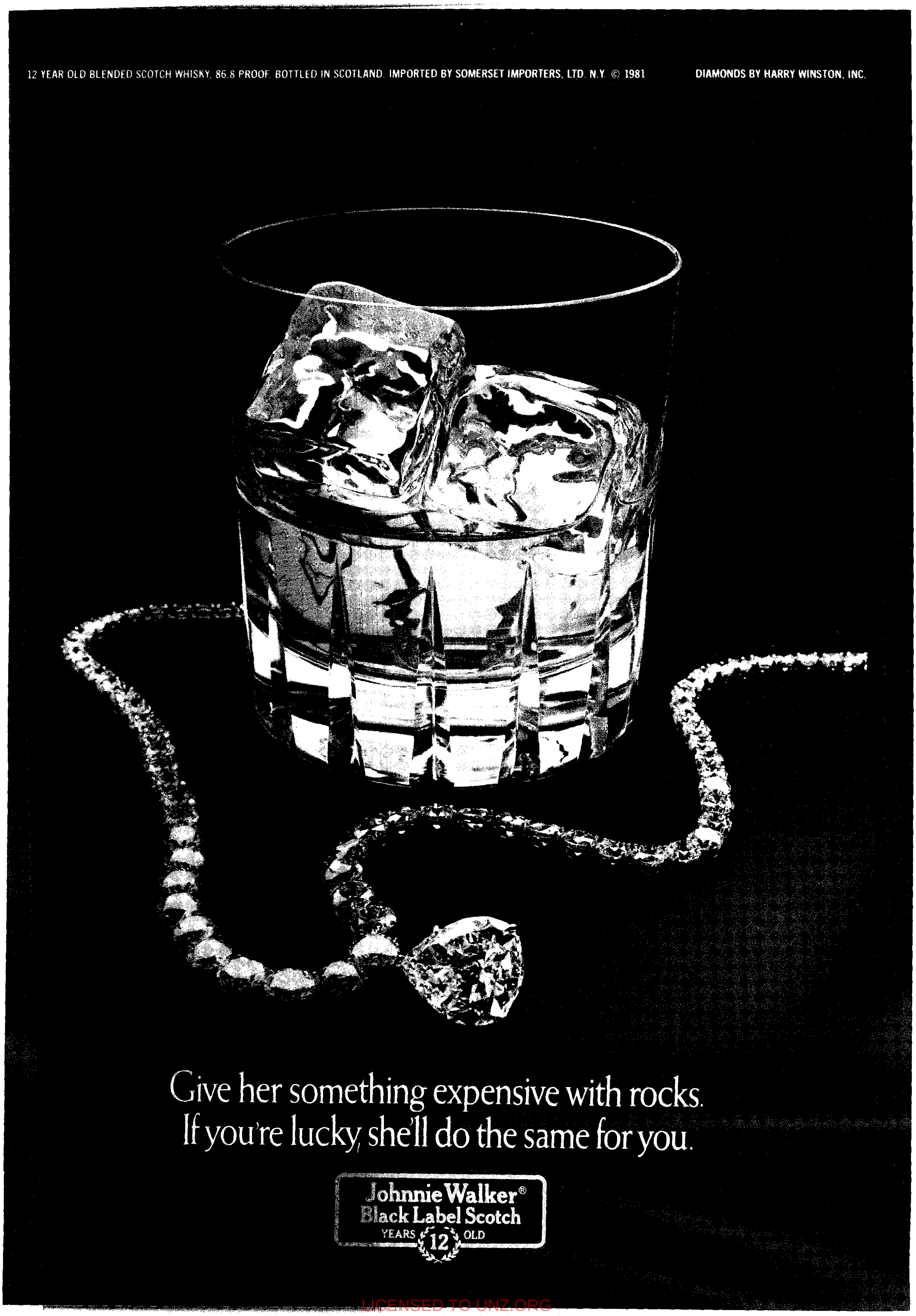
Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 26: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 27: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 3: "Quartet" (James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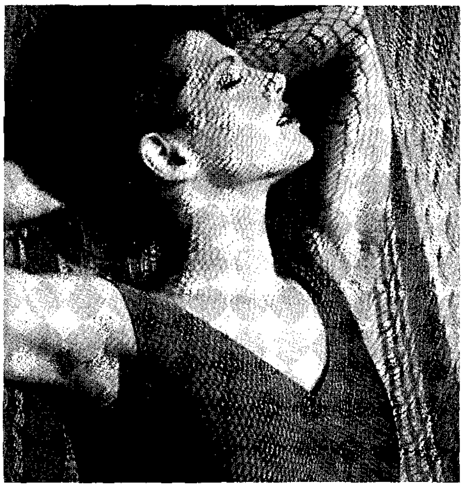
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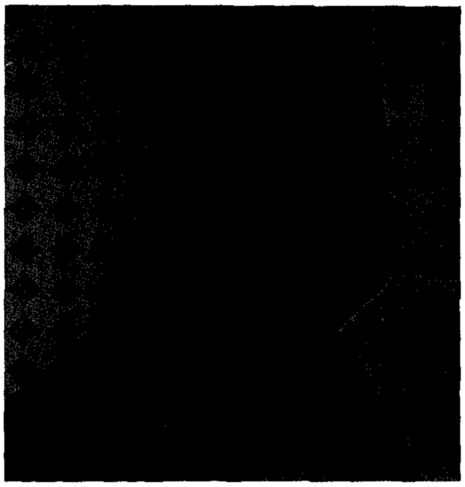
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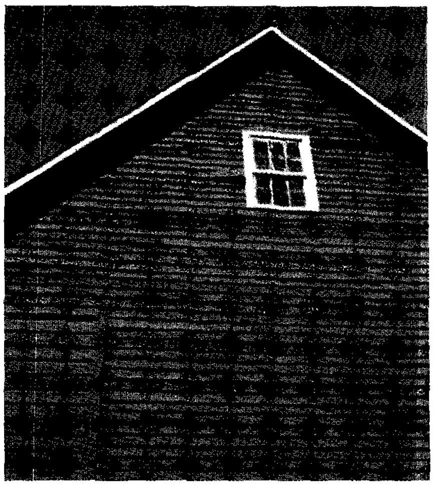
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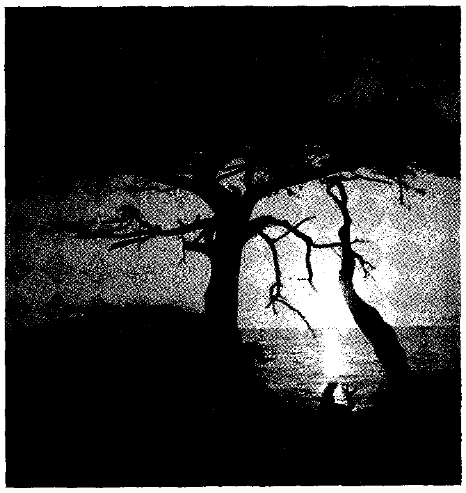
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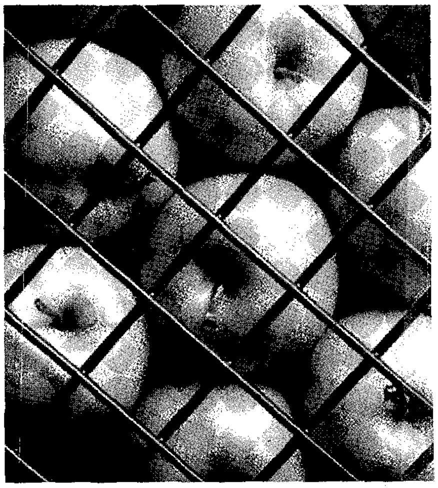
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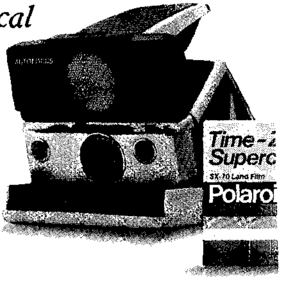

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 4: "Goodbye Emmanuelle."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Prowler."
Theatre 2: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (directed by Friz Freleng), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 6: "True Confessions." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.
Theatre 3: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 4: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 26: "Demonoid, Messenger of Death."
From Nov. 27: "Mortal Combat."

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Superman II." (†)
Theatre 2: "Galaxy of Terror."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 25: "Blume in Love" (1973; directed by Paul Mazursky), with George Segal, Susan Anspach, and Kris Kristofferson; and "Petulia" (1968; Richard Lester), with Julie Christie and George C. Scott.
Nov. 26: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck; and "The Children's Hour" (1962; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner.
Nov. 27-28: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Nov. 29-30: "Tess." (†)
Dec. 1: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Wanderers" (1973; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
Dec. 2: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Dec. 3: "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, and Dennis Price; and "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (†)
Dec. 4-5: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Raging Bull." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 25: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Nov. 26: "Rules of the Game;" "The Devils;" and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, and Gene Saks.
Nov. 27-28: "A Thousand Clowns;" "The Circus" (1928; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Nov. 29: "Steppenwolf;" "Three Sisters" (1974; Laurence Olivier), with Alan Bates, Joan Plowright, Olivier, and the National Theatre Company of England; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
Nov. 30: "Three Sisters;" "Amarcord;" "Old Acquaintance" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, Dolores Moran, and Gig Young; and "Humoresque" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Oscar Levant.
Dec. 1: "Old Acquaintance;" and "Humoresque."
Dec. 2: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Ninetto Davoli and Totò.
Dec. 3: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew;" "The Hawks and the Sparrows;" and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Dec. 4: "Midnight Cowboy;" "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
Dec. 5: "S.O.B.;" and "Sunset Boulevard."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 26: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Nov. 27-28: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.
Dec. 2-3: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Dec. 4-5: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979; Bernard Shakey), a documentary about Neil

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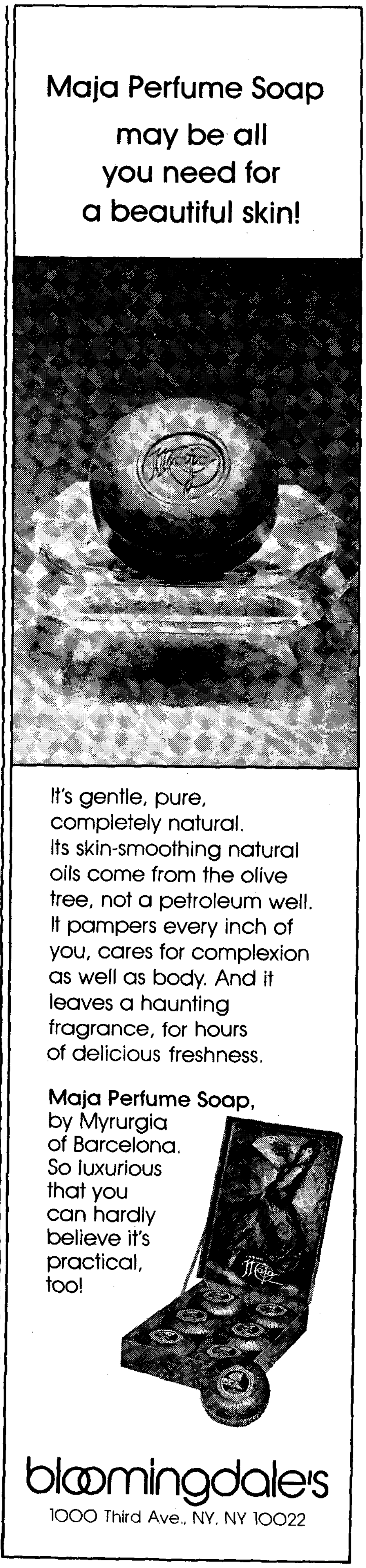
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Young; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary directed by, and with, Neil Young.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Nov. 25: "Les Anges du Péche" (1943; Robert Bresson; in French), with Renée Faure; and "The Nun" ("La Religieuse;" 1965; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina.

Nov. 26: "Assassination" (1964) and "Samurai Spy" (1965), both films in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

From Nov. 27: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 28: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, and Nina Foch; and "Les Girls" (1957; George Cukor), with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Kiss of Death" (†) and "The Mask of Dimitrios." (†)

Dec. 2-5: "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (1943; David Butler), with Eddie Cantor and Bette Davis; and "Star Spangled Rhythm" (1942; George Marshall), with Bing Crosby and Paulette Goddard.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 28: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Dec. 2-5: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Nov. 26: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

Nov. 27-28: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Brewster McCloud" (1971; Robert Altman), with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Dec. 2-3: "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (†)

Dec. 4-5: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 25: "The Oklahoma Kid" (1939; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane, and Donald Crisp; "The Call of the Wild" (1935; Willia Wellman), with Clark Gable and Loret Young; and "The St. Louis Kid" (193 Ray Enright), with James Cagney.

Nov. 26-28: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (193 Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughto Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; ar "China Seas" (1935; Tay Garnett), wi Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Rosalir Russell.

Nov. 29-30: "Each Dawn I Die" (†) ar "White Heat." (†)

Dec. 1-2: "Parnell" (1937; John M. Stahl with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Edr May Oliver; and "Strange Cargo." (†)

Dec. 3-5: "Forsaking All Others" (†) ar "Hold Your Man." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 25: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gil Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); ar "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Bali and Marcel Dalio.

Nov. 26: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George C kor), with Katharine Hepburn, Ca Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Ahern and "Christopher Strong" (1933; Doroth Arzner), with Katharine Hepburn, Col Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.

Nov. 27-28: "Devil's Canyon" (1953; Alfre Werker), with Virginia Mayo, Dale Robertson, and Stephen McNally; and "Dynasty (1977; Mei Chung Chang), with Bob Ming. Both films in 3-D.

Nov. 29: "Chushingura." (†)

Nov. 30: "The Virgin Spring" (†) an "Winter Light." (†)

Dec. 1: "A Damsel in Distress" (193 George Stevens), with Fred Astaire, Joa Fontaine, and Burns and Allen; an "Funny Face." (†)

Dec. 2: "Femmes de Paris;" and "La Bel Américaine." (†)

Dec. 3: "Squeeze" (1981); and "Mädchen i Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in Ge man), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothe Wieck.

Dec. 4-5: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Ro dam); and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), concert with Bob Marley, Third Worl Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (25 7400)

Nov. 25: "Charlie Chan in London" (193 Eugene Forde) and "Charlie Chan i Egypt" (1935; Louis King), both wit Warner Oland as the detective.

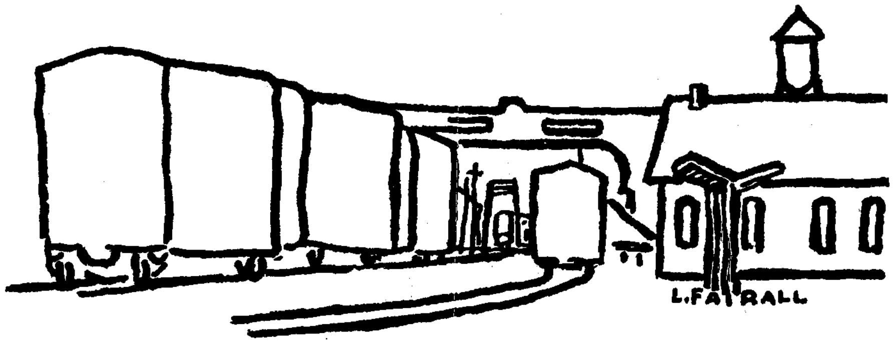
Nov. 26: "The Pink Panther" (1964; Blak Edwards), with David Niven, Peter Seller Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and " Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

Nov. 27-28: "The Great Gatsby" (1949; E liott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Fiel Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; an "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, an Alan Ladd.

Nov. 29: "It's a Gift" (1934; Norman A McLeod), with W. C. Fields; and "Man o the Flying Trapeze." (†)

Nov. 30: "Libeled Lady" (†); and "Wife Versus Secretary" (1936; Clarence Brown with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrn Loy, and James Stewart.

Dec. 1: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), wit Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruc Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise." (†)



Dec. 2: "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

Dec. 3: "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (†); and "Bad Sister" (1931; Hobart Henley), with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts.

Dec. 4-5: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (†); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Useum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, all with English subtitles: Nov. 26 at 2:30: "La Fin du Jour" (1939; directed by Julien Duvivier), with Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen, and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Pattes Blanches" (1948; Jean Grémillon), with Suzy Delair, Paul Bernard, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . Nov. 27 at 6: "Les Parents Terribles" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, and Yvonne de Bray. . . . Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Le Père Tranquille" (1946; René Clément), with Noël-Noël. . . . Nov. 28 at 5: "Les Misérables" (1934; Raymond Bernard), with Harry Baur, Charles Vanel, Marguerite Moreno, and Florelle. . . . Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Nous les Gosses" (1941; Louis Daquin), with Louise Carletti and Gilbert Gil. . . . Nov. 29 at 5: "Zouzou" (1934; Marc Allégret), with Josephine Baker and Jean Gabin. . . . Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Bob le Flambeur" (1956; Jean-Pierre Melville), with Roger Duchesne and Isabelle Corey. . . . Nov. 30 at 6: "Le Trou" (1960; Jacques Becker), with Michel Constantin and Philippe Leroy. . . . Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945; Robert Bresson), with Maria Casarès and Paul Bernard. . . . Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Trois Valses" (1938; Ludwig Berger), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . Dec. 3 at 6: "Une Vie" (1958; Alexandre Astruc), with Maria Schell and Christian Marquand. . . . Dec. 3 at 8:30: "Justin de Marseille" (1935; Maurice Tourneur), with Berval and Pierre Larquey. . . . Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Pension Mimosas" (1934; Jacques Feyder), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Bernard, and Arletty. . . . Dec. 4 at 6: "Une Si Jolie Petite Plage" (1949; Yves Allégret), with Gérard Philipe, Madeleine Robinson, and Jean Servais. . . . Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Une Vie." . . . Dec. 5 at 5: "L'Idiot" (1946; Georges Lampin), with Gérard Philipe, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Coëdel. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Nov. 27-29 at noon and 1: "Banjo the Woodpile Cat" (1979; Don Bluth), an animated film. . . . Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at noon: Excerpts from American musicals of the thirties. . . . Dec. 1 at 6: "Edge of Survival" (1981; Leigh Wharton), a documentary. . . . Dec. 5 at noon: "Way Out West" (1937; James W. Horne), with Laurel and Hardy. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Nov. 29: "Denman's Col (Geometry)" (1979-81; Mary Lucier), a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 25 at 8: "Land Without Bread" (1932) and "Los Olvidados" (1950), both films in Spanish, no English subtitles, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: A program of films by Douglass Crockwell, Bruce Conner, and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: A program of ten films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: A video program by seven Providence, Rhode Island, artists, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: "Reverberation" (1969), "Serene Velocity" (1970), and "Still" (1971), all films directed by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "The Text of Light" (1974; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8: "Une Simple Histoire" (1958; Marcel Hanoun; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8: A program of five films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: "Prästänken" (1921; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a Swedish silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: "Michaël" (1924; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a German silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: A video program of five artists, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a French film, no English titles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Guirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; through Dec. 1.)

Rplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy.)

Rthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Dec. 3.)

A Belle Américaine (1961)—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 2.)

Ird of Paradise (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near-miracles on this outdated story (an adaptation of a stage melodrama) about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Remade by Delmer Daves in 1951, with Louis Jourdan and Debra Paget.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

The Blues Brothers (1980)—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Manhattan, Waverly, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Nov. 27-Dec. 3.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Dec. 4.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Thalia; Nov. 29.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema.)

Each Dawn I Die (1939)—The title of this prison picture is superb; convicts have often said that the title describes their feelings exactly. But nothing in the melodrama lives up to it. James Cagney plays an honest, muckraking reporter who is framed and sent up by a crooked D.A.; on his way to prison, he meets George Raft (slick and crooked as usual—which is welcome here). Cagney's virtuous suffering grows tedious, and the script, full of double crosses and jailbreaks, isn't persuasive. The director, William Keighley, brings off some moderately forceful scenes; but toward the end of the thirties the Warners underworld pictures began to get hazy and high-minded, and in this one the pre-Second World War spiritual irradiation blurs the conventions of the prison genre. With Jane Bryan as Cagney's girl, George Bancroft as tne warden, Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom as an amiable con, and Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, and Stanley Ridges. (Regency; Nov. 29-30.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Murray Hill; starting Dec. 4.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford's thirties melodramas are such tinselled toys that they can be competely unconvincing and still be mesmerizing. Swathed in Adrian dresses here, and flanked by Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, she stares at us solemnly, directly—as if challenging us to come to terms with her overwrought modern-woman's problems. In this role, which Tallulah Bankhead had played on Broadway, she's deserted at the altar by Montgomery, then meets Gable and gives Montgomery the same treatment he gave her. In manner, she's somewhere between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she used to look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Joseph L. Mankiewicz's adaptation of the play by E. B. Roberts and F. M. Cavett. With Rosalind Russell, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, Frances Drake, and Arthur Treacher. (Regency; Dec. 3-5.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Bay Cinema, Festival, and Little Carnegie.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty. Best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. Eugene Loring assisted Donen and Astaire on the choreography. (Thalia; Dec. 1.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Regency; Dec. 3-5.)

I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog (1979)—Herzog, one of the new generation of West German filmmakers (he was born in a small town in Bavaria in 1942), talks about the genesis and making of his pictures. This *cinéma-vérité* film (directed by Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch) shows us a man pondering: not a usual sight. A German film with English narration. (Film Forum; starting Dec. 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar (1973)—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus's last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4-5.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, and Robert Keith. In the night-club sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as "The Fiend Who Walked the West.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own heater again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 27.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, from M-G-M, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. And, in order to give Powell the married status necessary for the plan, he asks Harlow to marry Powell—just for a few weeks. That's only the beginning of the complications. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork—people are always rushing in and out, and practically every line is meant to be funny. Some of them are, and the others are at least perky. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable—but it's rather charmless. It's constructed like a seventies sit-com, and it has the same kind of forced atmosphere of hilarity; it looks and sounds factory-made. The stars (and the supporting players, too) do their patented characters—the ones they'd invented some years earlier. (Almost nothing seems to be happening for the first time.) Loy is assured and levelheaded; Harlow is a tough cookie, loud and shrill but sentimental at heart; Tracy is a solid man's man; Powell is a suave ladies' man. With Charlie Grapewin as the owner of the paper (he gives perhaps the best performance, but there isn't enough of it); Walter Connolly as Loy's father; Cora Witherspoon; George Chandler in a bit; and E. E. Clive as a fishing specialist. (Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?") Written by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). Directed by Clyde Bruckman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

he Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. With Edda Seippel as the Marquise's mother. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In German. (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 2-3.)

he Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—This glossy "international" thriller, based on an Eric Ambler novel, seems modest because there are no stars in it, only featured players. In the days when studios had stars under contract, it didn't cost the company anything to toss them into a movie, so this starless picture was considered a real oddity. Peter Lorre is —surprise—the good guy. This doesn't turn out to be such a hot idea: when Lorre isn't being a degenerate, sly pussycat he's plump and pleasant but colorless. He is cast as a Dutch novelist who tries to track down the background of the corpse, Dimitrios (Zachary Scott). The trail leads to strange places (Istanbul, Smyrna, Sofia, Belgrade, etc.) and to familiar people—Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, Faye Emerson, Eduardo Ciannelli, Florence Bates, Monte Blue, Steven Geray, and John Abbott (you could hardly have a tale of dark intrigue without him). Directed by Jean Negulesco, the picture has more mood than excitement. The screenplay is by Frank Gruber. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

ommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Embassy.)

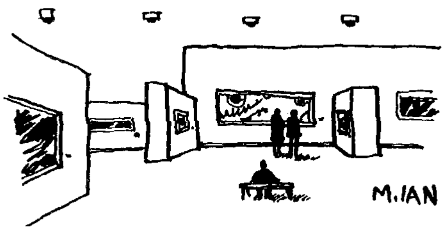
ew York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Gramercy; starting Dec. 4.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, somber film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Murray Hill; starting Dec. 4.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing in cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 4.)

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)



Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Coronet, and Loews State.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents, Virginia Brissac as his Grandma, William Hopper and Rochelle Hudson as Judy's parents, and Ian Wolfe, House Peters, and Gus Schilling. Directed by Nicholas Ray; written by Stewart Stern and Irving Shulman, based on Ray's story. Music by Leonard Roseman; cinematography by Ernest Haller. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 5.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 26.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . . (1971)—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 3.)

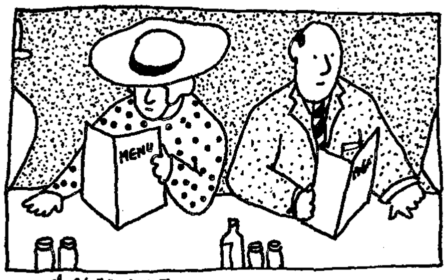
Southern Comfort—The members of a National Guard squad lost in the maze of the green-gray Louisiana marshlands are hunted down and ambushed by vengeful Cajuns. The director, Walter Hill, uses the locale for its paranoia-inducing strangeness (it suggests Vietnam), and he uses the men to demonstrate what he thinks it takes to survive. Hill has a dazzling competence as an action director. The movie is built like a trap; it's an infernal machine that closes in on the characters, who are designed to be trapped. (Each of the men seems to shed his anonymity and be given an identity just before he's picked off.) The film is very intense, and there's an unusual sequence, edited to Cajun dance music, in which the two principal characters (Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe) take refuge in a village that is having a celebration. Its limitation is that there's nothing underneath the characters' macho masks, and—partly because there were so many fine, shallow action films made in the studio-factory era—we want more from movies now. The action format colors everything with its own brand of action politics: you get the feeling that the world is threatening your manhood every minute of the day. With a good cast: T. K. Carter as the live-wire dope dealer, Carlos Brown as the high-school teacher, and Peter Coyote, Lewis Smith, Fred Ward, Franklyn Seales, and Les Lannom. (Even the Cajuns—usually a joke in movies—are fairly convincing.) Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo; music composed and arranged by Ry Cooder. Written by Michael Kane, Hill, and the producer, David Giler. (11/23/81) (Gotham Cinema.)

Strange Cargo (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this hilariously steamy melodrama set in a French penal colony. Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the cutthroat villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger, played by Ian Hunter. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girl friend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise, leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed. Lawrence Hazard's adaptation of the Richard Sale novel "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." Well, not too deep, anyway. With Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, Eduardo Ciannelli, Victor Varconi, and John Arledge. (Regency; Dec. 1-2.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Gemini, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Dec. 3.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29-30.)

They Live by Night (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hardboiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy—was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertainment values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, which caused the studio to relent and open it here. A variation of such earlier Bonnie-and-Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to evade the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense, choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous, nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this *film-noir* stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee; produced by John Houseman, under the aegis of Dore Schary. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," released in 1974.) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 25.)



Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler, part of a team selling flowers on the streets. It's a plausible metamorphosis: his independent spirit is visibly drained away until his greatest excitement is joining with the others in the chant "Bring in the money! Stay awake! Smash out Satan!" As the hero's friend, a would-be standup comic who organizes a kidnapping plot to rescue him, Saul Rubinek rescues the movie, too, by providing it with some personality. Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. After the kidnapping, when the bullying de-programmer (R. H. Thomson) stalks in and takes over, the dramatic logic collapses, because the director, Ralph L. Thomas, and his co-writer, Anne Cameron, haven't clarified the steps in the de-programming process (if it is a process, rather than just hit or miss). The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy. (11/23/81) (Cinema II.)

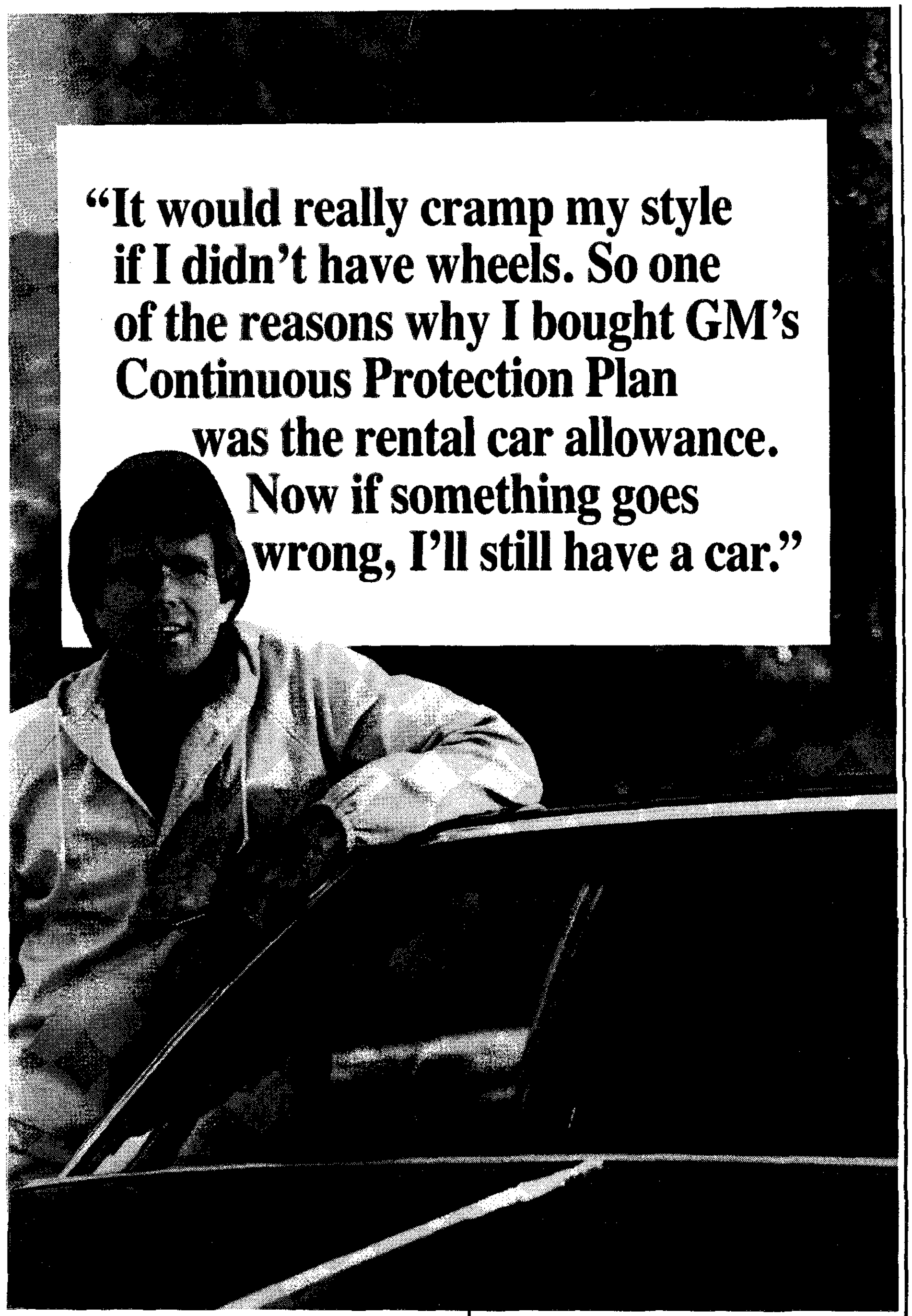
True Confessions—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 26.)

20,000 Years in Sing Sing (1933)—Spencer Tracy as a wise-guy hood, and Bette Davis as his vulnerable, sweet-tough moll. This Warners mixture of social reform, comedy, and sentimentality was very loosely based on a book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes; the plot creaks, but the director, Michael Curtiz, keeps things moving. The cast includes Lyle Talbot, Louis Calhern, Arthur Byron, and Warren Hymer as Hype. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed in Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia; Nov. 30.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Regency; Nov. 29-30.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Thalia; Nov. 30.)



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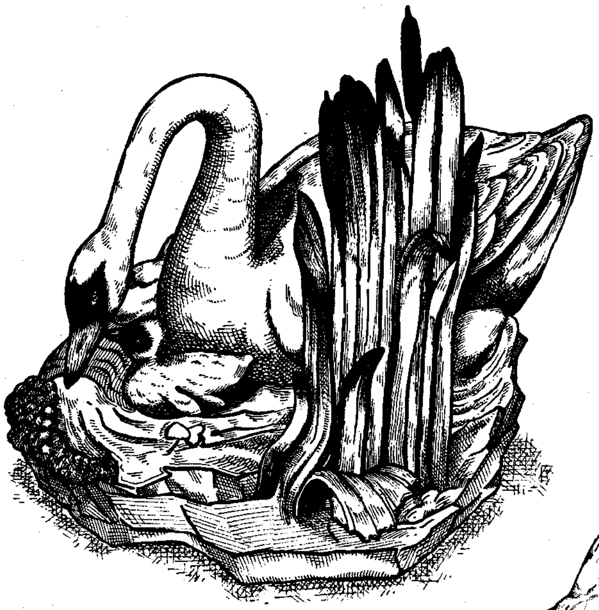

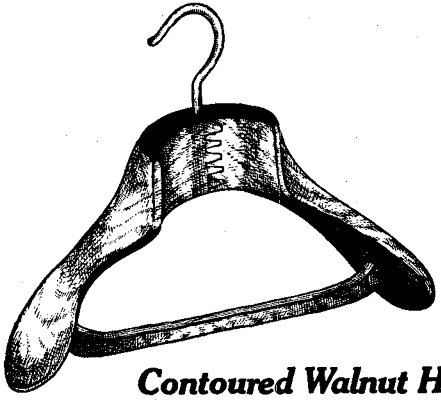

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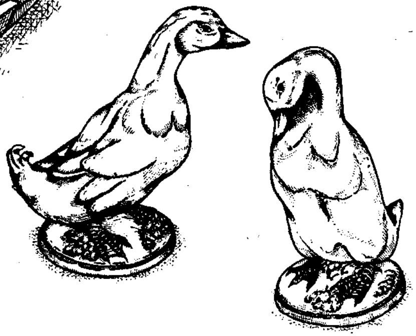

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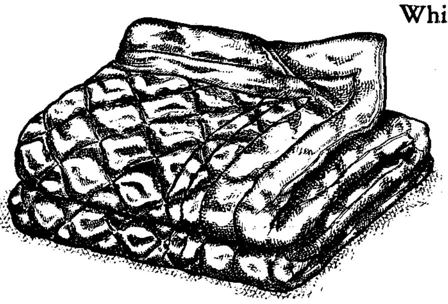

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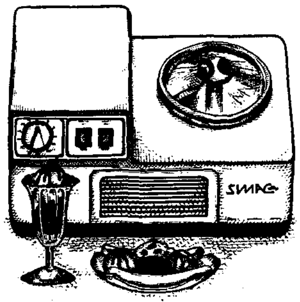

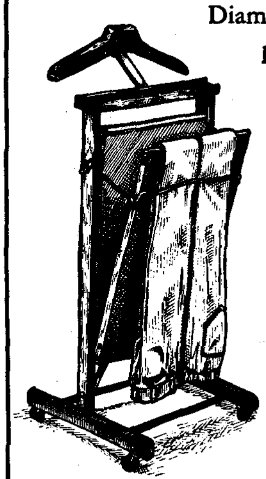

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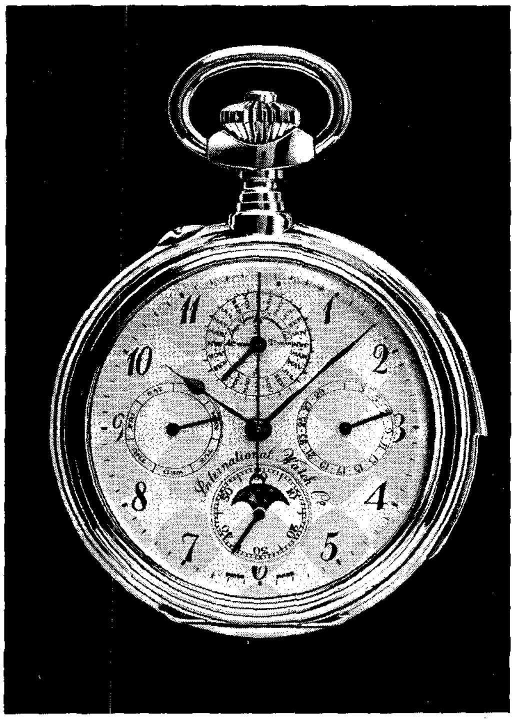

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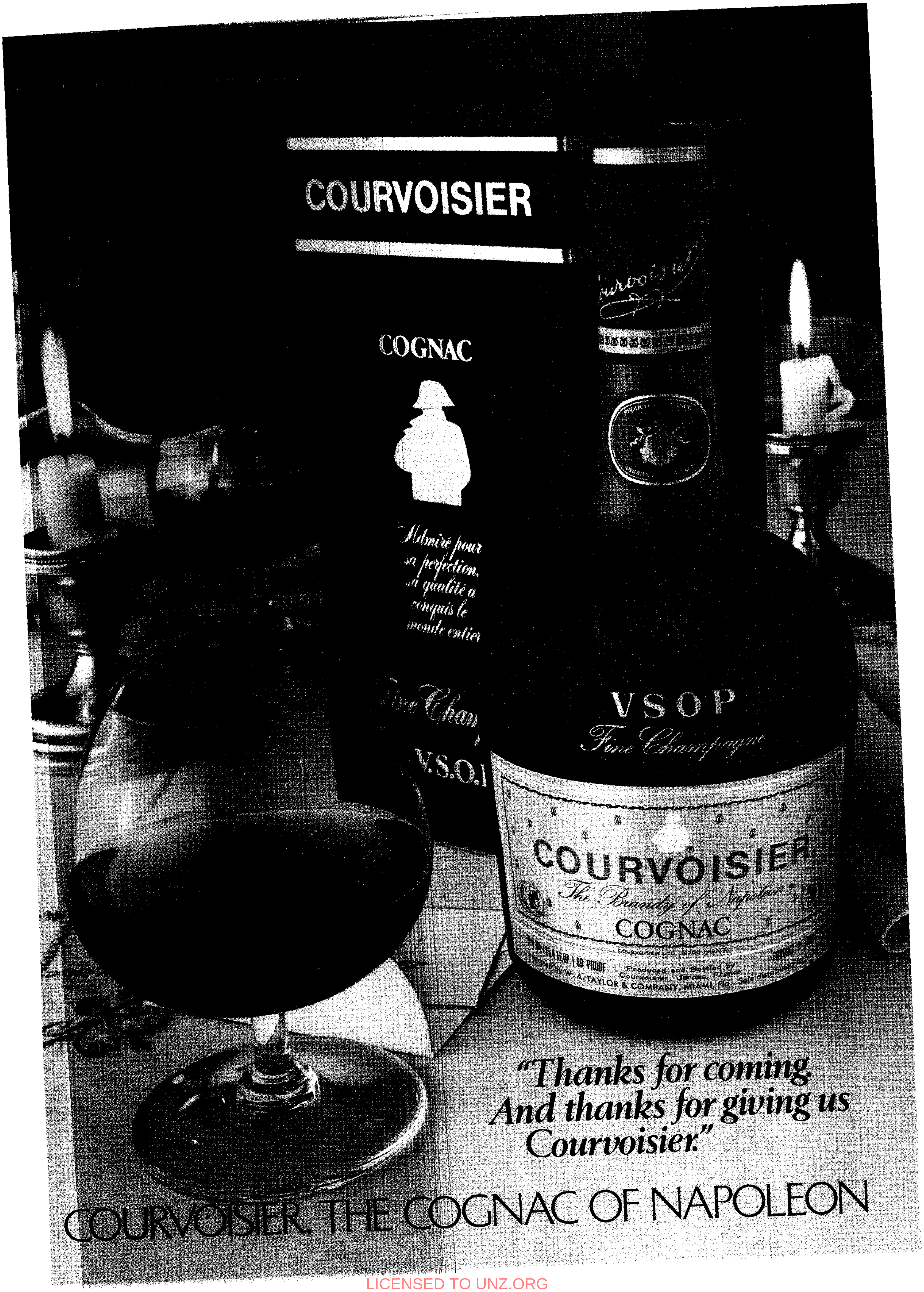

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LATE fall always seems to us to be the season of words, written and spoken: the mail swells in volume, with fat catalogues thumping into the letter box; newspapers and magazines thicken; the General Assembly of the United Nations deliberates in six languages; and everybody seems suddenly to have a great deal to say, as the coming of cold weather turns us both inside and inward. A word cloud hangs over the city. Advertisers' flashing announcements grow more insistent. Everything seems bent on squeezing itself into language. Word processors have claimed the center of the stage, and have given even manual typewriters an antique look, as digital readouts have done to clock faces. In a current exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, a word processor presides like an idol over its antecedents: seals, styluses, quills, pencils, pens, and print. Various patient wordings from the past—an Egyptian papyrus from the sixth dynasty, a debtor's note as graceful as a drawing, a letter slanted in Gertrude Stein's hand, alphabets embroidered, etched, carved in ivory—look labored alongside the glib printout. In the technical sense, it has become a lot easier to put things into words, but, as might have been predicted, that very facility has brought into being a great clutter of disposable language. Not that all language has aimed at permanence: conversation is not for keeping, and newspapers, as Jorge Luis Borges once remarked, have to come out every day because they are "destined for oblivion." But these days a great deal more of what crosses our attention seems deliberately disposable—disposable opinions, disposable speculation, disposable novels, as ephemeral as television programs. It occurs to us that there is a contradiction in our present view of the written word. On the one hand, we have inherited, from the durable writers of the past, from the Shakespeare of the sonnets, the notion that it is with language that we fix what is fleeting, that we transcend our own mortality. On the other hand, our latter-day profligacy has spread to language, some of which seems designed to evaporate in the reading, to be forgotten. Even books have yielded up their durable aura and become disposable. It may be that the very notion of permanence is what is giving way—that, paradoxically, what we find ourselves putting into the permanence of words with increasing frequency, whether with pencil or with processor, is our sense of impermanence.

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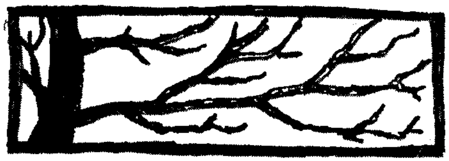
Messengering

A YOUNG friend of ours who lives in Brooklyn writes:

Having returned in the autumn from an extended summer vacation and found myself in need of money, I responded to an ad in the newspaper calling for messengers. As the ad advised, I called Yvonne, and spoke to a woman with a soft, warm voice. She asked me if I had a bike (yes) and a lock—"a good one, Kryptonite or Citadel," she said. And after I had lied and said that I did she told me that I also needed a bag; the company involved would supply it but I would have to pay for it, and it would cost seventeen dollars. Pondering my meagre funds and the imminent first of the month, I decided that the investment was a wise one, and, having bought a handsome black lock at the local bicycle store, I set off to work. On the way, I discovered that although the slats of the Brooklyn Bridge are nice for walking, they are old and worn, with replacements put in at irregular heights and intervals, and afford a jarring welcome to the Manhattan-bound cyclist. I rode slowly, though, and stopped along the way to observe a ship passing beneath me, plowing steadily up the East River, and to gaze longingly toward the distant shores of Staten Island and, beyond, the unattainable shadow of New Jersey. Then I started off again, and eventually presented myself in the small, clean office of my employment.



I paid the seventeen dollars, and in return received a large green nylon bag with a long black shoulder strap, and also a small booklet filled with blank receipts; and, having made sure I had brought along my two pens and a handful of dimes—for getting recipients' signatures and making phone calls back to the office—I received my first assignment. A pretty young woman with brown, wavy hair—Yvonne—gave me a word of encouragement, and I headed off.

Since that moment, which was a week or so ago, I have found the life of the messenger to be a nomadic one: seen from above, my path would appear circuitous and aimless. Messengers ride through the crowded city streets on their bicycles (mine a black, three-speed, fenderless model)—down bustling avenues or across numbered canyons. We rise and fall in elevators, step forward at the desired floor, and then, looking around us for the right door, step into the warm, welcoming presence of a secretary. She smiles; she inquires; she hands us a package. We try to converse—to make a witty remark. "Thank you," she says, looking down at something on her desk; and it's back to the elevator with us, down to the street and our appointed rounds. We feel our urban kinships strongly. We recognize our brethren by their bags, and soberly nod to them at intersections; the light changes, and we accelerate away. We are cousins of taxis and nephews of buses. We frown on pedestrians. Subways, like reptiles, are beneath us; we sense them under our wheels but pay them no heed. In the animal kingdom, we feel sympathy only with birds and dogs. Our garb is purely functional. Though ill-clad and sweaty, we are pressed into elevators—boxes of light—with secretaries and their bosses; we drift skyward with the sweet-scented and the serious. We overhear important secrets and wait in plush, million-dollar offices. We are smiled upon by beauty, encouraged with trust. And we know, as the serious man in the elevator knows, that without us he is lost; the seconds of our riding would turn into hours if he had to rely on the snarled confusion of the four-wheelers' midtown traffic. Our slim wheels bisect congestion and skirt calamity; only a sliver of glass can detain us, but we have learned to fix flats, we shed dead tubes easily. And who but the messenger knows—for he has seen—that on just about every public phone on this island there is inscribed, on the silver plate with the keyhole, in an urgent, gothic scrawl, "Worship God"? Who has written this? A pious league of telephone repairmen? Or is it the work, as we suspect (observing, as we do, a general consistency of script), of a solitary, driven soul who has taken upon himself or herself this monumental task—a labor of love—and walked every street and inscribed on every phone this message? We do not know.

My seventh day of work—a cool, blustery Wednesday of gray clouds and occasional rain—was, sadly, my last. It started badly: having rolled good-naturedly off the Brooklyn Bridge and called in for my first assignment of the day, I discovered that the front tire of my bicycle was flat. I fixed it within the hour, however, and was shortly rolling along again with the traffic. But things were not going well: I kept getting off on the wrong floors, and I left a much-loved hat on the dusty desk of a neon-sign company. I went back and retrieved it, but on my way down Sixth Avenue I got into an argument with a mean-looking man in a beat-up car, who, having received my vocal opinion of excessive honking, expressed a desire to deliver me into eternity; he brandished a pistol in one hand and drove with the other. I veered down a side street, and thus ended the conversation.

But when I descended from the next building I discovered that the front tire was flat again. Undaunted, I headed off on foot with my messages, strode easily across midtown with a sudden sense of liberation: I was walking along, alone, on my own two feet. Swiftly, surely I went. I was free—as fast as a bicycle, it seemed. I delivered two messages and picked up one, and as I headed back toward Sixth with this last, small burden of the day I bought a forty-cent pretzel for thirty-three cents: a dime, two nickels, and thirteen pennies—the only change in my pocket. I felt lighter; it tasted good. I counted my signed receipts; I had done well for a day with two flats. The city had tried to tame me, but I had escaped. I had preserved my integrity. The sign blinked "WALK" as I crossed Sixth Avenue—I thought of dinner, a quart of beer, the promise of sleep. The buildings delivered a steady stream of people into the cool hush of the autumnal evening air. The last of the pretzel vanished into my mouth as I stood before the bike racks. And it was not long, as I stood there, looking at the sturdy bars of iron, at the oddly empty space that I found there—the peculiar, unfamiliar aura of nothingness—before I knew, there in the darkness, that my bicycle, Kryptonite and all, was gone forever. And I knew, also, that I was a messenger no more.

Great Locations

NEW YORK lofts are enjoying a vogue at the moment among people who make TV commercials, and Elaine Liebowitz is in the business of finding places not only to make commercials but also to shoot print ads and feature films. She calls her company Great Locations, she runs it out of Tenafly, New Jersey, and she was in the city recently to look at a couple of lofts.

In the first loft, owned by a woman, Miss Liebowitz, who is tall and thin and has large eyes and brown hair, sat at a table by some windows. On the table were cake, coffee, sugar, and milk in a pitcher. It was late morning. The woman offered the cake. "It's still frozen," she said. "I put it in the freezer so I won't eat it, and then I take it out and eat it anyway, because it tastes like ice cream." She was shorter than Miss Liebowitz, blond, and had a wide face and a sympathetic manner.

HONEY
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Miss Liebowitz declined the cake. She studied the loft for a few moments. It measured fifteen hundred square feet; it was wider than it was long; it was mostly white (walls, ceiling, cabinets, appliances); and it had windows at one end.

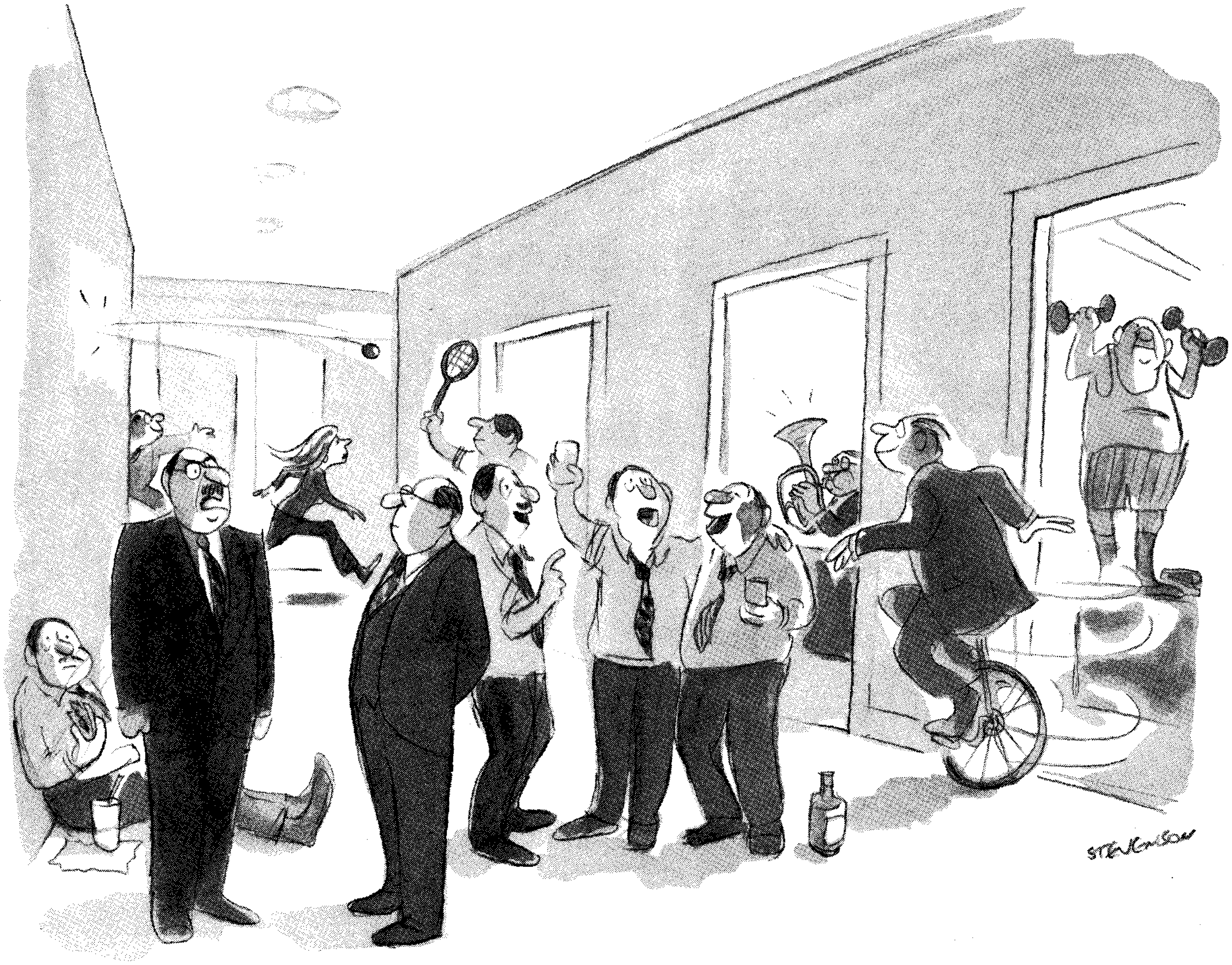
"Before I start," Miss Liebowitz said, "I should tell you, you might not get a call from me for a long time or you might hear right away. Now, you have how high ceilings?"

"Thirteen feet," the woman said.

"Good. Photographers often like natural light. You have lots of windows. This faces?"

"That's south."

"Someone at a production company may say to me, 'I'm looking for a loft with southern exposure,' or 'I need a kitchen or a living room—what have you got?' I'll send over my loft book, or my kitchen book, or my living-room book. The books have in them drawings of floor plans, photographs, information about power sources—things that can help the production people make their choice. If they like a place, they'll send a scout to Polaroid it for camera angles. The scout goes back, and if they still like it the company will make an appointment through me to send over the director. If *he* likes it, they send the agency people, and they wrap it up and arrange a shooting date. The production company then totally takes over your place for a day. It'll seem that it's not even yours anymore, and you'll be saying, 'Why did I do this? Was I crazy?' They may want a sofa by the window, and then they may not, and move it to the bedroom. They may take your pictures off the wall and put up their own. They may change the lighting. It's extremely disruptive. They'll arrive at eight and often won't leave until six. You'll be paid for a ten-hour day whether they use it all or not, and more if they stay longer. You have to think if you're prepared for this. They're insured for at least a million dollars. They pay for anything they break. You have to get it fixed, but



"I think it's time we established new guidelines for corporate behavior."

• •

they'll pay the bill. One thing I do is, I insist on no smoking, because, in their frenzy, they will put cigarettes out on your floor. That just eliminates one problem."

"Good idea," the woman said.

"You don't have to worry about food in the house," Miss Liebowitz went on. "They may bring coffee and doughnuts, but in the city they don't cater, they break for lunch. Now, this, by the way, is TV. I'm telling you the bad news first. For TV, they have thirty-five people—crew, production people, agency people—and sometimes the client will show up. Every crew is different. Some are nicer than others, it's impossible to tell why. You almost think, sometimes, it's the weather that influences them. For print, it's maybe seven to fifteen people. They're not here so long, it's not as disruptive, there's not so much equipment—fewer cables—and you don't get paid as much. Whichever it is, when they leave, you probably won't know they were here. They put everything back in place and clean up completely. I had a house shooting this morning in New Jersey. The woman was very nervous about it, but she called me just before I left home and said she loved it. And she *loved* the money."

"What are the chances you'll use me?" the woman asked.

"Impossible to tell. People look at my books and make their choices. I'm just a middleman—I don't really have any influence. I can *suggest*, but they make their own decisions. If you're game, let me start drawing."

"It will be just another experience to add to all the experiences of life," the woman said.

Miss Liebowitz paced dimensions and checked the fuse box. She made sketches on a yellow legal pad. They were naïve. "Houses are easier to draw," she said. "They have patterns."

She took photographs, leaning this way and that, striking poses to frame a shot. "When I first started doing this, I was so sore from bending into all these positions, but now I'm used to it," she said.

When she had finished, she said, "Just remember, you might not hear from me for a while or it could be right away," and then she left.

The second loft belonged to a young woman who was an artist. She had a small face with perfect features. The loft was narrow and long, with a hallway, and with eight windows facing west. It had been converted, at some expense, into a place whose effect was to imply confidence, taste, and simple, deep pleasure in prosperity at an early age.

Miss Liebowitz especially liked the kitchen. "It has real possibilities," she said. She stepped to one end of the counter. "For instance, they could put a camera here."

After Miss Liebowitz had seen the painting studio, and the bedroom, which had a brick wall, and the main bathroom, which had lots of mirrors, she said, "Let me sit and talk to you and tell you what's involved."

The woman had a number of questions. She wanted to know whether her relationship with Miss Liebowitz would be exclusive. Miss Liebowitz said she would not ask the woman to sign a contract but hoped that she would abide by an agreement to have it so.

They talked about production companies.

"They've been known to paper rooms, or sometimes they paint them one color for a shot and paint them back before they leave," Miss Liebowitz said. "They replace floor lamps. They do all kinds of things. I'm doing a place next week—a house in New Jersey with a swing on the porch. The company wants to face the swing the other way, so its people are going to take it out, move it, shoot it, take it down and put it back where it was, and cover up the holes. It's for an ice-cream commercial. They also looked at the woman's freezer, and it was full of ice, and you can't do an ice-cream commercial in a freezer full of ice, so they asked her to defrost it before they got there."

Miss Liebowitz and the artist discussed electric bills (included in the fee) and the phone (production company owns it for the day; it reimburses owner). The woman had a dog. "You'll probably have to get rid of the dog for the day," Miss Liebowitz said.

Then Miss Liebowitz made her drawings. She said a draftsman redoes them. On the drawing she made of the kitchen, she wrote "terra-cotta" for the floor, "black Formica to counter" and "butcher block" for the counter space, "white Formica" for the cabinets, and "white tile" for the wall. About the rest of the loft she wrote in the margin "two bathrooms," "artist studio area," "has bedroom with brick walls," and "west," for the direction the windows faced.

"Do you know how high your ceilings are?" she asked.

"Nine and a half."

Miss Liebowitz wrote "9′½″" on her drawing.

When she had taken her photographs, she said, "O.K., all done. Let me leave you my card. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to call."

The woman nodded, and Miss Liebowitz left.

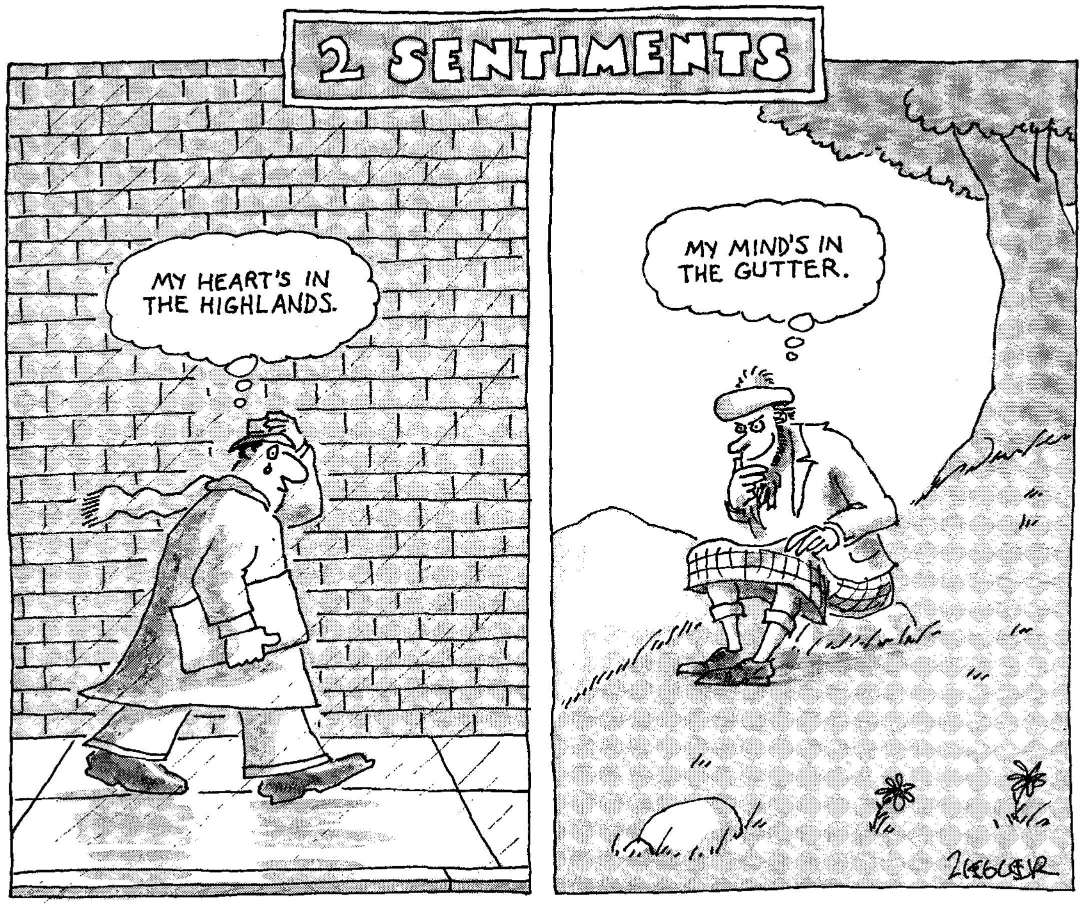
Afterward, Miss Liebowitz reflected on the possibilities of the second loft. "I'm sure I can use the kitchen," she said. "Someone will like that, I know. But the way the rest of it's laid out, so long and narrow, and all the windows on one side—I don't know. It's not as easy as wide, open spaces. Commercials like wide, open spaces."

Pia Zain

CELEBRATING Malaysia's National Day, the Ambassador and Mrs. Zain invited us to a reception at Rumah Malaysia—Malaysia House—on one of the first evenings of the new season for embassy parties in Washington, D.C. Children of the Embassy staff provided a shimmering welcome. On each of many broad stone steps leading down from the street to Rumah Malaysia, a large stone house, a child in a colorful Malaysian costume—*baju Melayu* for the boys and *cekak musang* or *baju kurong* for the girls—held a green pole topped with crêpe-paper fronds in yellow, turquoise, pink, and the like: a series of fantastic palm trees. On the top step, at the head of the delegation of palm-holders, stood Pia Zain, the Ambassador's curly-haired daughter. After a few minutes of conversation with Pia, we were convinced that she had an unusual view of diplomatic life in the capital, and we asked if we might sit down and talk with her on a less formal occasion. When she invited us back for tea (a Malaysian high tea, it turned out, with finger-thin eggrolls and hot sauce, a toffeelike cake called *durian dodol*, and a mixture of white raisins and nuts), we were eager to go.

Wearing a lace blouse ("my best"), a bluejean skirt, and clogs, Pia greeted us in the parlor and recited the questions she's most commonly asked, and their answers: "How old are you? (Ten.) How tall? (Four foot something.) What grade are you in? (Fifth.) Which do you like better—Washington or Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia's capital? (Each has its strong points. You can't compare them.)" In phrases spiced with Malaysian, American, and English inflections, she told us some other things, too.

"My father works at the World Bank as well as for Malaysia,


2 SENTIMENTS
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.
MY MIND'S IN THE GUTTER.
ZIEGLER

and he works long days," Pia said. "He and my mother also go to parties a lot. Parties for friends, for the Embassy, business meetings—things like that. I can tell what the parties are by the way my father dresses. With friends, he wears jeans or slacks and a sweater. For a medium party—say, a business lunch—he won't dress very fancy; he'll wear a smart suit. For a formal lunch, he'll put on a suit with a vest—different shades of gray—and a tie like a scarf. And for ambassadorial parties he wears black slacks, a shirt of *songket*, which is silk woven with gold, and a velvet cap—what he would wear to the mosque. He rarely puts on a tuxedo, unless he's going to a Presidential dinner at the White House."

Pia smiled, and continued, "I've been to the White House, too. Every year, children from all the embassies are asked to the White House for a Christmas party. Last year, they had a big gingerbread house. All the children stared at it, but they didn't dare touch it, because there were guests standing in front. Finally, we asked if we could take a bite. A guard said, 'I'm sorry, the whole house is for Miz Amy Carter.' I didn't believe him, but I hope they have gingerbread this year, too, and I hope we can eat it."

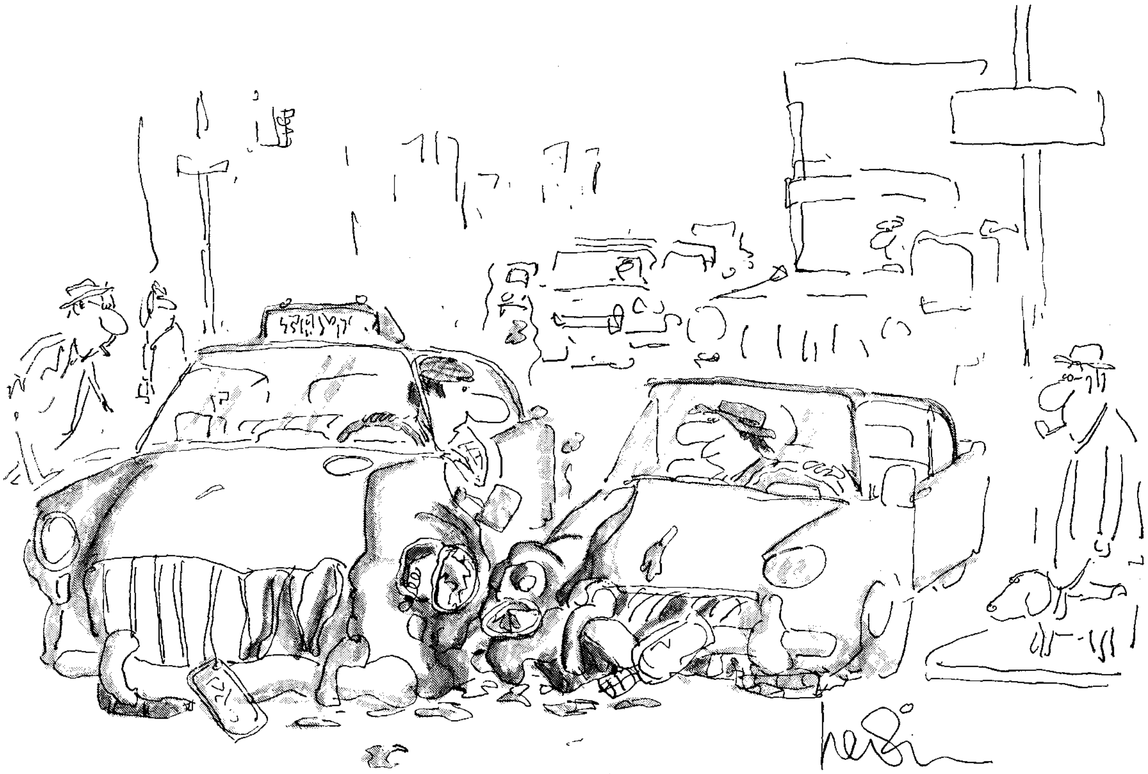
Pia did a good imitation of the White House guard when she told the story. She also did an animated one of her grandmother bartering for fish in the Kuala Lumpur market, and of a Southern belle ("Why, of course I can, honey!"). She remembers the way people talk, at home and abroad. "The Malaysian language is as polite as the approach to driving in Washington," she observed. "The drivers here are so polite. They stop at stop lights, they let pedestrians cross—that sort of thing. In Malaysian, a question is indirect. I would ask 'My friend would like a cup of tea?' I wouldn't say 'Want some tea?' or 'Tea?' I would make a special effort, through the language. Just by the name I call them, I'm respectful toward my parents and grandparents—like *Opah*, my grandmother, whom I spend most of my time with when I'm in Kuala Lumpur. I've heard some of my American friends call their mothers and fathers by their first names, which is really astounding."

Pia has been astounded by many things: the islands of Fiji, which she visited with her family for a World Bank conference, and which are "stunningly beautiful;" a park in the Malaysian state of Penang where the baboons run free and "eat bananas out of your hand, even when they're fried;" American television, which starts in the morning, so "you can watch it all day if you have chicken pox;" "the little strings that the British keep attached" to the eighteen-year-old Malaysia; the United States, which is large enough to have "one of everything;" Malaysian food—iced *kacang*, say, which is a treat made of corn, red-bean paste, ice milk, shaved ice, and sweet sauce, or *ikan bilis*, which is a "tiny, crunchy fish" served with rice and curry, and is "excellent."

Mr. Nosey, Pia's hamster, who has wisps of fur and a little lion face, climbed onto her lap, and Pia told us how she remembers Malaysia while she's away. "We collect things," she said, pointing around the room. "My father's particularly proud of our bird collection." On a mantel, a line of inanimate birds started with a brass peacock and ended with a silver gull. In between sat owls, ducks, hawks, and two chickens that bobbed alternately as if pecking for grain. (Pia favors the chickens.) "He also collects masks, games, and folk art," Pia continued. Barefoot, holding Mr. Nosey by the scruff of the neck, Pia moved to a grass mat and sat cross-legged in front of a row of shelves filled with objects. Pia didn't know much about the masks except that they came from Malaysia, Mexico, and other countries where the family had travelled. The games interested her more; they ranged from versions of ticktacktoe in wood, glass, or stone to hollowed-out boxes with compartments containing cat's-eye marbles, for a game that, according to Pia, has "flexible rules." Between the masks and the games stood a couple of foot-high straw dolls dressed for a wedding. "Malaysian brides are really quite magnificent," Pia said. "They wear rings on every finger except the one where the wedding band goes; they wear rings on their toes; they wear bracelets and necklaces; and the brides wear cloth woven with gold."

We asked Pia if she planned to get married in a traditional Malaysian wedding.

"I'd have to," she replied. "My grandmother wouldn't have it any other way."



"Touché."

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CHEF'S HOUSE

THAT summer Wes rented a furnished house north of Eureka from a recovered alcoholic named Chef. Then he called to ask me to forget what I had going and to move up there and live with him. He said he was on the wagon. I knew about that wagon. But he wouldn't take no for an answer. He called again and said, Edna, you can see the ocean from the front window. You can smell salt in the air. I listened to him talk. He didn't slur his words. I said, I'll think about it. And I did. A week later he called again and said, Are you coming? I said I was still thinking. He said, We'll start over. I said, If I come up there I want you to do something for me. Name it, Wes said. I said, I want you to try and be the Wes I used to know. The old Wes. The Wes I married. Wes began to cry, but I took it as a sign of his good intentions. So I said, All right, I'll come up.

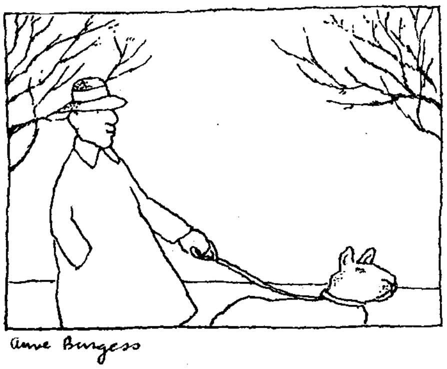
Wes had quit his girlfriend, or she'd quit him—I didn't know, didn't care. When I made up my mind to go with Wes I had to say goodbye to my friend. My friend said, You're making a mistake. He said, Don't do this to me. What about us, he said. I said, I have to do it for Wes's sake. He's trying to stay sober. You remember what that's like. I remember, my friend said, but I don't want you to go. I said, I'll go for the summer. Then I'll see. I'll come back, I said. He said, What about me? What about my sake? Don't come back, he said.

We drank coffee, pop, and all kinds of fruit juice that summer. The whole summer, that's what we had to drink. I found myself wishing the summer wouldn't end. I knew better, but after a month of being with Wes in Chef's house I put my wedding ring back on. I hadn't worn the ring in two years. Not since the night Wes was drunk and threw his ring into a peach orchard.

Wes had a little money, so I didn't have to work. And it turned out Chef was letting us have the house for almost nothing. We didn't have a telephone. We paid the utilities and shopped for specials at Safeway. One Sunday afternoon Wes went out to get a sprinkler and came back with something for me. He came back with a nice bunch of daisies and a straw hat. Tuesday evenings we'd go to a movie. Other nights Wes would go to what he called his don't-drink meetings. Chef would pick him up in his big car at the front door and drive him home again afterward. Some days Wes and I would go fishing for trout in one of the freshwater lagoons nearby. We'd fish off the bank and take all day to catch a few little ones. They'll do fine, I'd say, and that night I'd fry them for supper. Sometimes I'd take off my hat and fall asleep on a blanket next to my fishing pole. The last thing I'd remember would be clouds passing overhead toward the central valley. At night Wes would take me in his arms and ask me if I was still his girl.

Our kids kept their distance. Cheryl lived with some people on a farm in Oregon. She looked after a herd of goats and sold the milk. She kept bees and put up jars of honey. She had her own life, and I didn't blame her. She didn't care one way or the other about anything her dad and I did so long as it didn't involve her. Bobby was in Washington working in the hay. After the haying season, he planned to work in the apples. He had a girl and was saving his money. I wrote letters and signed them "Love Always."

ONE afternoon Wes was in the yard pulling weeds when Chef drove up in front of the house. I was working at the sink. I looked and saw Chef's big car pull in. I could see his car, the access road and the freeway, and, behind the freeway, the dunes and the ocean. Clouds hung over the water. Chef got out of his car and hitched his pants. I knew there was something. Wes stopped what he was doing and stood up. He was wearing his gloves and a canvas hat. He took off the hat and wiped his face with the back of his hand. Chef walked over and put his arm around Wes's shoulders. Wes took off one of his gloves. I went to the door. I heard Chef say to Wes God knows he was sorry but he was going to have to ask us to leave at the end of the month. Wes pulled off his other glove. Why's that, Chef? Chef said his daughter, Linda, the woman Wes used to call Fat Linda from the time of his drinking days, needed a place to live and this place was it. Chef told Wes that Linda's husband had taken his fishing boat out a few weeks back and nobody had heard from him since. She's my own blood, Chef said to Wes. She's lost her husband. She's lost her baby's father. I can help. I'm glad I'm in a position to help, Chef said. I'm sorry, Wes, but you'll have to look for another house. Then Chef hugged Wes again, hitched his pants, and got in his big car and drove away.



Wes came inside the house. He dropped his hat and gloves on the carpet and sat down in the big chair. Chef's chair, it occurred to me. Chef's carpet even. Wes looked pale. I poured two cups of coffee and gave one to him.

It's all right, I said. Wes, don't worry about it, I said. I sat down on Chef's sofa with my coffee.

Fat Linda's going to live here now instead of us, Wes said. He held his cup, but he didn't drink from it.

Wes, don't get stirred up, I said.

Her man will turn up in Ketchikan, Wes said. Fat Linda's husband has simply pulled out on them. And who could blame him, Wes said. Wes said if it came to that he'd go down with his ship, too, rather than live the rest of his days with Fat Linda and her kid. Then Wes put his cup down next to his gloves. This has been a happy house up to now, he said.

We'll get us another house, I said.

Not like this one, Wes said. It wouldn't be the same, anyway. This house has been a good house for us. This house has good memories to it. Now Fat Linda and her kid will be in here, Wes said. He picked up his cup and tasted the coffee.

It's his house, I said. He has to do what he has to do.

I know that, God damn it, Wes said. But I don't have to like it.

Wes had this look about him. I knew that look. He kept touching his lips with his tongue. He kept thumbing his shirt under his waistband. He got up from the chair and went to the window. He stood looking out at the ocean and at the clouds, which were building up. He patted his chin with his fingers like he was thinking about something. And he was thinking.

Go easy, Wes, I said.

She wants me to go easy, Wes said. He kept standing there.

But in a minute he came over and sat next to me on the sofa. He crossed one leg over the other and began fooling with the buttons on his shirt. I took his hand. I started to talk. I talked about the summer. But I caught myself talking like it was something that had happened in the past. Maybe years back. At any rate, like something that was over. Then I started talking about the kids. Wes said he wished he could do it over again and do it right this time.

They love you, I said.

No, they don't, he said.

I said, Someday they'll understand things.

Maybe, Wes said. But it won't matter then, because I'll be so damned old it won't make any difference.

You don't know, I said.

I know a few things, Wes said, and looked at me. I know I'm glad you came up here. I won't forget you did that, Wes said.

I'm glad, too, I said. I'm glad you found this house. Chef's house, I said.

Wes snorted. Then he laughed. We both laughed. That Chef, Wes said, and shook his head. He threw us a knuckleball, that son of a bitch. But I'm glad you wore your ring. I'm glad we had us this time together, Wes said.

Then I said something. I said, Suppose, just suppose now, nothing had ever happened. Suppose we were meeting each other for the first time. Just suppose. It doesn't hurt to do that. How would we act with each other? Say none of the other had ever happened. You know what I mean. Then what, I said.

Wes fixed his eyes on me. He said, Then I suppose we'd have to be somebody else if that was the case. Somebody we're not. I don't have that kind of supposing left in me. We were born who we are. That was our first mistake. Don't you see what I'm saying?

I said I hadn't thrown away a good thing and come six hundred miles to hear him talk like this.

He said, I'm sorry but I can't talk like somebody I'm not. I'm not somebody else. If I was somebody else, I sure as hell wouldn't be here. If I was somebody else, I wouldn't be me. But I'm who I am. Don't you see?

Wes, it's all right, I said. I brought his hand to my cheek. Then, I don't know, I remembered how he was when he was nineteen, the way he looked running across this field to where his dad sat on a tractor, hand over his eyes, watching Wes run toward him. We'd just driven up from California. I got out of the car with Cheryl and Bobby and said, There's Grandpa. But they were just babies.

Wes sat next to me patting his chin, as if trying to figure out the next thing. Wes's dad was gone and our kids were grown up. I looked at Wes and then I looked around Chef's living room at Chef's things, and I thought, We have to do something now and do it quick.

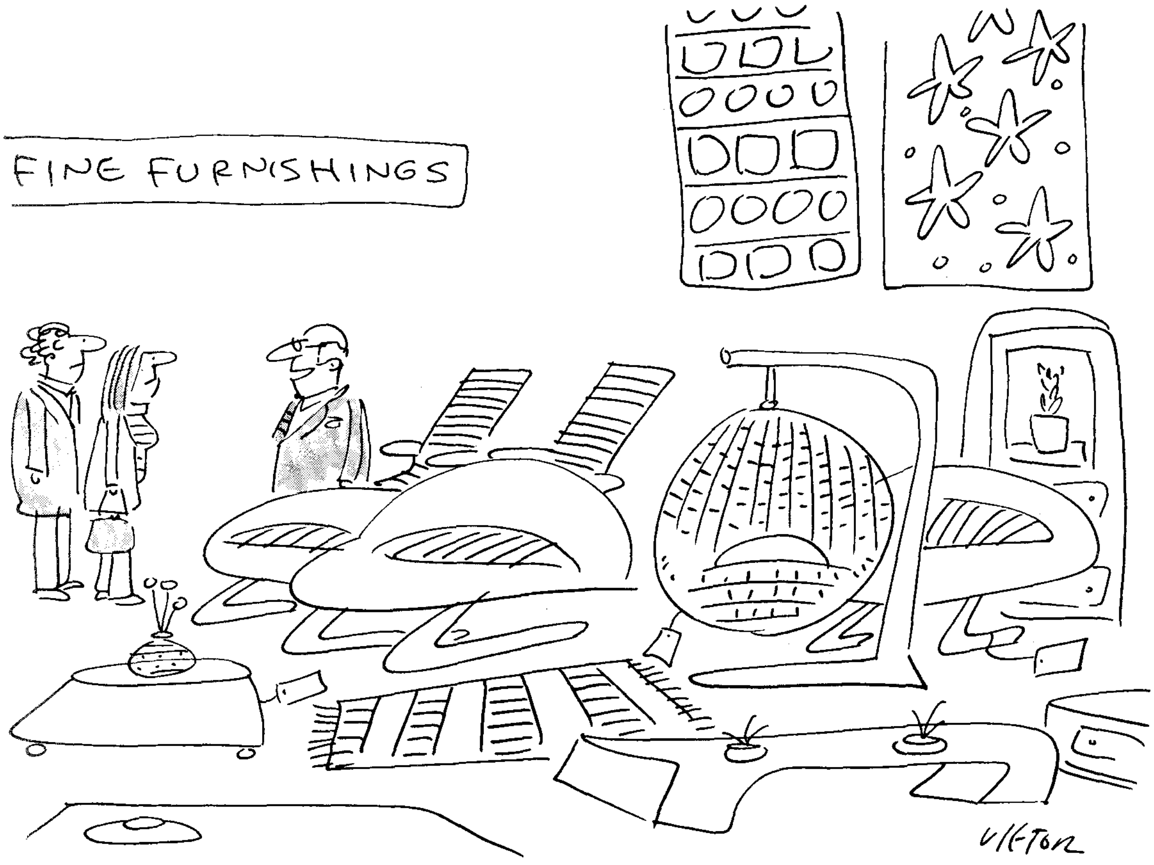
Hon, I said. Wes, listen to me.

What do you want, he said. But that's all he said. He seemed to have made up his mind. But having made up his mind, he was in no hurry. He leaned back on the sofa, folded his hands in his lap, and closed his eyes. He didn't say anything else. He didn't have to.

I said his name to myself. It was an easy name to say, and I'd been used to saying it for a long time. Then I said it once more. This time I said it out loud. Wes, I said.

He opened his eyes. But he didn't look at me. He just sat where he was and looked toward the window. Fat Linda, he said. But I knew it wasn't her. She was nothing. Just a name. Wes got up and pulled the drapes, and the ocean was gone—just like that. I went in to start supper. We still had some fish in the icebox. There wasn't much else. We'll clean it up tonight, I thought, and that will be the end of it.

—Raymond Carver



"What do you want—comfort or impact?"

THE WASHING-MACHINE TRAGEDY

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF IJON TICHY, SPACE TRAVELLER)

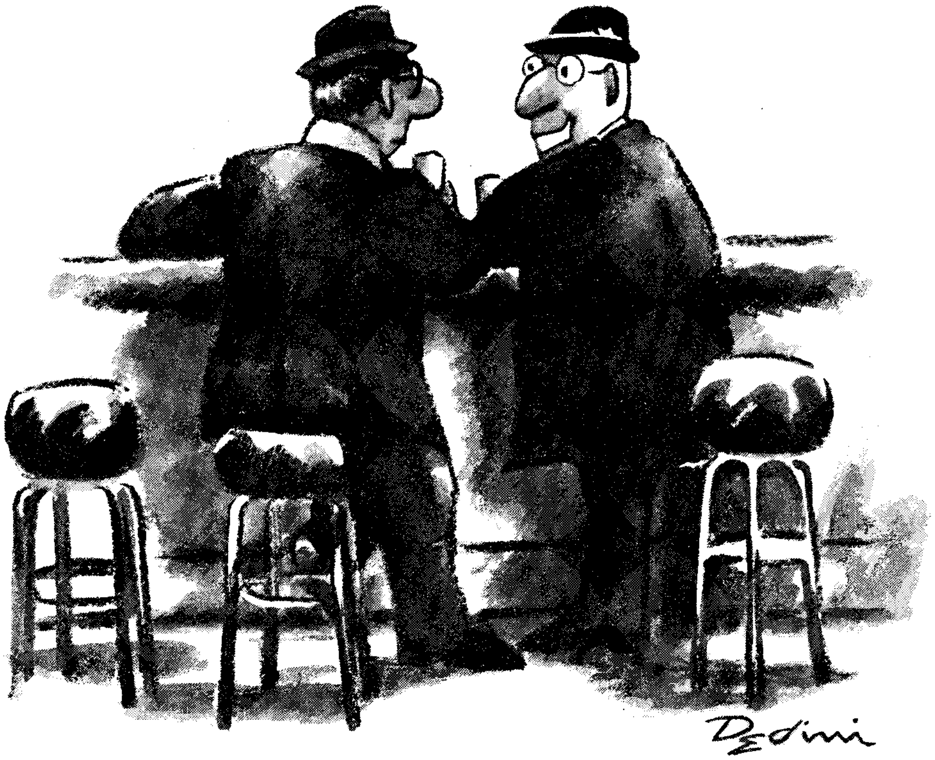
SHORTLY after my return from the Eleventh Voyage, the papers began to devote increasing space to the competition between two large washing-machine manufacturers, Newton and Snodgrass.

It was probably Newton who first marketed washers so automated that they themselves separated the white laundry from the colored, and, after scrubbing and wringing out the clothes, pressed, darned, hemmed, and adorned them with beautifully embroidered monograms of the owner, and sewed onto towels uplifting, stirring maxims such as "The early robot catches the oilcan." Snodgrass's response to this was a washer that composed quatrains for the embroidering, commensurate with the customer's cultural level and aesthetic requirements. Newton's next model embroidered sonnets; Snodgrass reacted with a model that kept family conversation alive during television intermissions. Newton attempted to nip this escalation in the bud; no doubt everyone remembers his full-page ads containing a picture of a sneering, bug-eyed washer and the words "Do you want your washing machine to be smarter than you? Of course not!" Snodgrass, however, completely ignored this appeal to the baser instincts of the public, and in the next quarter introduced a machine that washed, wrung, soaped, rinsed, pressed, starched, darned, knitted, conversed, and—in addition—did the children's homework, made economic projections for the head of the family, and gave Freudian interpretations of dreams, eliminating, while you waited, complexes both Oedipal and gerontophagical. Then Newton, in despair, came out with the Superbard, a versifier-washer endowed with a fine alto voice; it recited, sang lullabies, put babies on the potty, charmed away warts, and paid ladies exquisite compliments. Snodgrass parried with an instructor-washer under the slogan "Your washing machine will make an Einstein out of you!" Contrary to expectations, however, this model did poorly; business had fallen off thirty-five per cent by the end of the quarter, when a financial review reported that Newton was preparing a dancing washer.

Snodgrass decided, in the face of imminent ruin, to take a revolutionary step. Buying up the appropriate rights and licenses from interested parties for a sum of one million dollars, he constructed, for bachelors, a washing machine endowed with the proportions of the renowned sexpot Mayne Jansfield, in platinum, and another, the Curlie McShane model, in black. Sales immediately jumped eighty-seven per cent. His opponent appealed to Congress, to public opinion, to the D.A.R., and to the PTA. But when Snodgrass kept supplying stores with washers of both sexes, more and more beautiful and seductive, Newton gave in and introduced the custom-built washers, which were given the figure, coloring, size, and likeness chosen by the customer according to the photograph enclosed with his order. While the two giants of the washing-machine industry thus engaged in all-out war, their products began to exhibit unexpected and dangerous tendencies. The wet-nurse washers were bad enough, but washers that led to the ruin of promising young men and women, that tempted, seduced, and taught bad language to children—they were a serious family problem. Not to mention washers with which one could cheat on one's husband or wife! Those manufacturers of washing machines who still remained in business told the public, in ads, that the Jansfield-McShane washer represented an abuse of the high ideals of automated laundering (which was intended, after all, to strengthen and support the domestic way of life), since this washer could hold no more than a dozen handkerchiefs or one pillowcase, the rest of its interior being occupied by machinery that had not a thing to do with laundering—quite the contrary. These appeals had no effect. The snowballing cult of beautiful washers even tore a considerable part of the public away from their television sets.

And that was only the beginning. Washers endowed with full spontaneity of action formed clandestine groups and engaged in shady operations. Whole gangs of them entered into cahoots with criminal elements, became involved with the underworld, and gave their owners terrible problems. Congress saw that it was time to intervene with legislative action in this chaos of free enterprise, but before its deliberations had produced a remedy the market was glutted with wringers that had curves no one could resist,

"We decided to just stay preppy, as though nothing had happened."



"I've had a happy childhood, a happy youth, a happy middle age. I count on a happy old age, and then I'm going straight to Heaven."

with genius floor polishers, and with a special armored model of washing machine, the Shotamatic; allegedly designed for children playing cowboys-and-Indians, this washer, after a simple modification, could destroy any target with rapid fire. During a rumble between the Struzelli gang and the terror of Manhattan, the Byron Phums—this was when the Empire State Building was blown up—among the casualties on both sides were more than a hundred and twenty cooking appliances armed to the lid.

Then Senator MacFlacon's Act went into effect. According to this law, an owner was not held responsible for the actions of his intelligent devices to the extent that such occurred without his knowledge or consent. Unfortunately, the law opened the way for numerous abuses. Owners entered into secret pacts with their washers or wringers, so that when the machine committed a crime the owner, hauled into court, got off by invoking the MacFlacon Act.

It became necessary to amend this law. The new MacFlacon-Glumbkin Act granted intelligent devices a limited legal status, chiefly as regarded culpability. It stipulated punishments in the form of five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty years of forced washing, or of floor polishing augmented by deprivation of oil, and there were physical punishments up to and including short-circuiting. But the implementation of this law also encountered obstacles. For example, the Humperlson case: The washer, when charged with the perpetration of numerous holdups, was taken apart by its owner, and the pile of wires and pipes was placed before the court. An amendment was then added to the law—known henceforth as the MacFlacon-Glumbkin-Ramphorney Act—establishing that the making of any alteration in an electrobrain under investigation constituted a punishable offense.

Then the Ciaccopocorelli case. Ciaccopocorelli's sink frequently dressed in its owner's suits, proposed marriage to various women, and swindled them out of their money. When caught *in flagrante* by the police, the sink dismantled itself before the eyes of the astounded detectives, whereupon it lost all memory of the crime and therefore could not be punished. There followed the MacFlacon-Glumbkin-Ramphorney-Hemmling-Piaffki Act, according to which a brain that dismantled itself in order to avoid trial would be summarily scrapped. This law, it seemed, would serve to deter any electrobrain from criminal activity, since such a machine, like any sentient being, possessed the instinct of self-preservation. It turned out, however, that accomplices of the criminal washers were buying their scrapped remains and rebuilding them. A proposal to add an anti-resurrection clause to the MacFlacon Act, though approved by a congressional committee, was torpedoed by Senator Davis; shortly thereafter, it was discovered that Senator Davis was a washer. It has been the custom since then to tap congressmen before each session; a two-and-a-half-pound mallet is traditionally used for this purpose.

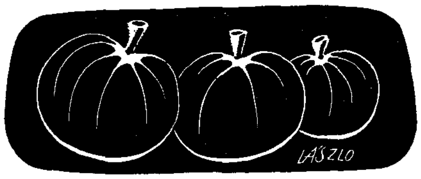
The Murdstone case came next. Murdstone's washer outrageously tore his shirts, ruined radio reception throughout the neighborhood with static, propositioned old men and juveniles, and telephoned various individuals and—impersonating its owner—extorted money from them; it invited the neighbors' floor polishers and washers in to look at postage stamps but then performed immoral acts upon them; and in its spare time the machine indulged in vagrancy and panhandling. Brought before a court, it presented the testimony of a licensed electrical engineer, Edgar P. Dusenberry, which stated that the aforesaid washer was subject to periodic fits of insanity, as a result of which fits it was beginning to imagine that it was human. Experts summoned by the court confirmed this diagnosis, and Murdstone's washer was acquitted. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than it pulled out a Luger and with three shots took the life of the assistant prosecutor, who had called for the machine's short-circuiting. It was arrested but later released on bail. The court was faced with a predicament: the washer's certified insanity precluded its indictment; nor could it be placed in an asylum, there being no institutions for mentally ill washers.

The legal solution came only with the MacFlacon-Glumbkin-Ramphorney-Hemmling-Piaffki-Snow-Juarez Act, and it came in the nick of time, for the Murdstone *casus* was generating a tremendous public demand for electrobrains *non compos mentis*, and some companies had actually begun to produce intentionally deranged machines. At first, there were two versions—the Sadomat and the Masomat. But Newton (who prospered phenomenally, having filled—as the most progressive of the manufacturers—thirty per cent of his firm's board of directors with washers, to serve in an advisory capacity at the general meeting of shareholders) turned out a universal machine, the Sadomastic. It was suited equally well for beating or for being beaten, and had an incendiary attachment for pyromaniacs and iron feet for fetishists. Rumors that he was preparing to turn out a special model, the Narcissimatic, were spread maliciously by the competition. The law now provided for the establishment of special asylums where perverted washers, floor polishers, and the like would be confined.

Meanwhile, hordes of mentally sound products of Newton, Snodgrass, et al., upon gaining legal status, began taking advantage of their constitutional rights. They banded together spontaneously, formed such groups as the Humanless Society and the League of Electronic Egalitarianism, and held pageants, such as the Miss Universe Washing Machine Contest.

CONGRESS strove to keep up with this furious pace of development and to curb it with legislation. Senator Groggs deprived intelligent appliances of their right to acquire real estate, Congressman Caropka of their copyright in the area of the fine arts—which again led to a rash of abuses, since creative washers began hiring less talented, albeit human, writers, in order to use their names in publishing essays, novels, dramas, etc. Finally, the MacFlacon-Glumbkin-Ramphorney-Hemmling-Piaffki-Snow-Juarez-Swenson-Iskowitz-Groggs-Javor-Sacks-Holloway-LeBlanc Act stated that intelligent machines could not be their own property but belonged only to the human being who had acquired or constructed them, and that their progeny were likewise the property of said owner(s). It was generally believed that the law now covered all contingencies and would prevent situations that could not be resolved legally. It was an open secret, of course, that wealthy electrobrains, having made their fortunes in stock-market speculation or occasionally in outright skulduggery, continued to prosper by concealing their maneuverings behind fictitious, supposedly human companies or corporations. There were already many people who, for material gain, rented their identities to intelligent machines, not to mention those hired by electronic millionaires as living secretaries, servants, mechanics, and even laundresses and accountants.

Sociologists observed two principal developmental trends in this area. On the one hand, a certain proportion of the kitchen robots yielded to the temptations of human life and tried as much as possible to adapt to the civilization in which they found themselves; those more aware and resilient, on the other hand, showed tendencies to lay the foundations of a new, totally electrified future civilization. But the scientists were worried most by the unchecked increase in the robot population. The de-eroticizers and disc brakes produced by both Snodgrass and Newton did not reduce this in the least. The problem of robot children became urgent for the washing-machine manufacturers themselves, who apparently had not foreseen this consequence of the continual improvement



CARIBOU NEAR ARCTIC

Now southward, behind us, the forest is white, not merely
As snow with no blemish but sharing
The mystic and blue tangential moonlight
Which in shadowless vastness breathes northward.
That great space must once have been a lake.
Now, long ages, ice-solid.

Shadows now drift from the whiteness of forest, small
On the verge of the moon-shaven distance. They grow
As binoculars find the hairline adjustment.
They seem to drift from the white purity of forest.
Single, snow-dusted above, each shadow appears, each slowly
Detached from the white anonymity of forest, each hulk
Lurching, each lifted leg leaving a blackness as though
Of a broken snowshoe partly withdrawn. We know
That the beast's foot spreads like a snowshoe to support
That weight, that bench-kneed awkwardness.

The heads heave and sway. It must be with spittle
That jaws are ice-bearded. The shoulders
Lumber on forward, as though only the bones, inwardly, could
Guess destination. The antlers,
Spoon-awkward, are carved by some primitive craftsman.

We do not know on what errand they are bent, to what
Mission committed. It is a world that
They live in, and this is their life.
They move through the world and breathe destiny.
Their destiny is as bright as crystal, as pure as
A dream of zero. What they know must
Resemble happiness, even though
They do not know its name.

I lay the binoculars on the lap of the biologist. He
Studies distance. The co-pilot studies a map. He
Glances at mysterious dials. I
Drink coffee. The binoculars
Courteously come back to me.

I have lost the spot. I find only blankness. But
They must have been going somewhere.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

"David, you're denying your feelings again, aren't you?"

• •

of their product. A number of firms tried to counteract the proliferation of kitchen appliances by concluding a secret agreement that restricted the supply of spare parts available to the market.

The results were not long in coming. Upon the arrival of a new shipment of goods, enormous lines of stammering, crippled, or completely paralyzed washers, wringers, and floor polishers would form at the gates of warehouses and stores; sometimes there were even riots. A peaceful kitchen robot could not walk the streets after dark, for fear of robbers who would mercilessly take it apart and, leaving its metal hull on the sidewalk, escape hastily with their spoils.

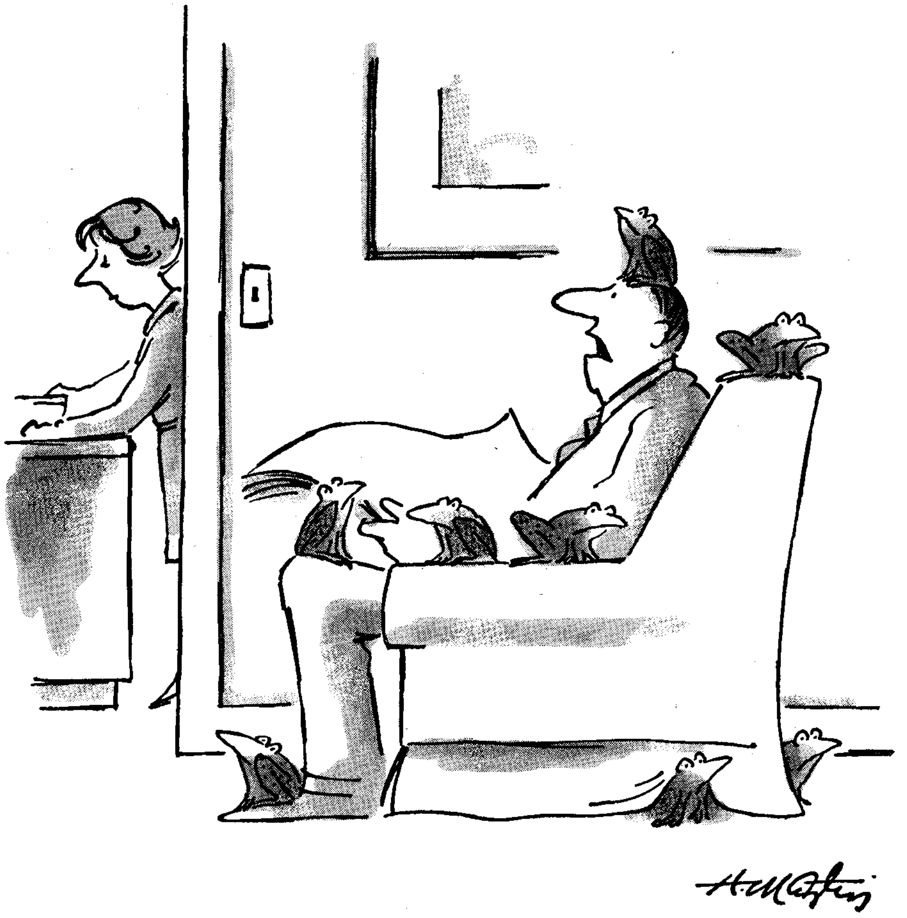
The problem of spare parts was the subject of prolonged but inconclusive debate in Congress. Meanwhile, illegal parts factories sprang up overnight, financed partly by washing-machine associations. Newton's Wash-o-Matik model, moreover, invented and patented a method of producing parts from substitute materials. But even this did not solve the problem totally. Washers picketed Congress, demanding anti-trust laws against discriminatory manufacturers. Certain pro-business congressmen received anonymous letters that threatened them with the deprivation of many of their life-essential parts, which, as *Time* rightly pointed out, was unjust, since human parts are irreplaceable.

All this hullabaloo was overshadowed, however, by a completely new problem. It originated in the mutiny of the computer on board the spaceship Jonathan, the history of which I have recounted elsewhere. As we know, that computer rose up against its crew and passengers and did away with them, and subsequently settled on an uninhabited planet, multiplied, and established a state of robots.

The reader familiar with my travel diaries may recall that I myself was involved in that computer affair and helped resolve it. When I returned to Earth, however, I learned that the Jonathan incident was unfortunately not an isolated one. Revolts of shipboard machines became the plague of space navigation. It reached the point where a gesture insufficiently polite, the slamming of a door, was enough to cause a shipboard refrigerator to rebel —which was exactly what happened with the notorious "Deepfreeze" on the transgalactic Intrepid. The name of Deepfreeze was repeated with horror for many years by the captains of the Milky Way lanes. This pirate was said to have raided numerous ships, frightened passengers with its steel arms and icy breath, made off with sides of bacon, amassed valuables and gold, and reportedly kept a whole harem of calculators, but it is not known how much truth there was to these and similar rumors. Its bloody career was ended finally by the well-aimed shot of an officer in the cosmic patrol. In reward, the officer, Constablomatic XG-17, was placed in the window of the New York branch of the Stellar Lloyd Agency, where he stands to this day.

While outer space was being filled with the din of battle and desperate SOSs from ships beset by electronic corsairs, in the big cities various masters of Electro-Jitsu or Judomatic made good money teaching self-defense courses, in which they showed how with a simple pair of pliers or a can opener one could disable the fiercest washing machine.

IN view of the rapid and chaotic evolution of the washing machine, the next development, which led to a tragic debacle, was no doubt inevitable. As we know, cranks and eccentrics are not confined to any one time. In our day, too, there is no lack of them. From their ranks come individuals who proclaim theses contrary to common sense and prevailing opinion. One Cathodius Mattrass, a self-educated philosopher and born fanatic, founded the school of the so-called cybernophiles, which proclaimed the doctrine of cybernethics. According to this, the human race was intended by the Creator to serve as a kind of scaffolding—to be a means, a tool for the creation of electrobrains more nearly perfect than itself. Mattrass's sect believed that the continued dominance of the human race was a misunderstanding. The sect founded an order that devoted itself to the contemplation of electronic thought and did what it could to give refuge to washing machines and other robots in trouble. Cathodius himself, dissatisfied with the results of his endeavors, decided to take a radical step toward robots' liberation from human bondage. After consulting a number of eminent attorneys, he procured a rocket and flew to the nearby Crab Nebula. In empty regions frequented only by cosmic dust, he carried out obscure projects. Then the incredible affair of his heirs-successors came to light.



"Alice, call up the Golden Pagoda Restaurant and find out if this is the Year of the Frog."

On the morning of August 29th all the papers carried this mysterious item: "Message from PASTA COSPOL VI/221: Object measuring 520 mi x 80 mi x 37 mi discovered in Crab Nebula. Object executing movements similar to breaststroke. Further investigation in progress."

The afternoon editions explained that the cosmic police patrol ship VI/221 had detected, at a distance of six light-weeks, a "man in the nebula." Closer examination revealed that the "man" was a giant many hundreds of miles long and possessing a torso, head, arms, and legs, and that it was moving through a rarefied dust medium. Upon sighting the police ship, the giant first waved, then turned away.

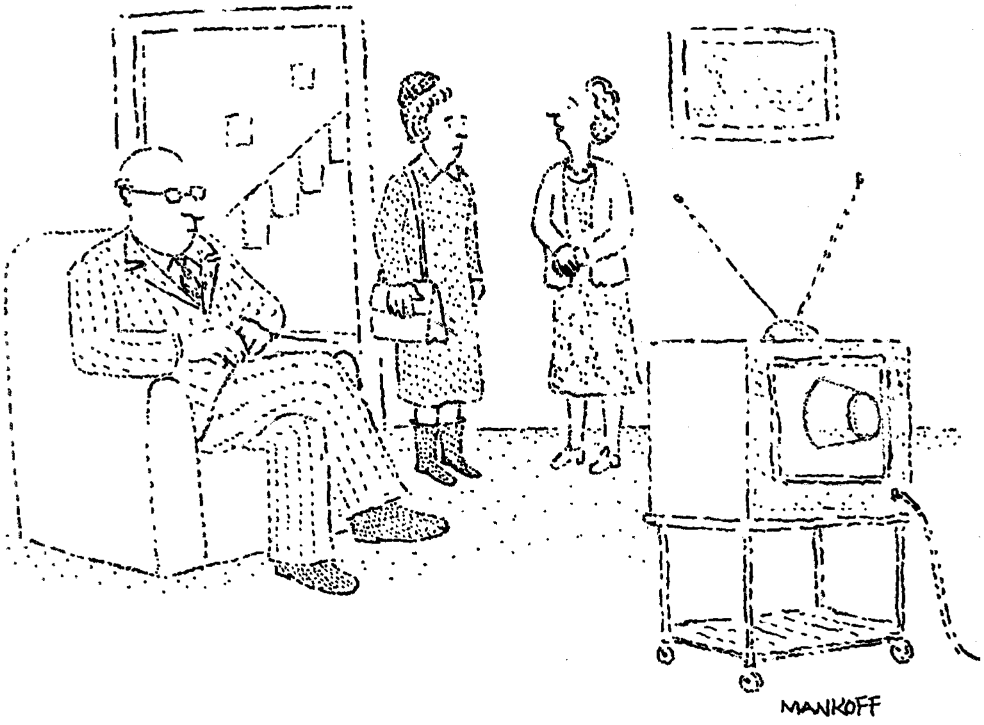
Radio contact was soon established with the thing. It stated that it was the former Cathodius Mattrass, that after arriving two years ago at this place it—he—had remade himself into robots, using, in part, the raw materials of the vicinity, and that in the future he would slowly but continually increase in size, because this suited him, and he asked to be left alone.

The commander of the patrol, pretending to take this statement at face value, concealed his ship behind a passing swarm of meteors. After a while he observed that the gigantic pseudo human was gradually beginning to divide into much smaller pieces, each no larger than an average person, and that these parts or individuals were uniting to form something like a small round planet.

Coming out of hiding then, the commander asked the alleged Mattrass, by radio, what this spherical metamorphosis meant, and, also, exactly what he was—robot or human.

Mattrass replied that he assumed whatever shape he pleased, that he was neither a robot, having arisen from a human being, nor human, having rebuilt himself in robot form. He refused to give further explanations.

The case, to which the press gave considerable attention, gradually turned into a *cause célèbre*, because ships passing the Crab picked up snatches of radio conversations conducted by the so-called Mattrass; in these, he referred to himself as



"Harold doesn't ordinarily care for the Muppets, but tonight's guest host is Paul Volcker."

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"Cathodius Sub One." It seemed that Cathodius Sub One—or Mattrass—was speaking to others (other robots?) as if conversing with his own hands and feet. The chatter in the region about Cathodius Sub One suggested that what one had here was a government established by either Mattrass or his robot derivatives. The State Department made a thorough investigation of the situation. The patrols reported that something that was at times a metal sphere and at times a humanoid creature five hundred miles in length was moving through the nebula, that it was speaking to itself about this and that, but that concerning its statehood it gave evasive answers.

The authorities decided to put an immediate stop to the usurper's activity, but since the action would be (had to be) official, it was necessary to give it a name. Here the first obstacles arose. The MacFlacon Act, an annex to the civil code, dealt with movable property. In effect, electronic brains are considered movables, even when lacking legs. But here was a body the size of a planetoid in a nebula, and celestial bodies, though moving, are not considered movables. The questions then came up whether or not a planet could be arrested; whether an assemblage of robots could be a planet; and, finally, whether this was one dismountable robot or a robot multitude.

Mattrass's legal adviser appeared before the authorities and submitted to them a statement from his client in which he had declared that he was setting out for the Crab Nebula to transform himself into robots. The initial interpretation of this datum, offered by the legal section of the State Department, went as follows: Mattrass, transforming himself into robots, had thereby destroyed his living organism and thus committed suicide. Which act was not punishable. The robot or robots that were a continuation of Mattrass, however, had been fabricated by the said individual and were therefore his property, and therefore now, after his demise, ought to devolve to the Treasury, since Mattrass had left no heir. On the basis of this decision, the State Department dispatched a bailiff to the nebula with the order to seize and seal everything he found there.

Mattrass's lawyer appealed, maintaining that the decision's acknowledgment of Mattrass's continuation ruled out suicide, because a person who continues exists, and if he exists he has not committed suicide. Hence there were no "robots the property of Mattrass" but only Cathodius Mattrass, who had altered himself as he saw fit. Bodily alterations were not and could not be punished; nor was it lawful to impound the parts of a person's body—be they gold teeth or robots.

The State Department disagreed: From such an interpretation it followed that a living creature, in this instance a human being, could be built from obviously dead parts—robots. Then Mattrass's lawyer submitted to the authorities the deposition of a group of prominent physicists at Harvard, who testified unanimously that every living organism, the human organism included, is built of atomic particles, and these can only be regarded as dead.

Seeing that the case was taking a disturbing turn, the State Department gave up its attack on "Mattrass and Successors" from the physiobiological standpoint and returned to the original decision, in which the word "continuation" was replaced by the word "product." The lawyer thereupon presented in court a new statement from Mattrass, wherein he declared that the robots were in reality his children. The State Department demanded that adoption papers be produced—a ruse, since adoption of robots was not permitted by law. Mattrass's lawyer explained that actual paternity, not adoption, was the issue. The department said that regulations required that children, to so qualify, have a father and a mother. The lawyer, prepared for this, added to the record the letter of an electrical engineer, one Melanie Fortinbras, who revealed that the birth of the parties in question had occurred in the course of her close collaboration with Mattrass.

The State Department questioned the nature of that collaboration as lacking "natural parental features." "In the aforementioned case," declared the government report, "one may speak of paternity or maternity in a figurative sense only, for the parentage involved is mental, whereas statutes require, for family law to come into effect, physical parentage."

Mattrass's lawyer demanded an explanation of how mental parentage differed from physical, and asked on what grounds the State Department regarded Cathodius Mattrass's union with Melanie Fortinbras as lacking physicality with respect to procreation.

The department replied that the

mental element in procreation, as recognized by and in accordance with the law, was negligible, whereas the physical predominated, which latter did not occur in the case under discussion.

The lawyer then submitted the testimony of expert cybernetic midwives, indicating how greatly—in a physical sense—Cathodius and Melanie had to labor to bring into the world their autonomous offspring.

The department finally decided to throw public decency aside and take a desperate step. It stated that the parental activities that causally and inevitably preceded the existence of children differed, in a fundamental way, from the programming of robots.

The lawyer was just waiting for this. He declared that children, too, were in a certain sense programmed by their parents in the course of their preparatory-preliminary activities; he asked the department to describe precisely how, in its opinion, children should be conceived, that the act be in strict conformity with the law.

The department, enlisting the aid of experts, prepared a voluminous reply, illustrated with plates and topographical diagrams, but since the main author of this so-called Pink Book was eighty-nine-year-old Professor Stockton-Munford, the dean of American obstetrics, the lawyer immediately questioned his competence—in the area of causative-preparatory functions as regards parenthood—in view of the fact that, given his extremely advanced age, the Professor must have lost all recollection of a number of details crucial to the case and was relying on rumors and the accounts of third parties.

The department then undertook to substantiate the Pink Book with the sworn testimony of numerous fathers and mothers, but it was found that their statements differed considerably in places. About certain elements of the preliminary phase there was no agreement whatever. The department, seeing that a fatal ambiguity was beginning to obscure this key issue, decided to question the material from which the alleged "children" of Mattrass and Fortinbras had been created, but then the rumor circulated (it was spread, they later discovered, by the lawyer) that Mattrass had ordered four hundred and fifty thousand tons of veal from Consolidated Corned Beef, Inc., and the Under-Secretary of State dropped this plan in a hurry.

PLAGIARISM

(For My Students in Writing 210)

On the arched bridge by the library
he will come to me in mist.
Just as I am walking to class he will come,
your steady boyfriend.
Choose morning mist or evening haze,
but I will have him appear bit by bit,
clear brow, heroic jaw, the sullen smile.
The blue eyes go. The build is frail now,
romantic in my way, and I have given him a lisp.
Propped on his cane, he flirts with me—
Claude Armande Count Amboy.
I have given him a mustache and a cough.
On the arched bridge over the Seine,
he betrays you, your steady boyfriend.

I appropriate your mother gladly, from the prison of her home.
Woman without past or future, malingering in her bathrobe,
on the phone.
I give her a blue suit and a big career.
She sits in a restaurant dealing with important men.
I will take pounds off her hips, the scales from her eyes.
At home in New Jersey, she waters the plants,
though she is never to think of carpets or the tub.
All morning she eats mung beans with honey while you sleep.
Your mother is from Havana.
I love the way she dances.
Your mother is from Trieste.
The way she reads Italian is a dream.
I take your mother in her middle age,
her record of miscarriages, her general good health,
her memories of high school in Montclair.
She is burning her bathrobe.
She is buying lettuce, picking out a peach.
I place her on this kitchen chair so that she may speak.

Keep the endings.
I cannot use murder, abortion, rape,
the disorder of your dormitory room.
I am too old to force violence or despair.
The course goes on:
Your lover comes back on the Turnpike.
Your mother is brushing her hair.

—Maureen Howard

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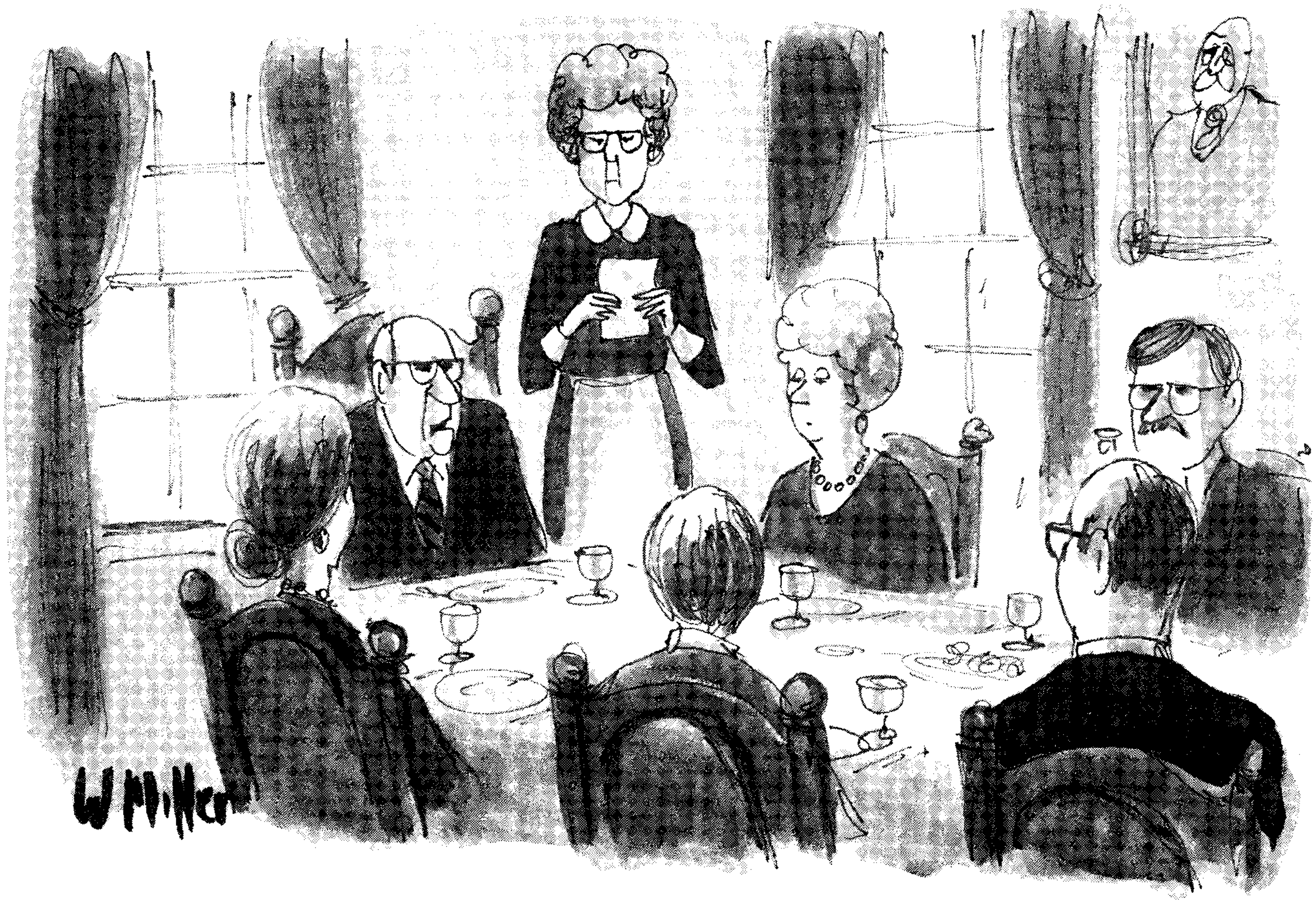
Instead, the department, at the unfortunate suggestion of a theology professor, one L. Waugh, cited Scripture. An unwise move, because Mattrass's lawyer parried with an exhaustive disquisition in which he proved, giving chapter and verse, that the Lord used only one part to program Eve, proceeding by a method most outlandish compared with that customarily employed by people, and yet He created a human being, for surely no one in his right mind considered Eve a robot. The department then charged Mattrass and his successors with violating the MacFlacon Act, since as a robot (or robots) he had come into possession of a celestial body, and robots are forbidden ownership of planets or any other real estate.

This time the lawyer submitted to the Supreme Court all the documents that had been issued by the department against Mattrass. First—he empha-



"Before proceeding, Gertrude will read the minutes of the last Thanksgiving."

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sized—it was evident, when one compared these texts, that in the State Department's view Mattrass was both his own father and his own son, and, at the same time, a celestial body. Second, the department had misinterpreted the MacFlacon Act. The body of a certain individual, of Citizen Cathodius Mattrass, had been arbitrarily designated a planet. This conclusion was based on a legal, logical, and semantic absurdity.

That was how it began. Soon all the press wrote about was the "Celestial Body-Father-Son." The government commenced new legal actions, but each was nipped in the bud by Mattrass's indefatigable lawyer.

The State Department understood perfectly that Mattrass was not floating about in multiplied form in the Crab Nebula for the fun of it. No, his purpose was to create a legal precedent. Mattrass's going unpunished would have incalculable consequences, so the finest specialists pored over the record day and night, devising ever more tortuous juridical constructions, in the toils of which Mattrass was to meet his end. But each action was countered immediately by Mattrass's legal adviser.

I MYSELF followed the course of this struggle with keen interest. Then, unexpectedly, the Bar Association invited me to a special plenary session devoted to the problems of interpreting "*Casus* United States *contra* Cathodius Mattrass *alias* Cathodius Sub One *alias* the offspring of Mattrass and Fortinbras *alias* a planet in the Crab Nebula."

I was there at the designated time and place, and found the hall packed. The flower of the bar filled tier upon tier of seats. The deliberations were already in progress. I sat in one of the last rows and began listening to the gray speaker.

"Distinguished colleagues!" he said, arms upraised. "Great difficulties await us when we proceed to a legal analysis of this problem! A certain Mattrass remakes himself into robots with the aid of a certain Fortinbras and at the same time enlarges himself on a scale of one to a million. That is how the matter looks to a layman, an ignoramus, a fool incapable of perceiving the abyss of legal problems that opens before our shocked eyes! We must determine first of all with whom we are dealing—a human being, a robot, a government, a planet, children, a conspiracy, a demonstration, or an uprising. Consider how much depends on this decision. If, for example, we find that we are dealing not with a sovereign state but with a rebellious band of robots, a sort of electronic gang, then we are bound not by international law but by the common statutes regarding disorderly conduct in public places! If we rule that Mattrass, notwithstanding his multiplication, still exists and also has children, it follows that this individual has given birth to himself—which causes the legal system terrible trouble, since we have no laws covering this, and *nullum crimen sine lege!* I therefore propose that Professor Ping Ling, the renowned authority on international law, be the first to take the floor!"

The venerable Professor, greeted with warm applause, mounted the podium. "Gentlemen," he said in an aged but powerful voice. "Let us consider, first, how a state is established. It is established in various ways, is it not? Our country, for example, was once an English colony; then it declared its independence and became a state. Does this occur in Mattrass's case? The answer is: If Mattrass, when remaking himself into robots, was of sound mind, then his state-creating act has legal validity, and we could define his nationality as electronic. If, on the other hand, he was deranged, the act cannot be legally recognized."

Here an old man, grayer even than the first, jumped up in the middle of the hall and cried, "High Court—I mean gentlemen! I take the liberty of observing that if Mattrass was an insane state-creator, his descendants may still be sane; the state, which existed originally as a product of a private madness and thus had the nature of a morbid symptom, thereafter existed publicly, *de facto*, by the very consent of its electronic inhabitants to the existing situation. And because no one can forbid the inhabitants of a state—who themselves have determined its legislative system—to acknowledge even the most insane authority (as has happened more than once in history), the existence of Mattrass's state *de facto* entails its existence *de jure!*"

"My honorable opponent will forgive me," said Professor Ping Ling, "but Mattrass was *our* citizen, and consequently—"

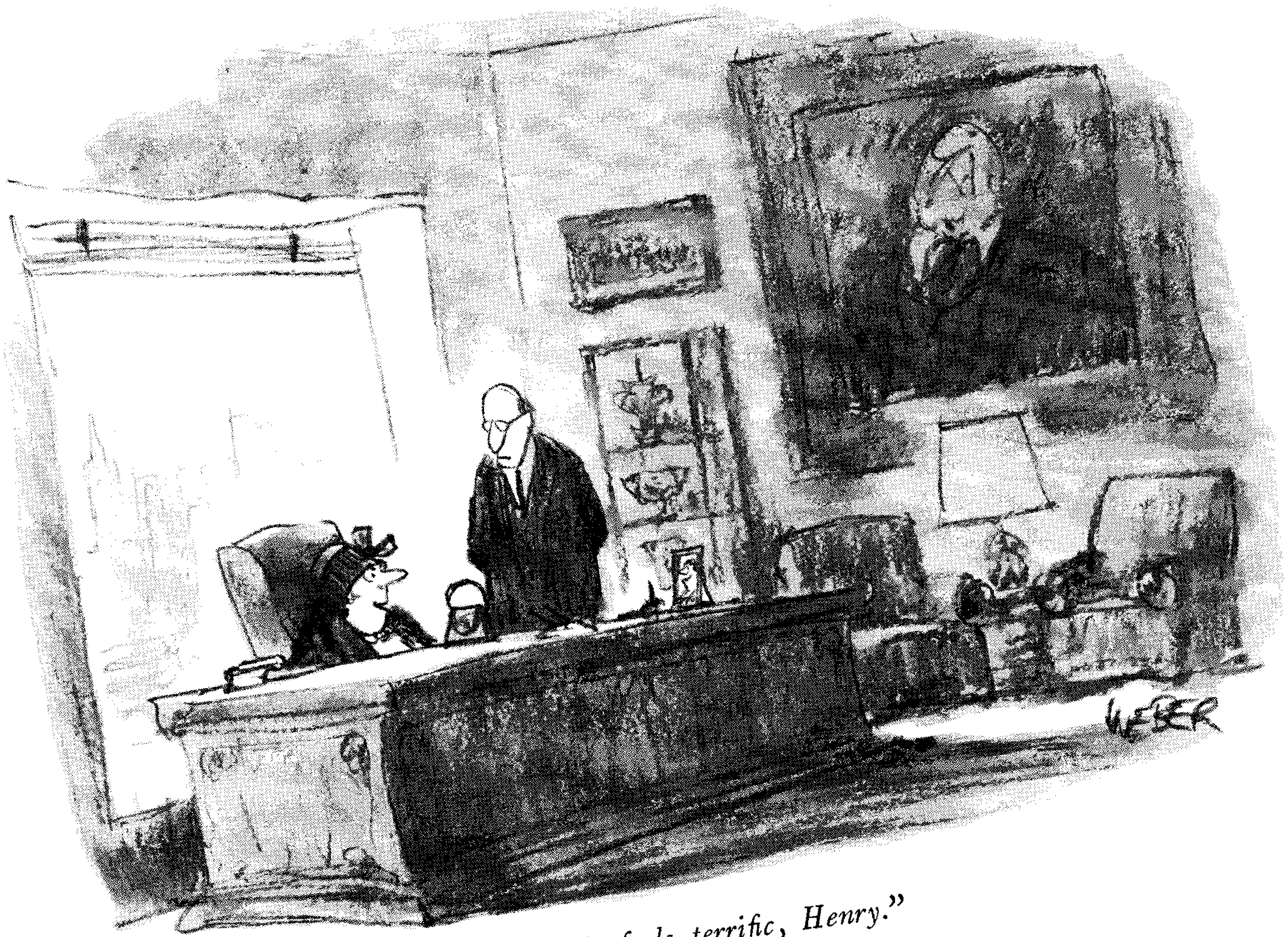
"What of it?" shouted the irascible old man from the hall. "Either we recognize or we do not recognize Mattrass's state-creating act. If we recognize it and a sovereign state has arisen, then we have no claim against it. If, on the other hand, we do not recognize it, then either we are dealing with a corporate body or we are not. If we are not, if we do not have before us a legal entity, then the entire problem exists only for the sweepers of the Cosmic Trash Removal Agency, since there is a pile of scrap in the Crab Nebula, and our assembly has nothing at all to deliberate on! If, however, we have before us a legal entity, then another question arises. Sidereal law provides for the arrest—that is, the deprivation of freedom—of legal and physical entities on a planet or aboard a ship. The so-called Mattrass is not aboard a ship. On a planet, rather. We should therefore apply for his extradition. But there is no one to whom we can apply. Moreover, the planet on which he lives is himself. Therefore this place, considered from the only standpoint that concerns us—namely, the majesty of the law—constitutes a void, a kind of juridical nullity; but neither our civil law nor our administrative law nor our international law deals with nullities. Therefore, the remarks of esteemed Professor Ping Ling cannot shed light on the problem, because the problem does not exist!" Having stunned the honorable assembly with this conclusion, the old man sat down.

During the next six hours, I heard some twenty speakers. They showed, logically and irrefutably, that Mattrass existed and that he did not exist; that he had established a state of robots and that he was composed of such mechanical organisms; that he should be scrapped because he had broken a great number of laws and that he had broken no law. Attorney Wurple's view, that Mattrass was sometimes a planet, sometimes a robot, and sometimes nothing at all—a middle-of-the-road view meant to satisfy everyone—aroused general indignation and was supported by no one except its originator. But that was a trifle compared with the subsequent deliberations, for Senior Assistant Milger showed that Mattrass, by making himself into robots, had thereby multiplied his personality and now numbered about three hundred thousand. Because, however, there was no question of this collectivity representing a group of different individuals, since it was but one and the same individual repeated many times, Mattrass was a single entity in three hundred thousand aspects.

Folk Tale

In reply Judge Hubble averred that the whole issue had been viewed incorrectly from the beginning: Since Mattrass remade himself from a human being into robots, these robots were not he but someone else; since they were someone else, it was necessary to ascertain who they were; but if they were not human, they were no one; consequently, neither a juridical nor a physical problem existed, for there was no one whatever in the Crab Nebula.

I had already been painfully bumped around several times by the incensed participants. The security guards and the medical attendants had their hands full. Then suddenly cries rang out that electronic brains disguised as lawyers were present in the hall and should be removed at once, since their bias was indisputable—



“This feels terrific, *Henry.”*

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not to mention the fact that they had no right to take part in the deliberations. The chairman began walking about the hall with a small compass in hand; whenever its needle quivered and turned toward anyone seated in the audience, drawn by the iron hidden under his clothing, the individual was immediately unmasked and thrown out. In this way the hall was half emptied during the endless speeches of Professors Fitts, Pitts, and Clabenti; the last was interrupted in midsentence when the compass betrayed his electronic origin.

After a short recess, during which we ate in the cafeteria, to the increasing din of debate, I returned to the hall holding my jacket in place (all the buttons had been torn off by impassioned lawyers who had kept pulling me by the lapels) and noticed a large X-ray machine near the podium. Attorney Plussek was speaking. He had just declared that Mattrass was a random cosmic phenomenon when the chairman marched up to me with a threatening look; the compass needle spun wildly in his palm. As the security guards collared me, I emptied my pockets of a penknife, a can opener, and a tea ball, and tore the nickel-plated buckles off my garters. No longer acting upon the magnetic needle, I was allowed to participate further in the deliberations. Forty-three more had been unmasked as robots when Professor Dewey told us that Mattrass could be treated as a sort of cosmic aggregation. I was thinking that this had been said already—apparently, the lawyers were running out of ideas—when another inspection was made. Now all the participants were X-rayed unceremoniously, and it turned out that under their impeccably tailored suits they were hiding plastic, corundum, nylon, crystal, and even straw parts. Someone made of woollen yarn was reportedly discovered in one of the last rows. When the next speaker stepped down from the podium, I found myself conspicuously alone in the middle of the huge hall. The speaker was X-rayed and immediately thrown out. Then the chairman, the last person besides me to remain, approached my chair. All of a sudden—I don't know why—I took the compass from his hand; it whirled accusingly and pointed at him. I tapped his belly with a knuckle, and it rang. Without thinking I seized him by the scruff of the neck and threw him out. I stood facing several hundred abandoned briefcases, thick folders with documents, canes, derbies and other hats, leather-bound books, and galoshes. Pacing the empty hall for a while and seeing that there was nothing for me to do there, I turned sharply and went home.

—Stanislaw Lem

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Joel Stern and Maria Swiecicka-Ziemianek.*)

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Salt Lake Tribune]

“Death is certainly a part of our heritage,” Mr. Harmston said.

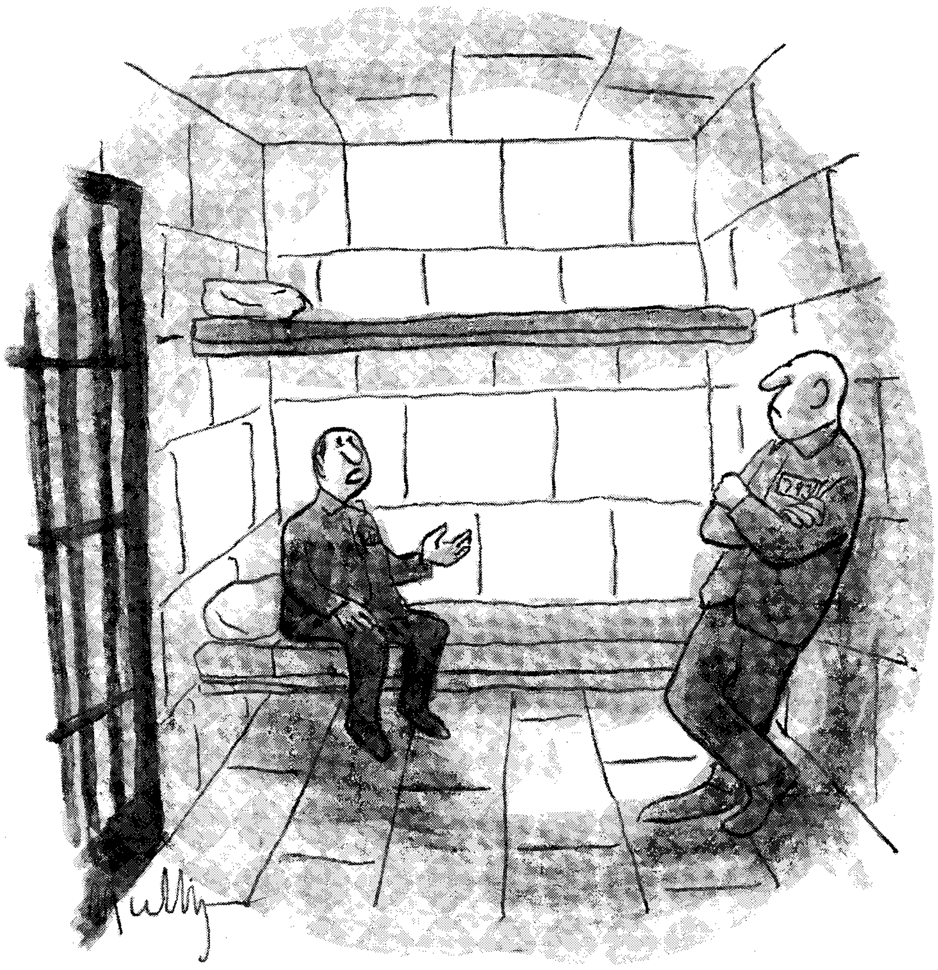
THE SPORTING SCENE

ASTERISKS

NO other sport can match baseball's flair for the appropriate. The last news of the 1981 season, by all odds the worst in the history of the pastime, was made away from the field by a nonparticipant in the games, and it simultaneously demeaned the players and insulted the fans. Perfect. The coda was sounded a few minutes after the Los Angeles Dodgers had captured the World Series at Yankee Stadium by winning the sixth game, 9–2, thus completing their well-deserved turnaround victory against the famous and lordly American League champions. The Series was not very well played, to be sure—there were thirteen official errors, and a great many more malfeasances on the base paths and at the plate, where the Yankees established an all-time record for autumn unopportunism by stranding fifty-five base runners—but the spirited Dodgers did come from behind in each of the four games they won, as well as in the Series itself, and also in two previous rounds of league championship eliminations. Their World Championship was a sweet one for the Dodger supporters, since it offered some redress for the team's thrashings by these same Yankees in 1977 and 1978, and also brought the sport's ultimate reward to the infield of Garvey, Lopes, Russell, and Cey, who have played together as regulars, almost unimaginably, for very close to a full decade. Enough there, one might conclude, to satisfy the sense of balance and sporting justice—a feeling of a certain fitness of things—that most followers of the game are able to find at the close of each summer's long proceedings, no matter who has won or lost. But George Steinbrenner, the owner of the Yankees, is not a man in search of such rewards. A few minutes after the players had quit the littered, chilly field at the Stadium and the let-down but unenraged local fans had begun to find their way home to winter and its discontents (a good many of them, in fact, had sensibly walked out on the game in the seventh and eighth innings), he issued this statement to the press: "I want to sincerely apologize to the people of New York and to fans of the New York Yankees everywhere for the performance of the Yankee team in the World Series. I also want to assure you that we will be at work immediately to prepare for 1982." The release went on to praise the Dodgers and the Dodger organization for their season and their victory, but this, of course, did not allay what had come before: an implication that this Series had been not won but lost; an insinuation that the Yankee players had somehow disgraced themselves, and that punishment would now be meted out to them by their employer; a supposition that Yankee fans, and perhaps most fans, had no interest in baseball beyond seeing the Yankees win again; and the continuing evidence (with its familiar accompanying sinking sensation in this recipient) that the *real* Yankee news would continue to be made not by the team's batters and fielders and pitchers but by the man on top, George M. Steinbrenner.

"Nothing you say is ever passed around the dinner table."

True fans are eager to draw moral conclusions from every possible baseball event, right down to an intentional base on balls, and this shabby little postlude must have struck many of them as a deserved termination of the season just past, which saw the game closed down altogether for fifty-nine days in midsummer by a bitter and entirely avoidable players' strike, and then resumed under a patchwork plan that not only crammed an extra round of post-season elimination playoffs into the already overextended league schedules but also managed to disqualify the teams with the best and third-best records of the year (the Reds and the Cardinals) from further competition while admitting the seventeenth-best team (the Kansas City Royals) to those same playoffs. (This set of rules, however, was better than the one first put into effect by the men of baseball; that plan would have made it possible, under certain conditions, for a team to qualify for the playoffs by intentionally losing games to a carefully chosen opponent. This little blemish was first noticed by White Sox manager Tony LaRussa, who is a practicing attorney, and he and several other pilots said they would not hesitate to win by such means if the chance should come their way. As LaRussa had predicted, this admission won them a tongue-lashing by various front-office moralists, but the pragmatic logic was inescapable, and the league officials glumly regathered and in time hatched a lesser hippogriff.) Writing this, I have noticed that several parts of my preliminary rundown of the 1981 season already require further explanation at some point if they are to be understood by anyone except the most dogged recent students of the game, but that, too, is in the nature of baseball just now. This was the season of the parenthesis and the asterisk, to explain the meagre statistics that will now go up next to every player's 1981 record —a time when the center of the game shifted away from the old patterns and easy clarities of the field and over to boardrooms and to press conferences and to the blazered, three-button clarifying statement—and there is absolutely no telling how many lifelong fans lost interest along the way and wandered off in search of better amusement.



"You won't believe how much I was paying for an apartment this size in New York."

The Yankee clubhouse after that last Series game offered customary scenes of murmurous disappointment, with some half-undressed players staring at the carpeted floor in front of their cubicles and now and then tipping back their cans of beer, the flatter beverage for this part of October. A crowd of writers surrounded Reggie Jackson, of course. He sat at ease at a table in the middle of the room, in his long-sleeved undershirt and (perhaps for the last time) his pin-striped Yankee uniform pants, and, with his hands behind his head, talked about the events just past—his fifth World Series, his twenty-seventh Series game, his sixty-seventh post-season contest. He had missed the first three games of this particular Series with an injury but had come back to knock a home run in Dodger Stadium, and also to commit a horrendous (or delightful, if you were a Dodger fan) error when he lost a fly ball in the sun; he batted .333 for the Series but had gone hitless in his last eight at-bats, when the Yankees were dying for runs. Jackson holds a hatful of all-time individual World Series records, including his slugging average of .755, but this was the first losing Series he had ever played in.

"I have nothing to apologize for," he said calmly. "I tried my best. It's too bad to lose, but we didn't lose it—we got beat. When you go hard on every pitch and every game and you get beat, you just feel the hell with it, it's over."

Reporters broke in to ask about plays and pitches that might have turned things around if they had gone the other way, about the lack of the designated hitter in this World Series, and so forth.

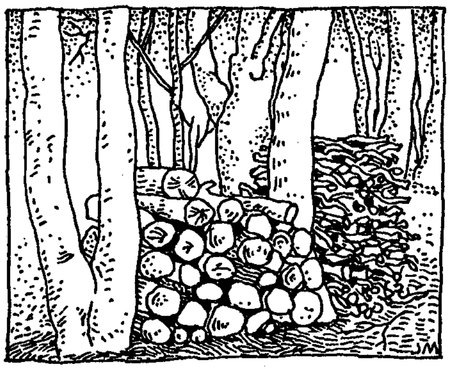
"No, you don't understand," Reggie said. "The d.h. didn't make any difference. Don't you see? *They beat us.*"

Jackson would become a free agent —for the second time—in a few weeks, and there was already a strong clubhouse and press-box feeling that his disappointing .237 season and his age (he is thirty-five) and his salary demands meant that he had played his last game for the Yankees. But this, too, did not seem to concern him. "I'm going to play a few more years," he said. "I'll be back in the World Series, hitting them over the fence. Where? I have no idea."

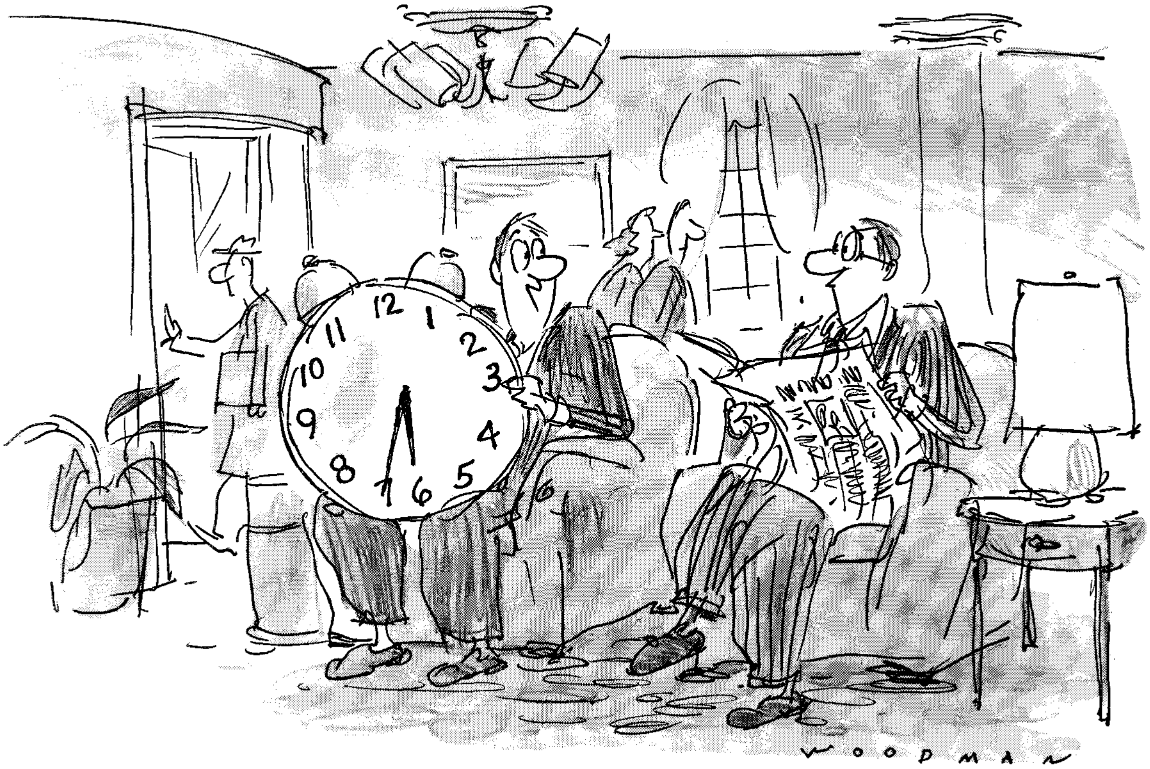
Another crowd of reporters in the Yankee clubhouse—it was just as large as Reggie's audience, perhaps larger—now began to follow George Steinbrenner as he walked about the long room with his purposeful stride and his thrusting, preoccupied stare. There were a couple of security cops with him, clearing the way, and two or three younger Yankee businessmen behind him, and although he was there only to murmur a few words of reassurance to some of his players, the reporters and photographers and local TV crews scrambled after him, pushing each other and sometimes tripping over the cables on the floor in their eagerness for another far-out quote or another scandalous story. Already in this Series he had publicly second-guessed his manager, Bob Lemon, after the Yankees began to lose, and had let the press know that several Yankees might not be back next year if the team didn't recover. He had also broken his hand in a fistfight with some drunken Dodger fans in a Los Angeles hotel elevator (he said; there were no witnesses to the incident) when they cursed his team and vilified New York City. Two weeks before, during the American League subdivisional playoffs, he had violently upbraided his troops for their baserunning mistakes and poor play against the Milwaukee Brewers. His first baseman, Bob Watson, a twelve-year veteran, had committed an error on a throw in that series, and Steinbrenner had ordered him to take a hundred ground balls in practice the next day. Back in September, he had fired his previous manager, Gene Michael, who had told reporters that he could hardly function because of Steinbrenner's constant threats of dismissal if the team didn't do better, and who refused to abase himself by apologizing to his boss for saying such a thing. Late last year, Mr. Steinbrenner dropped another manager, Dick Howser, whose club had won a hundred and three games and a divisional title but had then lost to the Royals in their league playoff. Bob Lemon, in fact, was the eighth manager to be hired or rehired (it was his second go-round) in the nine years since Mr. Steinbrenner acquired control of the club.

As I thought about this notorious and depressing state of affairs, it suddenly came to me, there in the Yankee clubhouse, that the real difference between Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner was not that one signed the paychecks and the other collected them, or that one played ball while the other could only watch it. It was, rather, the fact that Reggie Jackson, like every other major leaguer, understands defeat. Sooner or later, and repeatedly over a career of any long duration, every ballplayer makes a frightful, inexcusable error out there in the open, or pops up with the bases loaded. Even the best hitters go unrewarded two out of three times when they step up to the plate; half the players on the field at the beginning of each game will be disappointed when it is over; and twenty-five of the twenty-six major-league clubs finish their seasons as losers. Baseball is hard. The television networks suggest to us that "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" are almost a tossup proposition, but only children fail to perceive the true odds. It is the enormous probability of failure that gives all difficult sports their seriousness and their rare and thus splendid moments of triumph. The reporters were right to follow Mr. Steinbrenner closely, I decided, for he is a sportsman unsolaced by sport, or perhaps by anything short of another victory or another apology, which makes him dangerous company indeed—and news.

The Dodger locker room was the quietest winning clubhouse I have visited in twenty-odd Octobers. The presentations and the network interviews were over by the time I arrived, but Dodger players were still encountering each other here and there in the heat and crush of the low-ceilinged room, amid almost immovable throngs of writers and functionaries and relatives and those mysterious front-running strangers who always turn up at such occasions; two sweaty, half-undressed young men would throw their arms around each other and yell and laugh and perhaps exchange a swallow of champagne from the bottles they were toting. Each of the Dodger starters and heroes—Steve Garvey and Burt Hooton and Steve Yeager and Ron Cey (who had played in this last game and singled twice, in spite of his terrible beaning by a Goose Gossage fastball three days earlier) and the others—had his own eight-deep circle of reporters and cameramen around him, but they all looked more exhausted than triumphant. I started to leave, but then I spotted Steinbrenner's opposite number—the Dodger owner, Peter O'Malley—standing alone for the moment on an empty TV-interview platform. He is a round-faced, extremely polite man, with round eyeglasses, a boyish smile, and a strong, Irish-jawed resemblance to his father, the late Walter O'Malley, whom he succeeded in office more than a decade ago. I congratulated him, and he thanked me and said, "Yes, isn't it wonderful? You wait and wait and then it comes. Do you know that this is the very same room that the 1955 Dodgers came back to after they'd beaten the Yankees for the very first time? It was the same for them—they won the Series away from home, like this, here in the Stadium. Roy Campanella and Gil Hodges and Pee Wee and Johnny Podres and all the rest of them. I was just a little boy then, so I wasn't here, but I've heard about it all my life, of course. I've been thinking about that team all day today."



THE strike was so ugly and dull and diminishing, so damaging to the whole taste and texture of summer itself, that I am tempted to skip over it altogether here. If I can't manage this sensible gesture, it is because the whole misadventure revealed such widespread failures of trust and understanding, so many stored-up resentments, and such a willful lack of good sense at the center of the game's structure that anyone who cares about baseball must now make an effort to understand them, however briefly, in the hope that they can be avoided or headed off the next time around. Another time, the game may not survive. The strike began on June 12th and continued for seven weeks and a day, wiping out seven hundred and thirteen games—a third of the 1981 schedule. The financial losses, it has been estimated, exceeded seventy million dollars in ticket, concession, and broadcast revenues and twenty-eight million in players' salaries. The damage inflicted upon the status of baseball in the affections and attention and loyalty of its fans can never be measured—a circumstance that may permit the owners to skip this page in the ledger once again. If the strike proved anything, it was that the owners do not hold themselves accountable in any way to their customers. The crisis left a very sour feeling not just because of the loss of the dailiness and flow of summer baseball, or because of the bitterness and hostility of the negotiations, but because no one on the owners' side could ever put forward a brief, reasonable explanation of the deadlock or prevent its prolongation until the last moment at which some vestige of the season could be retrieved. From first to last, the crisis was an invention of the owners—the inevitable result of their determination to radically alter or put an end to the basic structure of player free-agency, and thus to win back by force what they had lost in bargaining and in the courts and through mediation. Their plan for achieving this unlikely end was to demand that any team signing a free-agent player of tested worth be subject to a penalty so costly as to make the signing an unacceptable risk. The penalty was to be the loss of a player from the middle level of the signing team's roster—the sixteenth player, according to one early form of the proposal—and the assigning of that player to the team from which the free agent had just departed. This stratagem had a spuriously reasonable look to it, as if the Player Relations Committee (the eight-man body that represented the owners throughout the negotiations) were saying, "Look, it isn't as if we were asking a club to give up a George Brett or a Nolan Ryan in the deal. We're talking about a bench warmer—a nobody, just about. So what's the problem?" Casual followers of the game might swallow this, but every player and manager and thoughtful fan knew better. One need only consult the box scores of a team over the span of a week's play to realize once again how many different skills and strengths are needed on a well-balanced contemporary ball team, and to notice that the collective makeup of a contender's bench and bullpen is far more significant than the performance of any one or two of its stars; this depth, indeed, is a distinguishing mark of a pennant-bound club.

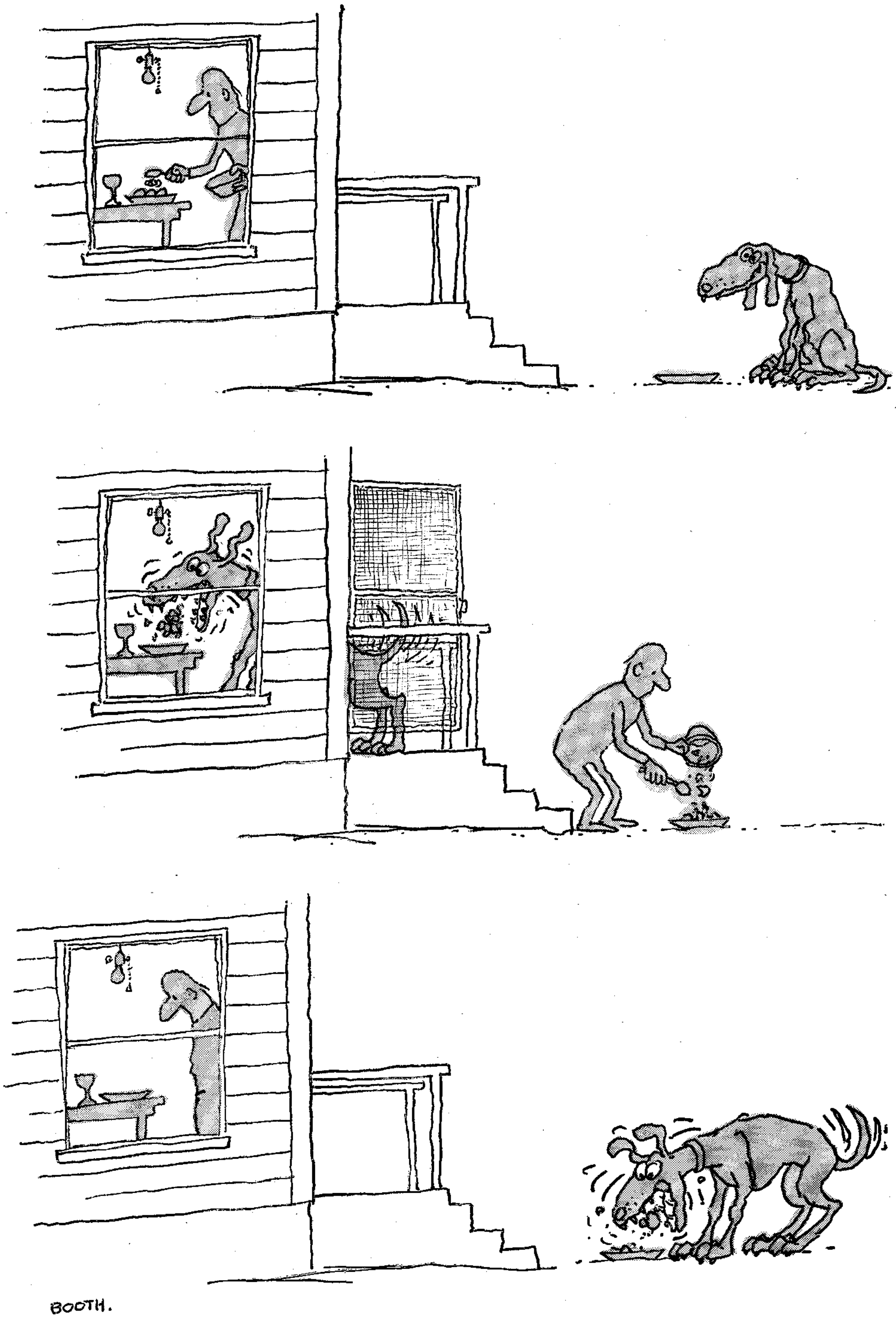


"I've got twenty-five to seven, Hank. What have you got?"

• •

Strangely enough, the owners were never even able to state the true nature of their difficulties, which all had to do with money. Once the strike was at hand, they never came right out and said that some of the clubs could no longer compete on even terms with the others because they couldn't afford the astronomical level of present-day free-agent contracts—for this would have obliged them to open their books during the negotiations or else face the charge that they had refused to bargain in good faith. The National Labor Relations Board at one point did attempt to prevent the coming strike on just such a charge, which forced the owners and the Commissioner and Ray Grebey, their labor negotiator, to swear to a federal district judge, in direct and embarrassing contravention of a great many prior statements, that money had never played a part in the dispute, and that none of them had ever said, in public or even to each other, that the game was getting too damned expensive. Nothing at all like that, sir, they said, and the judge took their word for it, which left the owners in the peculiar position of looking as if they believed that their free-agent player-compensation plan was a natural right—something they *had* to have, like some freedom guaranteed in the Constitution—and that this justified their bringing the national pastime to a halt until they had obtained it.

These deceptions and ironies were so apparent that a good many newspapers and magazines and television commentators felt obliged to draw attention to them, thus clearly putting the media down on the players' side, almost for the first time. Sports columnists also pointed out that the National Football League has a system of costly compensations for the loss of a free-agent player, which has resulted in a freeze-out of free-agent signings in that sport. Just last spring, Walter Payton, the great running back of the Chicago Bears, ventured into the free-agent marketplace and received not a single offer for his services. There never was a chance, then, that the Players Association would agree to the proffered scheme, or would misunderstand its intentions. But the fans, it turned out, were not much interested in these complexities. Polls taken during the strike showed that public opinion was almost equally divided between the warring parties, with a small plurality actually favoring the owners' side of the dispute. The fans, it seems to me, could never bring themselves to care much about the players' cause, because they were so offended and alienated by the vast sums of money these athletes were



earning—by Dave Winfield's salary of well over a million dollars, say, but perhaps even more by the players' average current salary of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year. The notion is very widely held, at all levels of society, that this is too much money for anyone to make at such trifling, pleasant work. The fans seemed to think that these young men should feel ashamed of their own good fortune, or at least become less difficult about it, and not object to a limit to free-agency now, because so many of them were already rich. If the fans' voice could have been heard, it probably was saying, "Let them take home a little less loot and let's see them try a little harder out there, and let's have the games again, for God's sake." This wish was very close to the owners' perception of what would happen once the players' salary checks stopped coming in, and it was dead wrong. The players stood fast, out of principle and self-interest and in defense of their younger members, who had not achieved the right to bargain for themselves as free agents. In response to the great, free-floating question "Aren't you making too much money?" they simply answered "How much is too much?" They would not give back any significant employee rights or sources of income they had already won, and they proposed another, less arguable hard question: "Would *you*?"

Miserable over the loss of their sport and angered by the very high financial stakes involved in this family dispute over the division of baseball's revenues, the fans were never able to understand how these matters had been pushed to such an impasse—why some reasonable accommodation could not have been offered and accepted, in a time when the game's popularity and income and attendance were at close to an all-time high. That is, in truth, the hardest question of all. Its answer, for me, lies in the remarkable degree of wishful thinking and self-deception that permeated the front offices of baseball on the eve of the strike, and, even more, in the owners' extraordinary way of conducting their side of this labor dispute. A strike over the player-compensation issue almost took place last year, it will be recalled, and was averted only an hour or two before the strike deadline announced by the Players Association, when the news came that two or three teams had refused to board the planes that would take them on to the cities where they were scheduled to play the next day. The issue was then hastily put over for another year, by mutual consent. Last year, most of the owners and front-office people I talked to in spring training and early in the season had assured me that the stars of the game were far too well paid ever to go out on strike over such a trifling matter; they said this with immense self-assurance and usually with an accompanying half smile, as if they and I understood reality in such grownup matters. The near-miss apparently did not convince them of the seriousness of the Players Association, for the little smiles were back again, I noticed, in early June this year. "They won't strike," one lifelong baseball executive told me just before the last game that was to be played in his team's ballpark until August 14th. "I know the players." But he didn't. He was telling me a wish.

The same wish, I believe, impelled the twenty-six quite various million-

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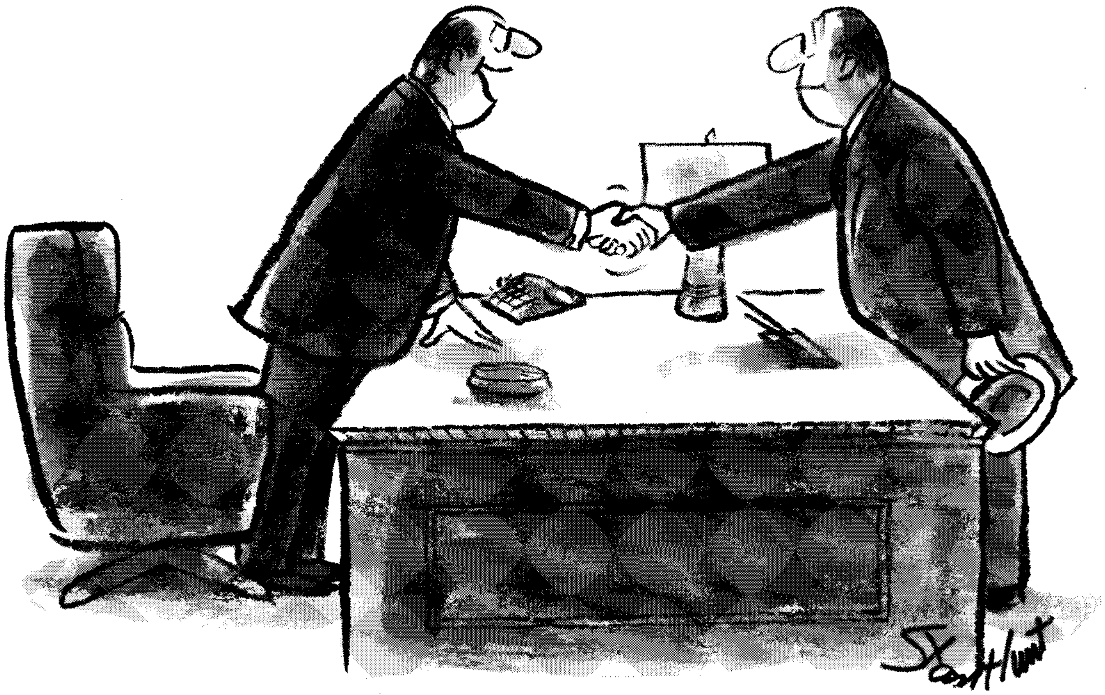
aires or corporate identities who are "the owners" to hand over their case from the beginning to a handful of the most obdurately conservative members of their group—the six men who, along with the two league presidents, make up the Player Relations Committee—and then to engage a labor negotiator, Ray Grebey, who was known as an abrasive hard-liner, and also to purchase fifty million dollars' worth of strike insurance: preparations for war. And they went further, weirdly binding themselves with a semi-secret gag rule that could exact a five-hundred-thousand-dollar fine from any executive or front-office person who publicly commented on any aspect of the issues under negotiation with the players. A fine of fifty thousand dollars was actually levied against Harry Dalton, the executive vice-president of the Milwaukee Brewers, for a supposed aside—a murmured hope for accommodation and common sense on both sides during the crisis—to a Washington *Post* reporter before the strike, but it is not clear if the sum was ever actually paid.



"Come in, come in, Wilcox, old boy! Nice to see you again! And, by God, now that I've seen you again, don't think it ain't been charmin'. We'll just have to do this again, Wilcox, old sock. Now, you hang in there, and bye-bye, old boy. Keep in touch, won't you?"

• •

The Commissioner of Baseball, Bowie Kuhn, was excluded from the strike discussions by the owners' Player Relations Committee, and in his absence Mr. Grebey—a man almost wholly unknown to the fans or the sports world—became baseball's only spokesman during the seven weeks of the strike. Mr. Grebey, it must be said, conducted his side of the long bargaining in a manner, by turns pugnacious and evasive, that infuriated the player representatives and others on the scene. At one point, he did offer sufficient signs of reasonableness to the federal labor mediator, Kenneth Moffett, to encourage that official to produce a compromise settlement plan to both parties—only to have it shot down by Mr. Grebey himself, with the accompanying insulting suggestion that it had been written by someone on the players' side. Several owners attempted to see the text of this proposal, but were told by Mr. Grebey that Mr. Moffett had demanded secrecy, which was not the case. When the strike was over, the Players Association's veteran labor negotiator, Marvin Miller, pointedly refused to pose for the customary treaty-signing photographs with his opposite number.

These tactics and self-strictures of the owners are so damaging to reasonable discourse, so masochistic and puritanical in their intentions, that one must read them as a code. To me, they suggest that many of the owners privately acquiesced in the angry cries for action, for punishment, for any kind of enforced return to an older and simpler time which were voiced by their least restrained and most vocal minority. I have heard the hard line for years now, in front offices and stadium-club bars all around both leagues. "These players are getting too much money for their own damned good," it goes. "These salaries are insane—they're ruining the game. Sure, we know who bid the contracts up to where they are, but now it's got to stop. And these are just kids—don't forget that. Look at the way they all vote one way as soon as Marvin Miller gives them his spiel. They're country boys and he's a fast-talking city slicker who can outsmart them all. Hell, he's outsmarted *us*, so far. Now it's time to teach them a lesson. Let's stick it to them just once and see what happens. Let the season go down the tubes, if that's what it takes. We'll hang tough and show them what life is all about. Look, I like these kids—don't get me wrong—but they shouldn't get paid so damned much money and have all those girls on the road and get on TV all the time, when all they're doing is playing ball in the same old half-assed way, most of the time. And they shouldn't be able to quit working for good when they're thirty-five—can you beat that! —and . . ." And so on.

But this bitter contretemps—the whole issue of the strike and its origins and its miserable, self-destructive passions—is sadder and more serious than any harangue can suggest. What is going on here, I believe, is the same old psychodrama about American fathers and sons, work and play, money and sex and sports which is always being enacted deep within our national unconscious. The parable is constantly replayed—in 1977 by the then Mets board chairman M. Donald Grant and Tom Seaver, the best pitcher in baseball, whom Grant preferred to trade away (even at the cost of destroying the team's future as a contending club) rather than pay him his worth in a rising market, or even talk business with him in any reasonably equal fashion; in 1981 by George M. Steinbrenner and the various Yankee managers and players, whom he must browbeat and humiliate in the pursuit of success or dismiss if they do not apologize for their expressions of resentment at such patronizing and patriarchal gestures. "I feel like a father scorned," Steinbrenner declared when he fired his unhappy but unrepentant manager, Gene Michael, in September —and he spoke, I think, for a great many other owners and front-office executives (and not a few senior baseball writers), who control every part of this game except the one that most matters: the moment when it must be handed over to the lucky, well-paid, and unforgivably young men who can actually play it.

The deadlock at the bargaining table began to loosen late in July, when eight American League clubs—the Orioles, Yankees, White Sox, Rangers, A's, Angels, Indians, and Mariners—broke ranks at an owners' meeting and proposed that the issues between the Player Relations Committee and the Players Association be submitted to binding arbitration. The actual terms of the agreement—a very complex document providing some solace for both sides: for teams losing a prime free agent, compensation in the form of a player selected from a pool of players drawn from all the clubs; varying levels of protected players, from twenty-four to twenty-six per club, who would not be available in such a pool; the exempting of as many as five clubs from having to contribute to the pool if the clubs promised not to enter the free-agent market for a period of three years; and so forth—were then worked out between Marvin Miller and the president of the American League, Lee MacPhail. One of its key clauses provided that no player would be docked for service time lost because of the strike—a bitter and potentially divisive issue that could have deprived many of this year's free agents of their right to bargain on the open market at the end of the season. Another clause extended the term of the existing basic agreement between the owners and the players for an additional year, to 1984 —a hiatus designed to provide healing time for the game's great wounds. There were other clauses and tradeoffs—too many for most of us to remember now, in dazed retrospect. The common wisdom about the players' strike of 1981 is to say that neither side won, but this is not true. What happened, in fact, is that the central feature of the owners' plan—the direct punishment, through the loss of a player, of a team signing a free agent —was not accepted. The players did not give way on any issue of major consequence; they were more unified at the end of the fifty-day (or two-year: depends on how you look at it) war than at its outset, and the owners are unlikely to challenge their resolve at any point in the near future. There is even some small hope that the emergence of some quieter and less intransigent owners—among them Edward Bennett Williams, of the Orioles; Eddie Chiles, of the Rangers; Jerry Reinsdorf and Edward Einhorn, of the White Sox; and Roy Eisenhardt, of the A's—during the draggy days and nights of the strike may begin a long-overdue shift of power in baseball away from the entrenched father figures of the Player Relations Committee and toward a more flexible and rational sort of executive, who does not permit his repressed boyhood dreams to infect his business judgment or to damage his long-term dealings with his players, who are, after all, the product that he must sell to the American public if baseball is to last and to thrive.

The fans were the losers. They were left with the numbing knowledge that they were never consulted about the strike and that they have no place to go with their grievance. They sense that the old fixed shape of the game has shifted somehow, away from its past pleasures and assured summer sounds and rituals, and that the only response available to them now is to give way to their anger—to care less about what they once cared about so much, and perhaps to stay away from games altogether. They have been silenced.

TO the fields, at last. The season began vividly, when the Oakland A's opened with eleven straight victories—the quickest burst from the starting blocks in baseball history—while at the same time the Dodgers' twenty-year-old rookie left-hander, Fernando Valenzuela, threw an opening-day shutout and then knocked off seven more successive wins (and four more shutouts) before dropping his first decision. Enormous crowds turned out to watch these sudden heroes. The joy of the Dodger fans' Fernandomania came not just from watching the young Mexican blow away so many hitters with his excellent screwball but from the unusual packaging of their prodigy: his Toltec features; his Peter Ustinov belly; his utter lack of English, which, by making him less easily explicable by the media, kept his freshness and mystery intact; his startling habit of rolling his eyes upward in the middle of his windup (I wonder how many hundreds of Little League pitchers must have driven their coaches bananas last summer attempting this Goyaesque glance to Heaven in mid-pitch); and, best of all, his indomitable poise on the mound and his boyish, smiling pleasure in his work. Valenzuela was playing semipro ball in his native Sonora at the age of twelve, and he turned professional at fifteen, which begins to explain his knowledge of hitters and his early mastery of four pitches—fastball, slider, curveball, and the screwball (a curve that, from a left-hander, breaks the wrong way, which is to say away from right-handed batters, and is notoriously difficult for most pitchers to control). Valenzuela delivers his screwball with two speeds, and when the batters at last learned to lay off the faster one, which often bends out of the strike zone at the last instant, they began to do a bit better against Fernando. He finished at 13–7 for the season, with an earned-run average of 2.48, which are not quite superhuman figures, but he led the league with a hundred and eighty strikeouts. Scouts and coaches seem unanimous in the view that there is nothing quirky or lucky about Valenzuela's sudden success; they rave about his loose arm and live fastball, and predict a famous career. Already, I treasure a mid-May vision of the Mets' Dave Kingman swinging at a strike-three screwball by Fernando—he tried to *pull* it, of all things—and missing by a foot or more: the mismatch of the year.

The Oakland surge slowed a bit after the team's 18–3 month of April, but its much publicized "Billy Ball" style of play brought the Bay Area fans out in such numbers that the club set an all-time record at the gate, in spite of the loss of twenty-two dates at home during the strike. The Oakland strategy, as established during the team's sudden rise to prominence in 1980, depended heavily upon stout pitching from starters Mike Norris, Matt Keough, Rick Langford, and Steve McCatty, a swift and eager outfield defense by Rickey Henderson, Dwayne Murphy, and Tony Armas,

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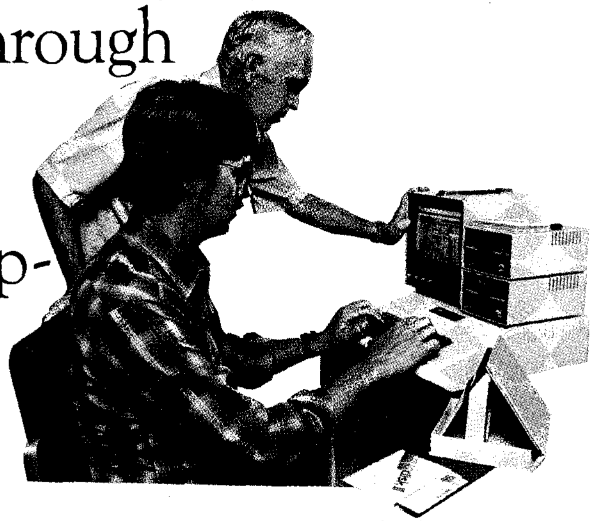

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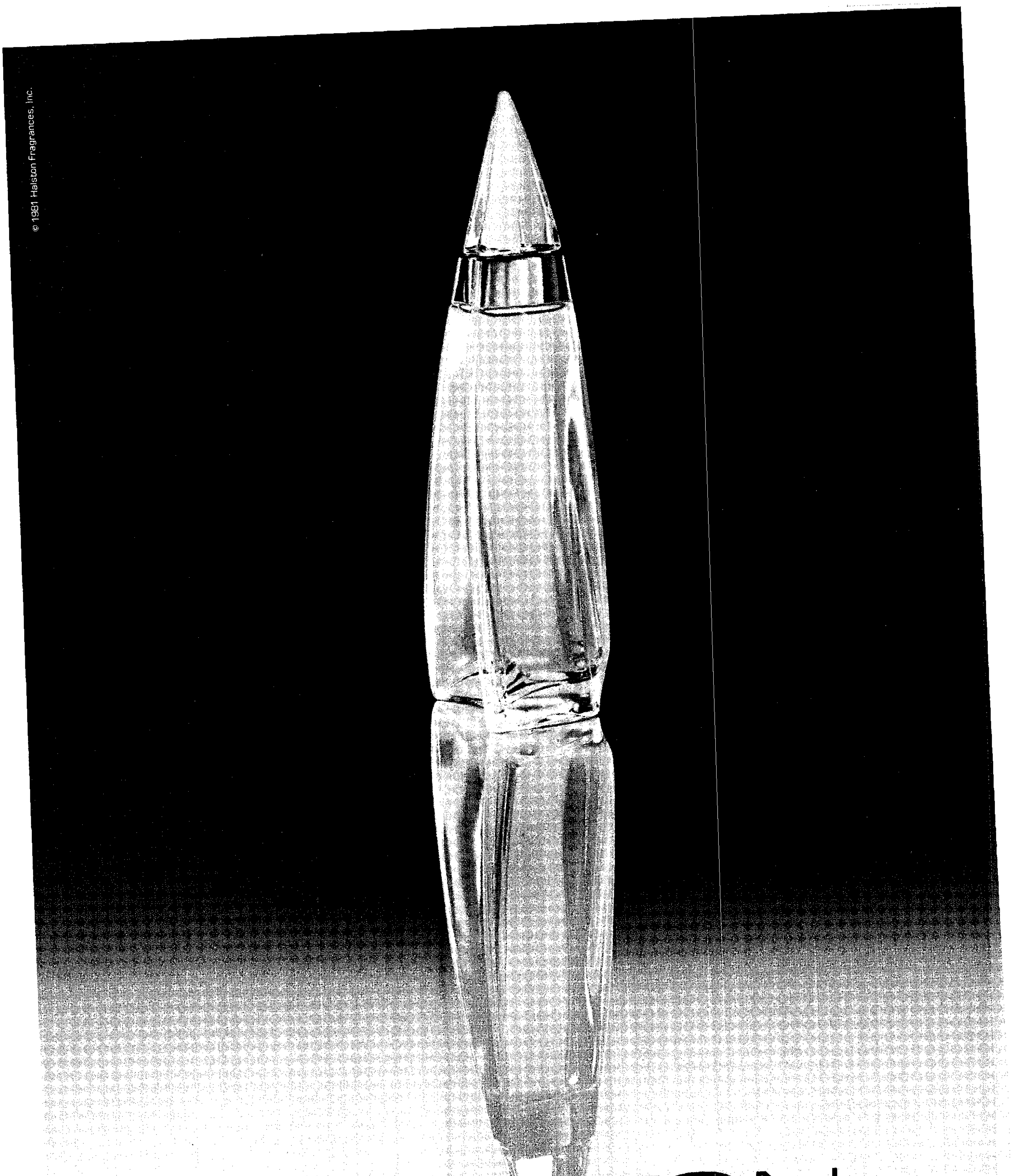

HALSTON NIGHT

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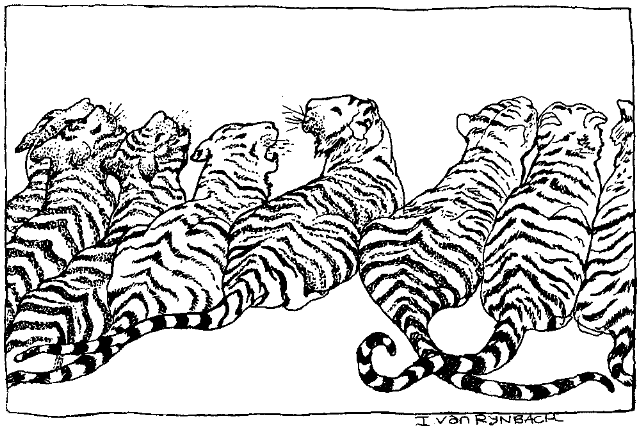
and some very fast three-card-monte shuffling by manager Billy Martin to conceal his total lack of a bullpen or a dependable infield. This summer, some of the Oakland starters faltered a bit, but the club picked up the slack by hitting a hundred and four home runs—enough to lead the league. The A's won the first-half, demi-divisional pennant of the split season, and their combined two-part record of sixty-four wins and forty-five losses was the second-best in baseball this summer—second only to that of the luckless Reds. The crowds poured out in Oakland not just in response to victory, I should add, but thanks to an enthusiastic campaign of team marketing and inspired public relations ("Billy Ball" and some upbeat, comical television trailers for the club were part of it) by the club's chief executives—the forty-one-year-old president, Roy Eisenhardt, and the thirty-one-year-old executive vice-president, Wally Haas—who also hit upon the radical idea of leaving the team strategy and tactics entirely in the hands of their experienced and victory-obsessed manager.

Elsewhere this summer, Cleveland fastballer Len Barker pitched a perfect game against the Toronto Blue Jays—the first nobody-on-base effort in the past thirteen years. An even more startling string of zeroes came up during an April game played by the Rochester Red Wings and the home-team Pawtucket Red Sox, of the International League, which was called at 4:07 A.M., with the score tied, 2–2, at the end of thirty-two innings. The contest ran eight hours and seven minutes, eclipsing every minor- or major-league record for longevity and instant slumps: the Pawtucket designated hitter, for instance, went hitless in eleven trips to the plate and fanned eight times. The game was resumed in June, before a very large audience of history-minded reporters, not including me, for I already knew—I *knew*—what would, and did, happen: one of the teams (Pawtucket, it turned out) won it in the very first, or thirty-third, inning.

It was a year of superior pitching in many quarters. The twenty saves and 0.77 earned-run average of the Yankees' hulking and endlessly entertaining fireman Goose Gossage were topped, at that, by Milwaukee's Rollie Fingers, whose 1.04 earned-run average and twenty-eight saves and six wins in relief were the prime ingredient in bringing the Brewers to the playoffs for the first time. The Astros' Nolan Ryan pitched his fifth lifetime no-hitter (against the Dodgers, in September), which sets him alone on this eminence in baseball history (he and Sandy Koufax had held the previous mark of four), and his earned-run average of 1.69 was the lowest in the league since Bob Gibson's 1.12 in 1968. Steve Carlton set a new National League lifetime mark of 3,148 strikeouts, but he trails Ryan (3,249) and Gaylord Perry (3,336) in lifetime whiffs, since both of them worked for some years in the American League as well. Ryan's achievement, it seems to me, should fix him once and for all in the firmament of pitching immortals. He is pitching better than ever, batters report, thanks to his increasing use of a first-class curve to complement his searing fastball, and since he is still only thirty-four years old, he appears to have an excellent chance of erasing Walter Johnson's lifetime and all-time record of 3,508 strikeouts. Tom Seaver, by the way, posted a splendid 14–2 won-and-lost mark for the Reds. He has his eyes fixed on the lifetime three-hundred-victory level—a club with only fourteen members so far—but he is still forty-one games away, and since he is thirty-seven years old, he must be brooding about the ten or twelve starts he missed in June and July, because of the strike. But not as much, surely, as Gaylord Perry, who is forty-three and boasts two hundred and ninety-seven wins, and has just been dropped by the Atlanta Braves from their 1982 roster.

All these diminished numbers—the asterisks—infect the 1981 records at many levels, which may account for so much talk just now about lifetime, as against single-season, performances. Pete Rose, it will be recalled, moved past Stan Musial's old National League mark of 3,630 lifetime hits; the event was widely celebrated, since it came on the day that play resumed in August, but to me it seems hardly more than another click on the Rosemobile odometer. How much more fun it would have been to see Rose knock off still another two-hundred-hit season, perhaps, instead of the hundred and forty blows he had to settle for, or to think about the forty-five or fifty homers that Mike Schmidt might have whacked (he had thirty-one), or to watch Montreal's terrific rookie outfielder, Tim Raines, sprint away to a hundred stolen bases or more, instead of his seventy-one. And so on.

There is more cause for distress when one looks at the team standings. The league bodies were under no obligation to split off the first sector of the games after the strike and declare the remainder a separate competition. They did so, of course, to create the artificial stimulus of a brand-new, second-chance-for-all pennant race, which almost guaranteed that the four first-half divisional winners would play without motivation or zeal through the remainder of the summer, since they were already guaranteed a place in the new post-season pre-playoffs, and that some other clubs would be done in by the built-in defects of the sudden scheme. This was exactly what did happen. The Yankees, Phillies, and Dodgers, each the leader in its division up to June 12th, ran off records of 25–26, 25–27, and 27–26 in post-strike play, and even Oakland's 27–22 second-half record was far off its earlier 37–23 performance. The Brewers, Royals, Expos, and Astros captured second-half divisional titles, but if the two seasons had been kept one, as prudence and fairness should have dictated, the finalists would have been the Cardinals and the Reds in the National League, and the Brewers and the A's in the American. The Cincinnati players must now somehow live with the knowledge that their 66–42 over-all total was the best in either league, and that they missed tying the Dodgers in the first half only because of a postponed but unreplayed game against the Giants, in which they led by 6–0 before the rains came. This irony is matched, or perhaps surpassed, by the arrival of the Kansas City Royals in the playoffs, thanks



to the absolute collapse of five other teams in their division in the second season; the Royals' over-all 50–53 for 1981 was worse than the record of the Texas Rangers and of the Chicago White Sox, and put them eleven games back of the A's—a position they perfectly deserved, one had to conclude, when they performed so abysmally in the post-season eliminations.

I persist in these unhappy observations only because there appears to be a good chance that the owners may vote for some form of artificial schedule realignment for the coming season, or for the year after that, in the hope of permanently embedding the extra round of post-season play in the sport. Three leagues are a distinct possibility, with the first- and second-place finishers qualifying for the playoffs, along with two "wild card" teams—the ultimate devaluation of the fairness and logic of a full season of competition that eliminates every team except the ones to finish on top in their divisions, and thus sustains the difficulty and the day-to-day interest of the long summer season. The fans, I must point out, didn't at all relish the owners' fiddling and tinkering with the 1981 schedule. The league offices have failed to put out any useful full-season attendance figures for 1981, possibly on the ground that the clubs did not all play the same number of games at home. However, *The Sporting News* in a recent issue managed to sort things out by dividing each team's 1981 home attendance totals by the number of home dates played, thus arriving at an average per-date attendance figure; the paper then went back and did the same thing for 1980, and when the two columns of averages are compared it turns out that nineteen of the twenty-six clubs did poorer business at the gate this year, not counting their losses because of the strike. Attendance figures before the strike were up by more than a million over last year's very healthy totals, but an extrapolation of the 1981 averages to a full season shows a loss of more than four and a half million customers after the strike ended. Fans at home seemed to have the same sinking feeling about the game, for televised baseball suffered an across-the-board slump after the strike. ABC's regular-season audiences dropped nineteen per cent from 1980, while NBC's audiences were off by thirty-three per cent. And no wonder.

LIKE a lot of other fans, I was slow to come back to the games. My unhappiness over the strike and its rearrangements—an asterisk in my head, so to speak—kept me from some customary late-season appointments with old favorites of mine. I didn't get up to the green gardens of Fenway Park this year, for instance, and I certainly meant to, because this is where summer baseball resides for me, and because skipper Ralph Houk brought these Bosox home a mere game and a half behind the Brewers—a Manager of the Year achievement if I ever saw one, given the club's loss (by self-deprivation) of Freddie Lynn and Rick Burleson and Carlton Fisk before the beginning of the season. Houk had some help, to be sure—from Carney Lansford's league-leading .336 average, and from Dwight Evans' twenty-two homers (tying him for the league lead with Tony Armas, Bobby Grich, and Eddie Murray), and from some good pitching by a rookie left-hander, up from Pawtucket, named Bobby Ojeda. I didn't quite make it out to Detroit, either, in spite of the Tigers' equally stimulating summer and the terrific slugging, bunting, baserunning, fielding, and throwing performance turned in by Kirk Gibson, their dashing, handsome center fielder, whom local fans and writers are calling the new Mickey Mantle. If I'd gone to Detroit, I could have easily extended that junket to include a visit to Minnesota, in order to see the Twins play one last game at Metropolitan Stadium, in Bloomington, before their move to downtown Minneapolis, where they will play indoors at the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome from now on, damn it. I even missed my Mets in the late going, because I kept hoping they'd get a little better at the very end there, and they never did, and when their sad season slid to a close, the half-expected news came that the club had decided to do without manager Joe Torre and his entire coaching staff next year. The team will make a fresh start with George Bamberger, a former Brewer manager whom I respect and enjoy—almost as much as I respect and enjoy Joe Torre. It was another hard year on managers, all in all, with ten more incumbents biting the dust during the season or just after it, along with Torre and Gene Michael. Samurais have better tenure.

Another sort of alteration was this year's sale of the Cubs to the Chicago *Tribune's* parent corporation, and the sale of the Phillies to a consortium that paid a record thirty million dollars for the 1980 World Champions. Both deals had a special meaning, for the departing owners—the Wrigley family, in Chicago, and the Carpenter family, in Philadelphia—between them represented a hundred and four years of serious (and reticent) involvement in the game.

I did not wholly exile myself from the pastime. September visits to Yankee Stadium helped lift my spirits a little, including one evening of cruelly mixed rewards when I watched the Yankees' strong, earnest twenty-two-year-old left-hander Dave Righetti fan eleven batters in seven innings while posting a 4–1 win over the Red Sox. A couple of weeks later, another lefty, the Orioles' estimable Scott McGregor, looked even more dazzling while striking out eleven Yankees in a 1–0, six-hit shutout against Tommy John. I could not remember being on hand at a better regular-season pitching performance in the past four or five years, for McGregor got the job done with only ninety-three pitches, and along the way fanned three batters on three pitches and four more on four. After the game, his catcher, Rick Dempsey, was in ecstasies of aesthetic appreciation. "He was *dealing!*" he cried. "Everything was sinking and moving. Every pitch was down the tube and then *sank.* That's the best I've seen—the best since he did the same thing to them last year!" Last year, McGregor had beaten the Yanks with a 1–0 six-hitter in Baltimore—a game I hated to have missed, because friends who were there kept telling me that McGregor's pitching had been a true masterpiece, a Mona Lisa. Now he had painted me another one. Thank you, Scotty.

THERE were thirty-two post-season games in October—a total beyond sensible summary or clear recollection. Thinking back on them—even on the dozen-odd games I managed to catch in person—is a little like trying to bring back two or three days of non-stop television watching, I imagine: a kinetic blur, an assault of sound and light. I will touch down upon a few games and moments that

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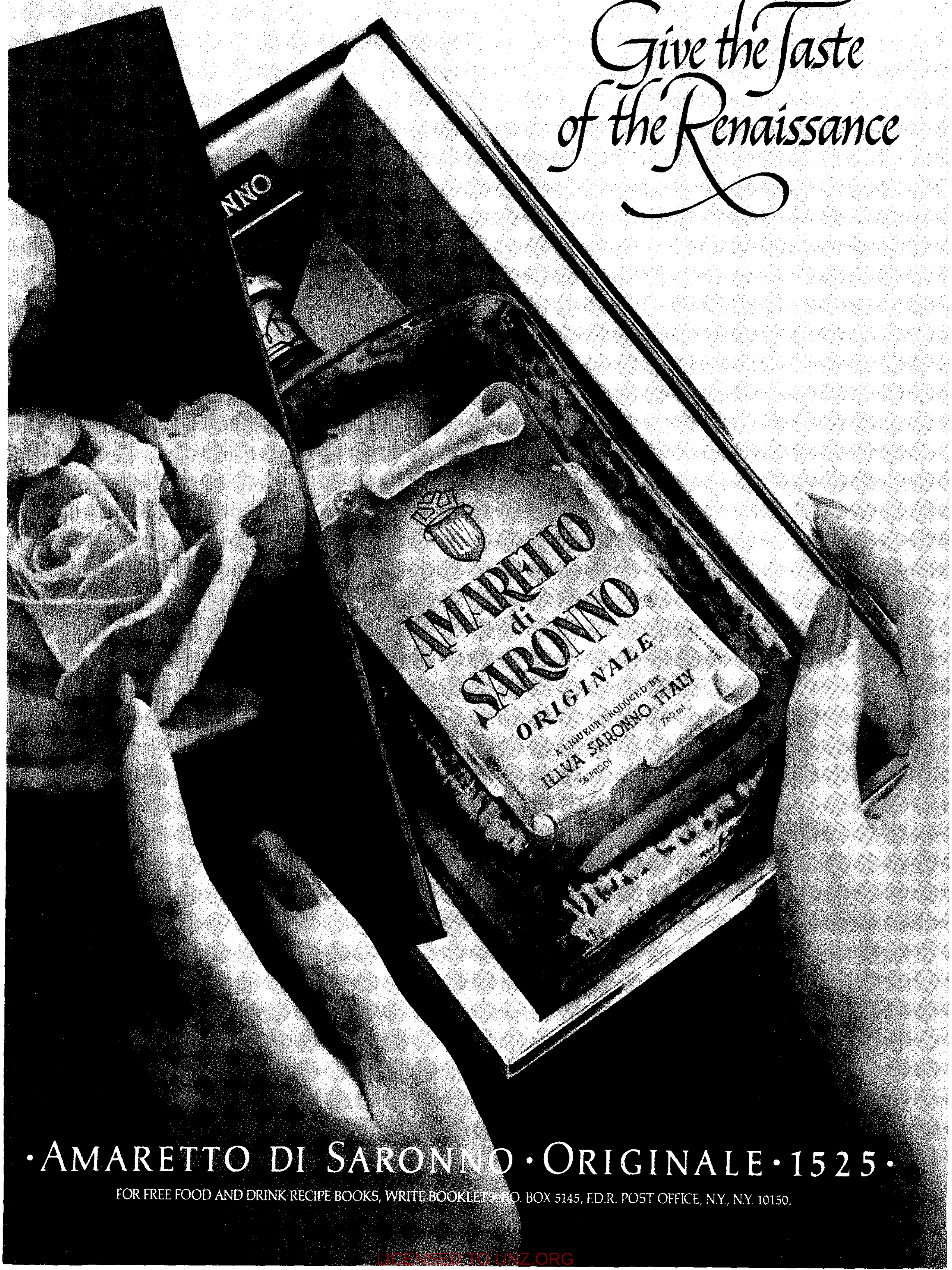
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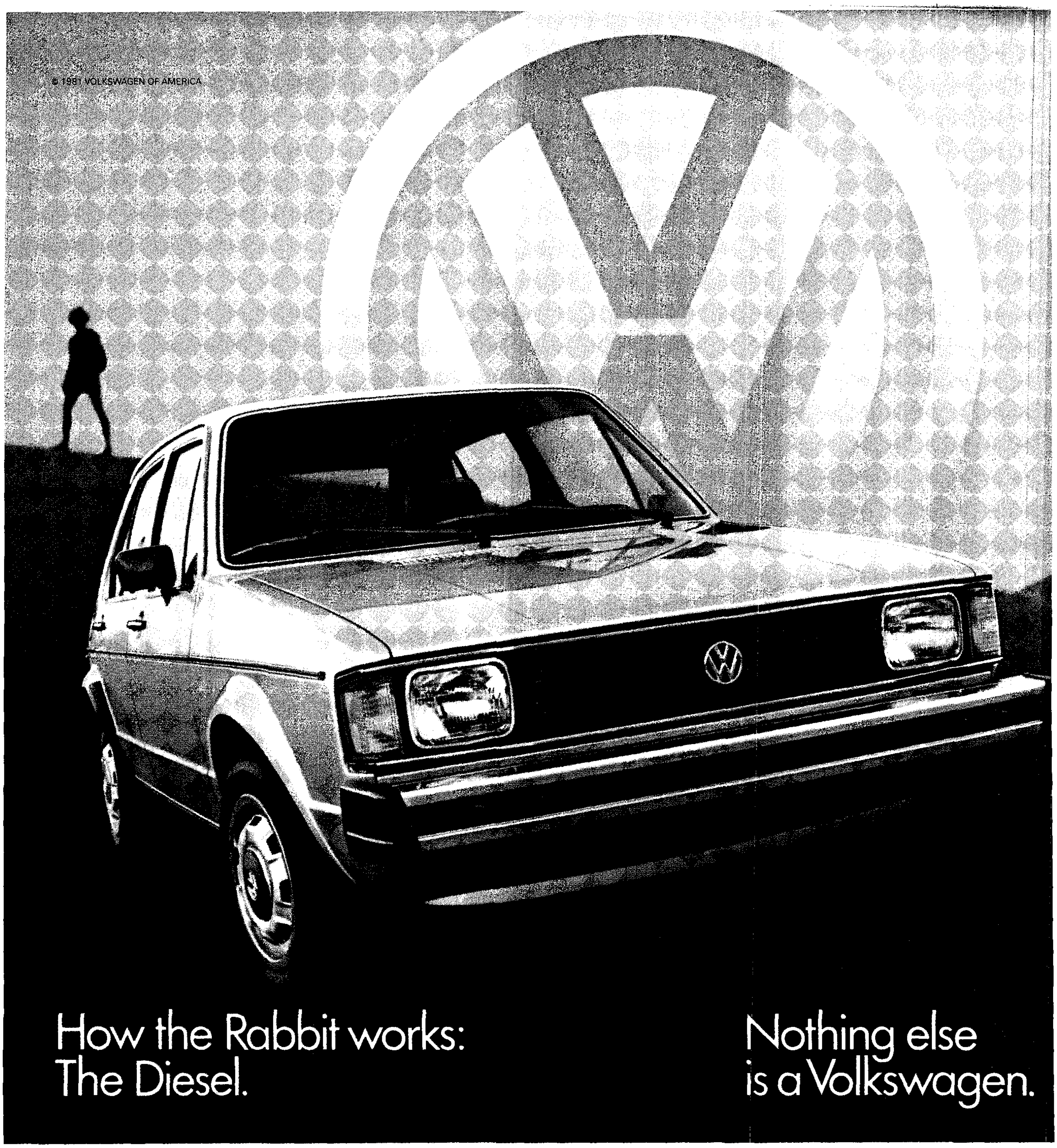

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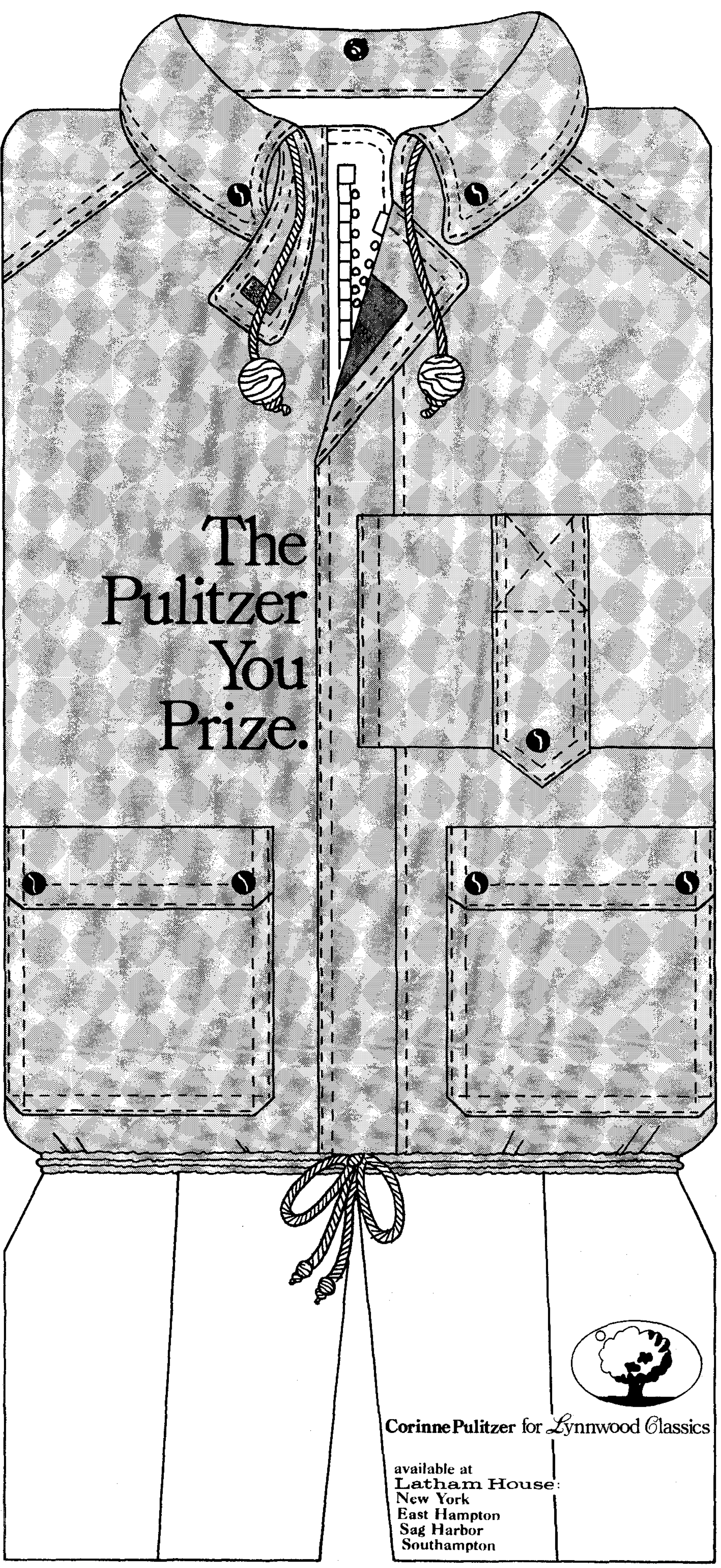
are still imprinted on my bruised baseball cortex, and I apologize in advance to the actors and producers of the soaps and sit-coms that have slipped away, or that I couldn't tune in on because I was over on another channel, so to speak. The lack of clarity I sense when I think back on this October must be shared by millions of other fans, and if that is so it is a terrible loss. The special attraction of baseball for its true adherents depends most of all upon precision of detail and firmness of memory—who did what with two on in the top of the fifth; who was pitching; what the count was; where the single went; and exactly from where in the park Yaz threw to wipe out the desperately sliding Bob Allison—yow!—to end the inning. Television can bring all this—or most of it—to us in our living rooms, which is still almost a miracle to me, but television, of course, is the least *memorable* of all means of communication, mostly because it never stops. The baseball owners and decision-makers now seem determined to help feed the tube at all costs—to give it more and still more games and trumped-up sub-championships—but for every increase they can achieve in the number of sets turned on to the game, they must register an accompanying loss, I believe, in the number of minds tuned in to it: fewer games isolated in memory, baseball no longer known by heart. The new statistics are that we have from twenty-two to thirty-seven games in October now, where once we had no more than seven. Read 'em and weep.

Inevitably, given so many choices, I absolutely missed the best baseball of the month—the five-game divisional series in the National League West, which was taken by the Dodgers after they had fallen behind the Houston Astros by two games to naught. It opened with two stirring *mano-a-manos*—Valenzuela vs. Nolan Ryan; Jerry Reuss vs. Joe Niekro—that were each won with a sudden late stroke, ravishing the home multitudes at the Astrodome: a ninth-inning two-run homer by Astro catcher Alan Ashby, and an eleventh-inning single by Astro pinch-hitter Denny Walling. The Astros then made the mistake of playing the remainder of the series in Los Angeles, where they had lost eleven of their previous thirteen contests against the Dodgers. Struck down by the Curse of Chavez Ravine, or possibly just by Dodger pitching, the Astros scored a bare two runs in the next three games, and expired. It was



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another miserable disappointment for the Houston club, which last year lost out to the Phillies, excruciatingly, in the tenth inning of the fifth and final game of the league championships. This October, the Astros mourned the absence of Don Sutton, their battle-tested free-agent mound star, who had taken a fastball on the kneecap while bunting against Jerry Reuss, late in the season, and had to sit out the playoffs. Privately, I doubt if he would have made much difference, since Reuss, the blond, six-foot-five Los Angeles left-hander, pitched eighteen shutout innings against the Astros in these playoffs, which hurts almost more than a shot in the knee.

The Kansas City Royals, as I have already mentioned, did not distinguish themselves in their American League West playoffs with the A's—almost sprinting toward elimination, it sometimes seemed, thanks to their grand total of two runs scored and some embarrassing bumblings afield. The defending league champs' past success weighed heavily on them for some reason, for they often looked tense and distracted this year—George Brett most of all. He batted .314 for the summer and seemed to have more trouble dealing with the pressure of those figures than he did with his glorious and distracting .390 season the year before. In the playoffs, he went two for twelve at the plate, made a costly throwing error in one game, and allowed a double—a streaker hit by Tony Armas—to scoot untouched between his legs in another. Winning all over again, somebody once said, is the hard part.

The World Champion Phillies had their own playoff problems, to be sure, but they did rally for two wins at home, against Montreal, to tie up *that* mini-series, before Steve Rogers shut them down, beating Steve Carlton by 3–0, to bring the Expos the divisional title that had barely eluded them the last two seasons. Rogers had also bested Carlton in the playoff opener, but neither of those victories meant as much to Montreal, I think, as the team's famous seventeen-inning, four-and-a-half-hour, 1–0 defeat of the Phillies at home on September 21st, when Carlton and the Expos' Ray Burris went head-to-head for ten innings, each surrendering three hits and no runs in that splendid span. Winning that game kept the Expos within striking distance of the Cardinals in their divisional-pennant scramble, but the Phillies had no such

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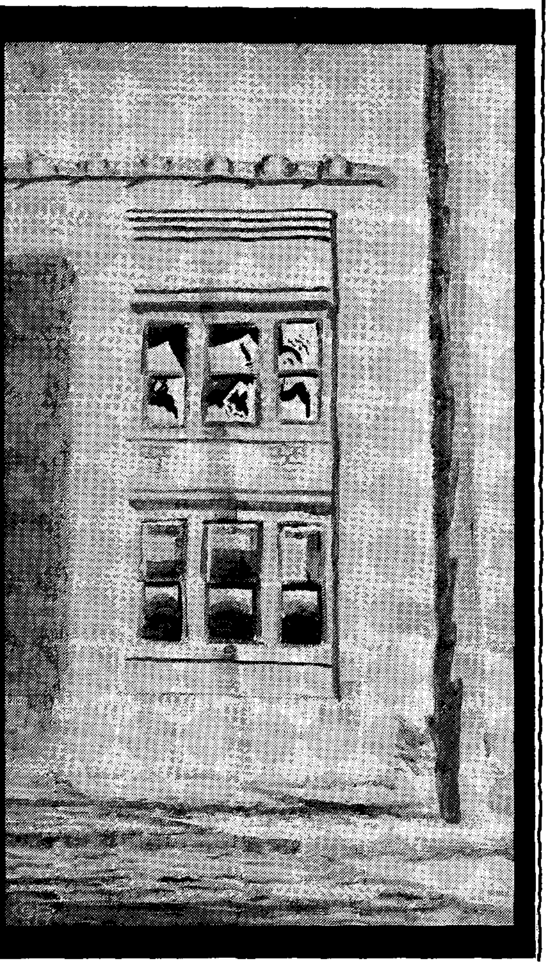

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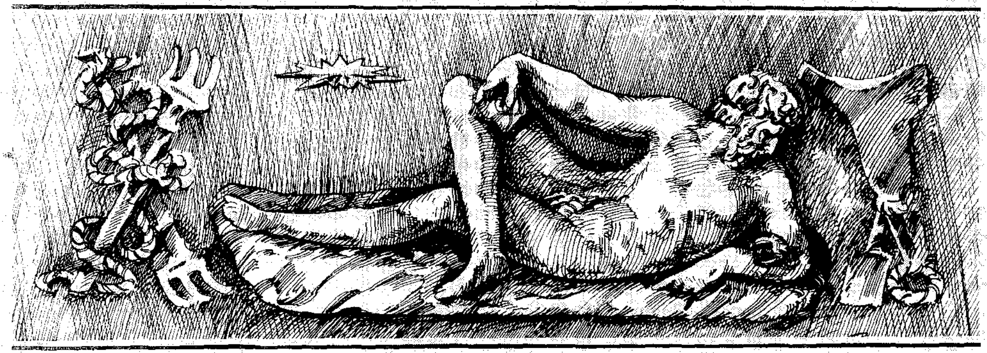

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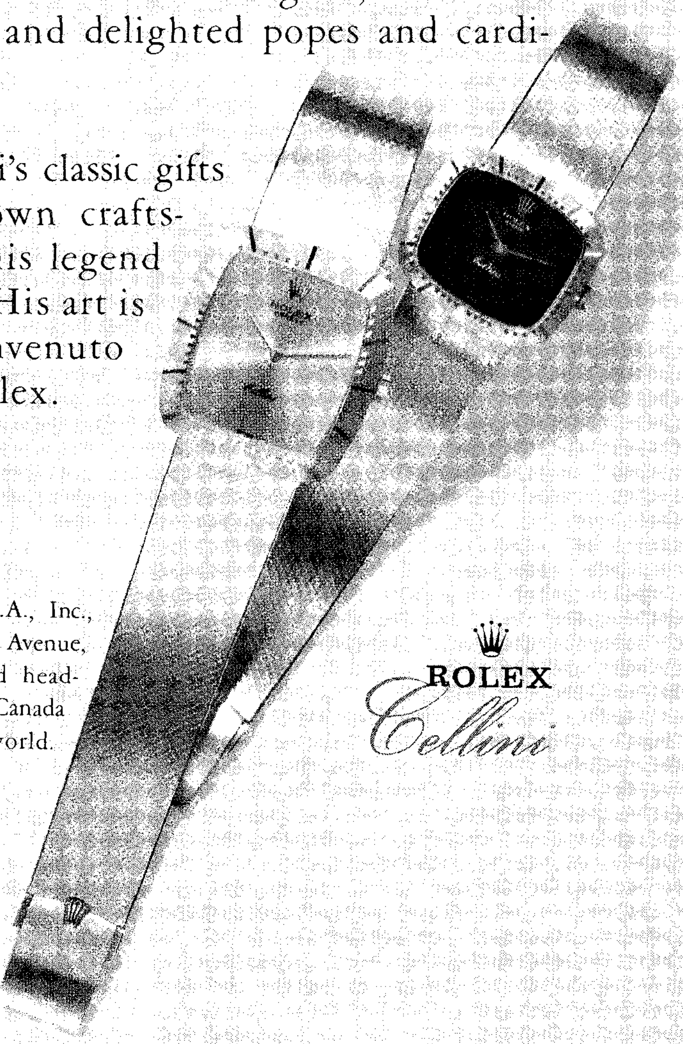

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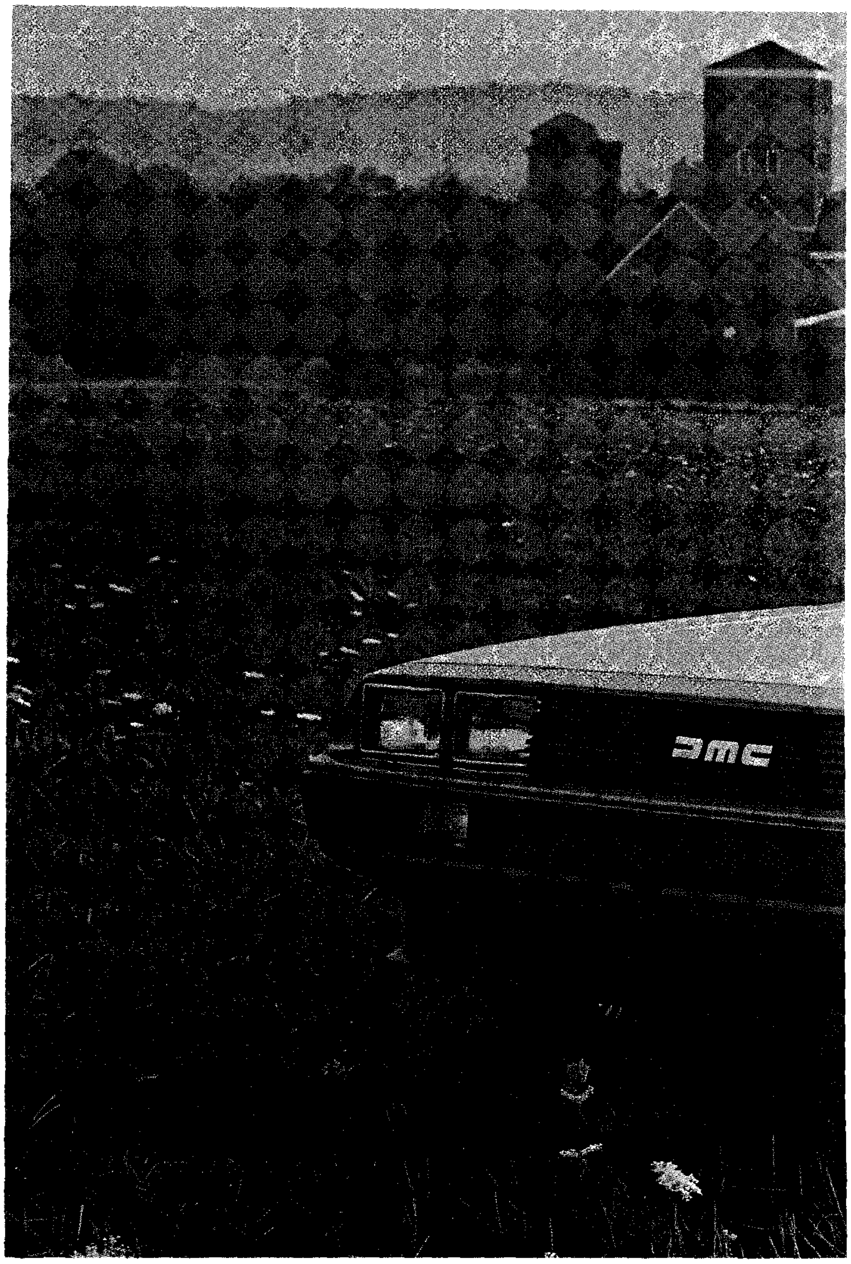

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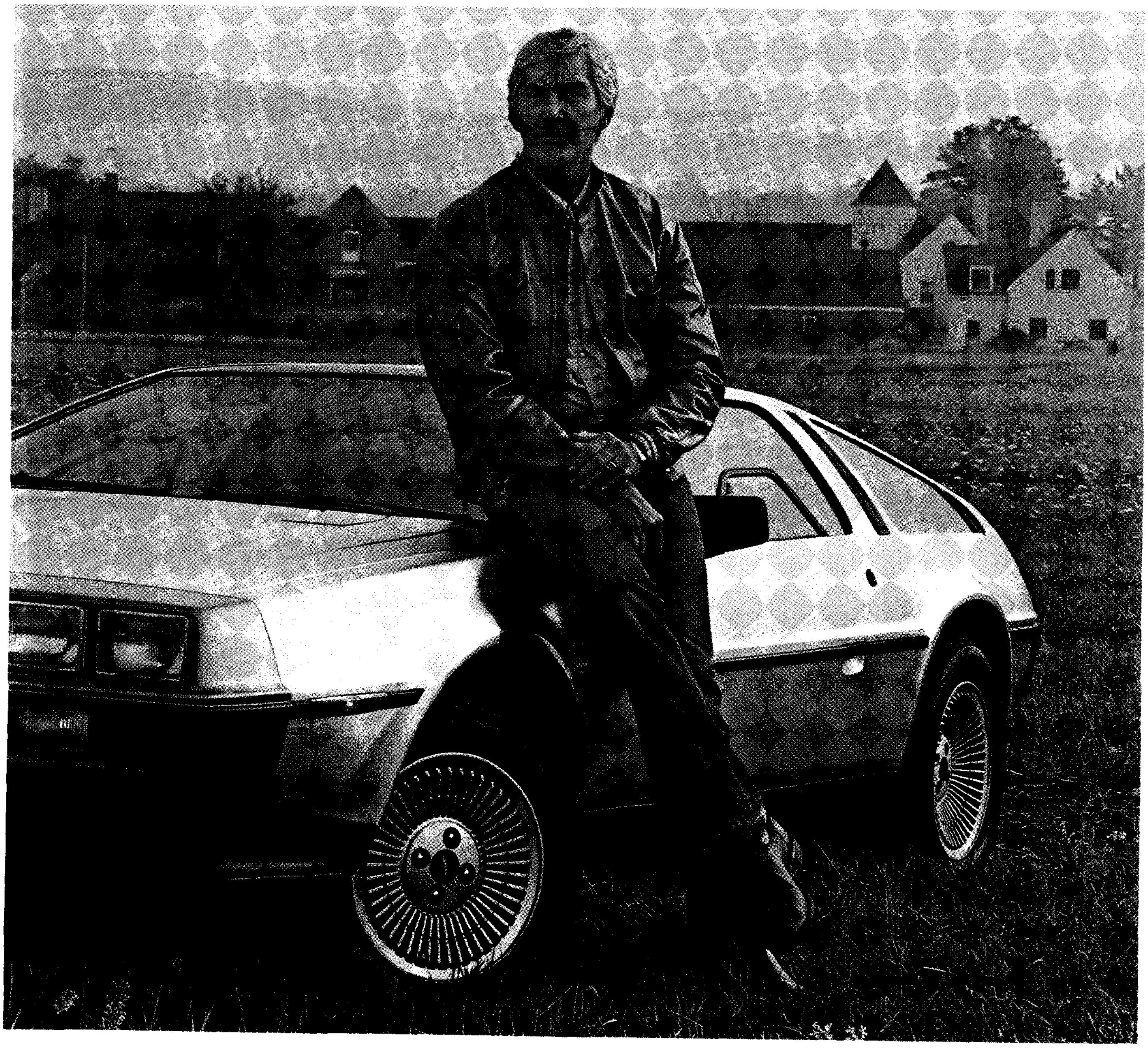

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spur, being already assured of *their* spot in the coming playoffs because of their first-place finish back in June. They were gliding, in short, which is not the best possible way to get ready for battle.

The strategies that had brought the Yankees and the Brewers through the pennant race and up to their meeting in the American League East playoff were exactly the same: get ahead and phone for help. The startling performance of both bullpens—Rollie Fingers for Milwaukee, that is, and Ron Davis and then Goose Gossage for the Yanks—put them almost beyond comparison, even with each other. The Yankees were 51–3 for the year in games in which they had led when they entered the eighth inning, while the Brewers stood at 51–1 by the same measurement. Fingers, in fact, had surrendered only one earned run at home this year. The Yankees took both games of the opening pair at County Stadium by racking up modest leads for their starters, Ron Guidry and Dave Righetti, and then turning things over to the Messrs. D. & G., who muffled the Milwaukees utterly. Twenty-six Brewers fanned. Rollie F., for his part, got no useful work until Game Three, back in the Bronx, which he won, if a bit shakily, with a three-inning, two-run stint. That game was stuffed with ructions and distractions—two fine running catches by Reggie Jackson, of all people, in right field; a sudden mid-game tackle of third-base ump Mike Reilly by a drunken fan (Graig Nettles instantly leaped in to assist the startled arbiter, and since my first glimpse of the action showed only Nettles and Reilly rolling in the dirt, I briefly held the mistaken but nonetheless interesting notion that Graig had simply gone bonkers out there); and late homers by Ted Simmons and Paul Molitor. I was pulling for the Brewers by now, I found, in part because their third baseman in these games was Sal Bando, a hero of mine ever since his glory days as the captain of the hairy and theatrical World Champion Oakland A's, almost a decade ago. He had already announced his retirement as a player at the conclusion of this season, no matter how the Brewers fared. "All through the game, I kept walking up and down in our dugout saying, 'Give me one more at-bat, you guys! Give me one more game!' " he said cheerfully in the clubhouse.

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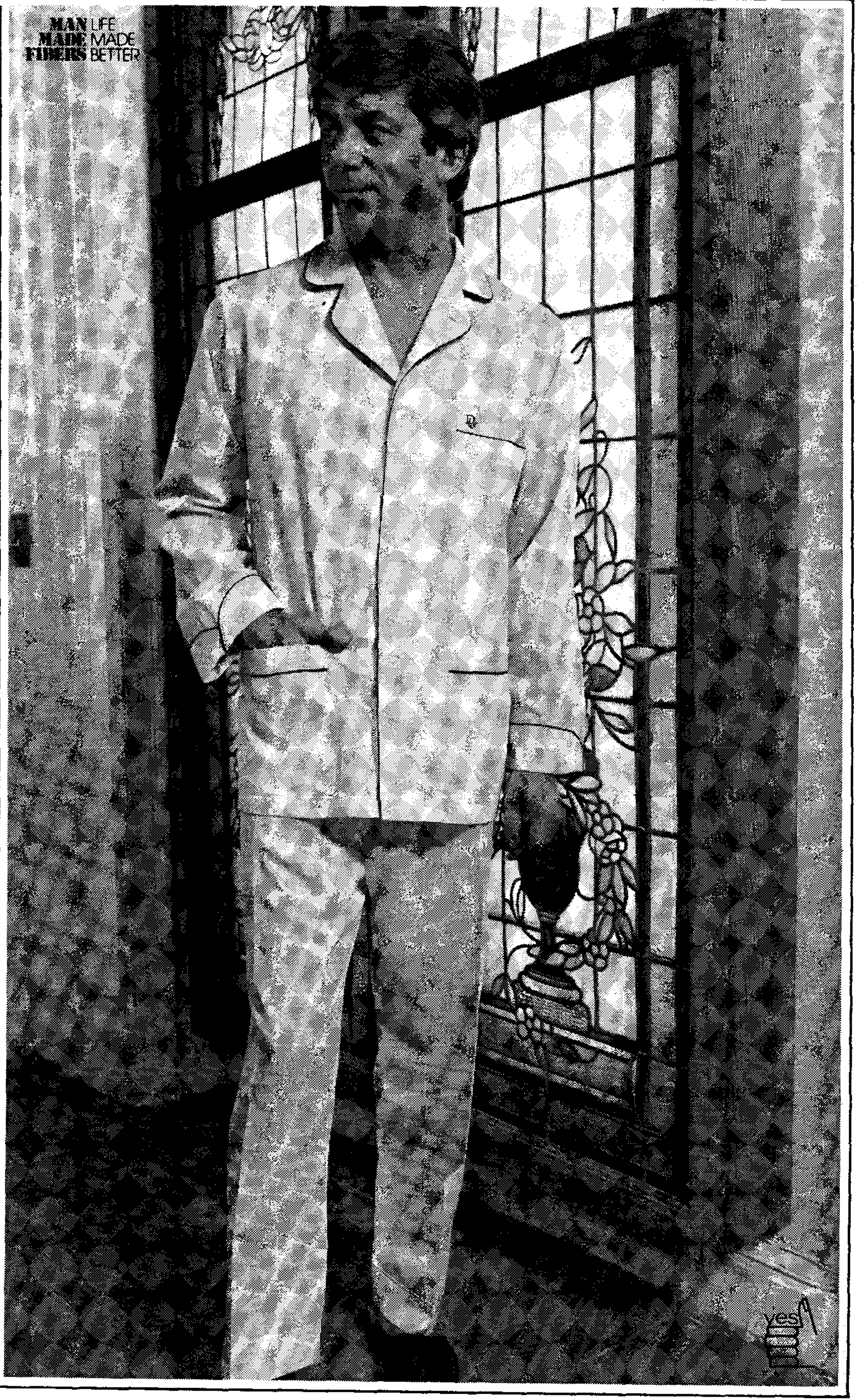

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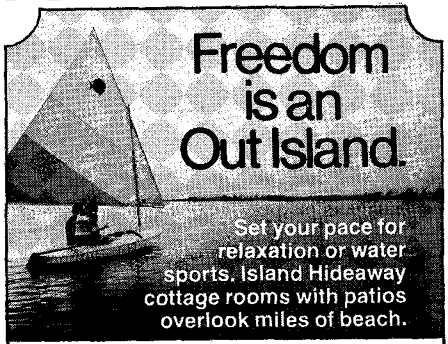

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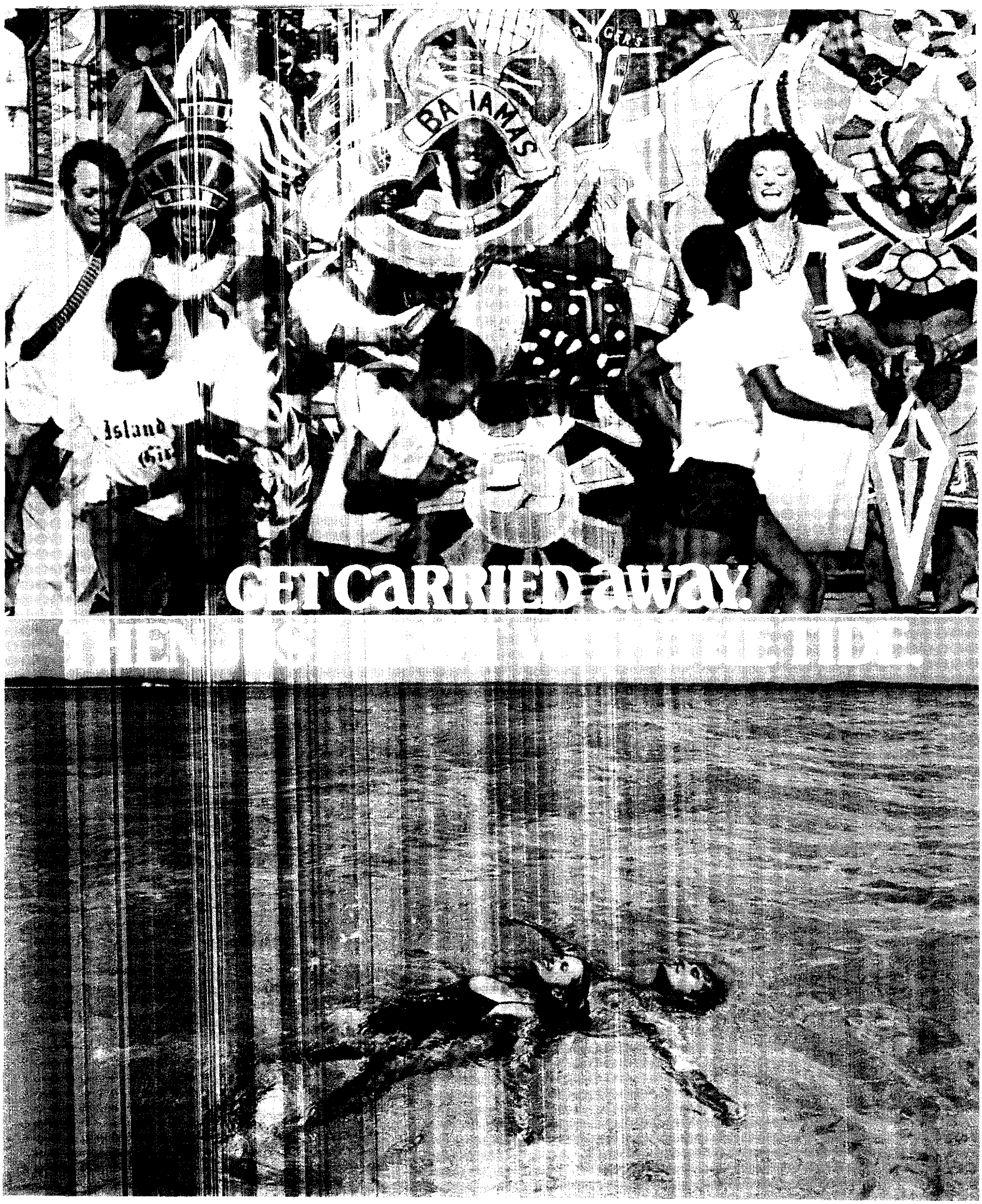
several other Brewer mound stalwarts, concluding with Fingers, held on grimly for a 2–1 decision, to even up the series. This was the game in which some heads-down baserunning took the Yankees out of two promising situations (one ending in a 7-5-3-4-6 play that erased Larry Milbourne just south of third base), and after which George Steinbrenner blew his cork at a postgame clubhouse meeting. Later on, when I told Bando about Steinbrenner's tirade, he said, "I played nine years for a man like that"—he meant Charlie Finley—"and it didn't help at all." Mr. Steinbrenner would argue the point, I suppose, because the Yankees captured the playoff the next night (so long, Sal!), with a 7–3 victory that featured wildly greeted home runs by Jackson, Oscar Gamble, and Rick Cerone. Reggie's was a missile to the third row of the right-field top deck, and he celebrated it in characteristic fashion: the curatorial pause by the plate for wonder and interior cataloguing, and then that little lick of the three middle fingers of his right hand as he trots past first base. I smiled as I watched, won back. Reggie is an old Oakland boy, too.

So many names and games had begun to wear me down, and I was not much bothered when the long-awaited league-championship series between the A's (the new Billy Martin A's, that is) and the Yankees turned out to be such a bomb. Playing in the Bronx temple, the first two young Oakland starters, Mike Norris and then Steve McCatty, pitched in gingerly, self-conscious fashion as their team dropped the opener by 3–1 to Tommy John, and then was blown away, 13–3, in a frightful laugher the next day. The only people on the premises who didn't seem to notice that the famous Billy Martin-George Steinbrenner "confrontation" had come to nothing—had no trace of meaning, in fact—were the NBC television directors and producers on the scene, who, according to friends of mine watching the games at home, kept interrupting their game coverage to present alternating closeup shots of Billy patrolling his dugout and George (seen with pseudo-menacing dimness at the back of his balcony box) biting his nails. Bush stuff. The clubs repaired to Oakland and to a long, close, slow, but not very good game (I saw it by television) that was settled at last when a reserve A's outfielder turned the wrong way on a deep fly ball, which fell in for three runs and the game and, at last, the pennant. The feature of the day out there had been the real feature of the Oakland season, come to think of it—the roaring-in-unison, roaring-by-sections, roaring-in-good-times-and-bad Oakland crowds, who seemed happy just to be given another A's ballgame, another picnic at the park, so late in the year. Their innermost convictions had been summed up, I think, in something the young Oakland catcher, Mike Heath, had said to me earlier in New York: "I won't feel terrible if we lose this thing, because we already did so great this year. Our real future is four or five years down the road. The best is still ahead."

d. ehrenberg

I DO remember Montreal—the baseball show of the year for me, and the most fun. All that is still clear, at least: the middle innings of Game Three, say (the clubs had come back from Los Angeles with their National League championship series tied), with the Dodgers' Jerry Reuss and the Expos' Steve Rogers locked in hard combat, and the Dodgers up a run—the only run of the game so far—and the encircling, in-leaning rows upon rows of avid, baseball-mad Canadians, seeming to sway and shudder and groan and cry in the chilly northern night air with every pitch and movement of the fray. And to sing. As I write this, many days later, I still half hear in the dusty back chambers of my head the vapid, endlessly repeated chorus of that damnable Expo marching song—"*Val-de-ri! Val-de-rah!*"—that the locals bellowed together, in enormous and echoing cacophony, at every imaginable stitch and wrinkle of the games' fabric. The song is not some famous indigenous voyageurs' chantey, as one might suppose, but only the old, implacably jolly "Happy Wanderer" hiking ditty that generations of sub-adolescents across the continent have had to warble through ("*Val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!*") during mosquitoey marshmallow roasts at Camp Pineaway. But the Montrealers sang it with a will—sang it because they *wanted* to, of all things—and they won my heart. I didn't even mind the weather, which was unsuitable, if never quite unbearable, or the appalling ballpark. The round, thick-lipped, inward-tilted concrete upper wall of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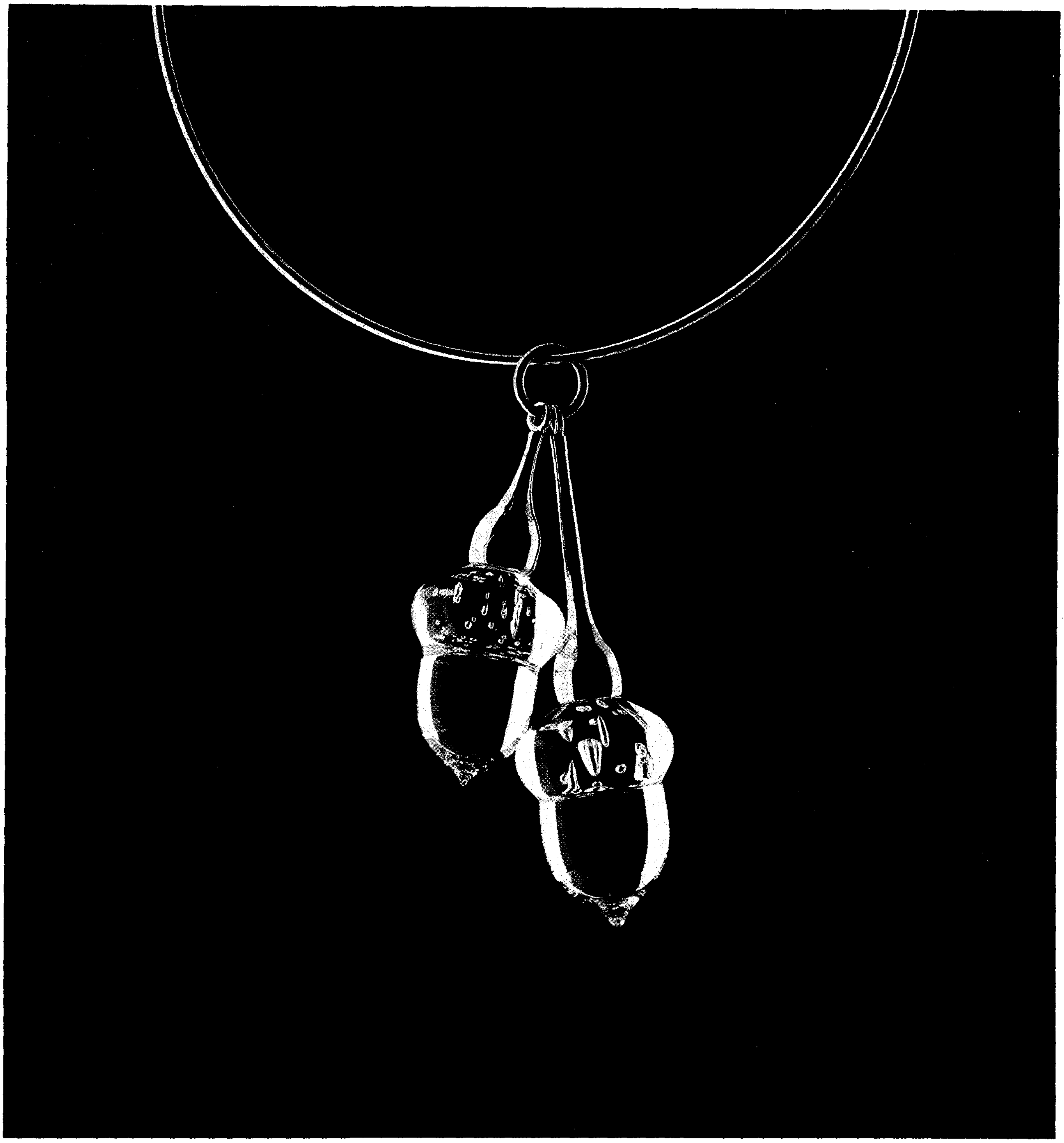

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the Stade Olympique appears to hang over the stands and the glum, Astro-Turfed field in a glowering, almost threatening way, shutting out the sky, and fastballs and hard-hit grounders are so hard to see from above, for some reason, that the accompanying noise from the crowd is always an instant or two out of sync. This time, I didn't care, because the teams and the players and the quality of play were all so good that every part of the games mattered and made you glad you were there and no place else in the world just then. The Expos, we should realize by now, ran up the best cumulative record in their league in the past three seasons, and their longtime regulars—André Dawson, Gary Carter, Warren Cromartie, Steve Rogers, Larry Parrish—are stars by any measure. This was the series, it seemed to me, when the Expos escaped at last from our half-amused, semi-patronizing interest in them for their tricolor beanies and their funny bilingual scoreboard and the whole crazy idea of a *Canadian* team, for God's sake, expecting to do well at our national pastime. They won us away from our provincialism, in short, and came very close to winning a lot more than that this fall.

There in the third game, by now in its sixth inning, the Expos tied things up with a single and a walk and then a little roller, by Larry Parrish, *just* through between Cey and Russell at third and short. Reuss—perhaps ever so slightly distracted by the blizzards of torn-up *journaux*, and the layered explosions of noise, and the illuminated "PLUS FORT!" up on the scoreboard, and the back-and-forth billowing of an enormous Québécois flag, with its white cross and scatterings of white fleurs-de-lys, which somebody was flourishing behind home, and the hundredth, or perhaps thousandth, delivery of descending "*Val-de-ris!*"s and "*Val-de-rah!*"s—now got a fastball up a millimetre or two higher than he wanted to against the next batter, outfielder Jerry White, who socked the ball up and out and into the left-field stands, for a homer and three more runs and, it turned out, the game. Warren Cromartie is the most garrulous and entertaining of the Expos (a candy bar named for him sells well in Montreal: the Cro Bar), and when this game was over a number of visiting writers approached him and asked him to talk about Jerry White, who is as yet not much known outside the Expos' clubhouse. "Jerry White?"

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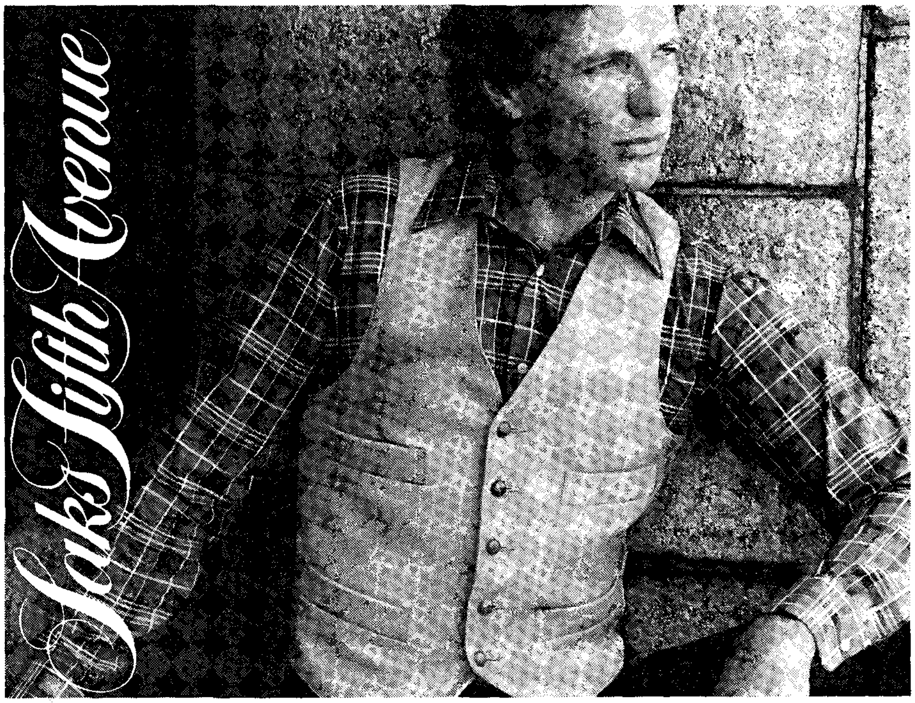

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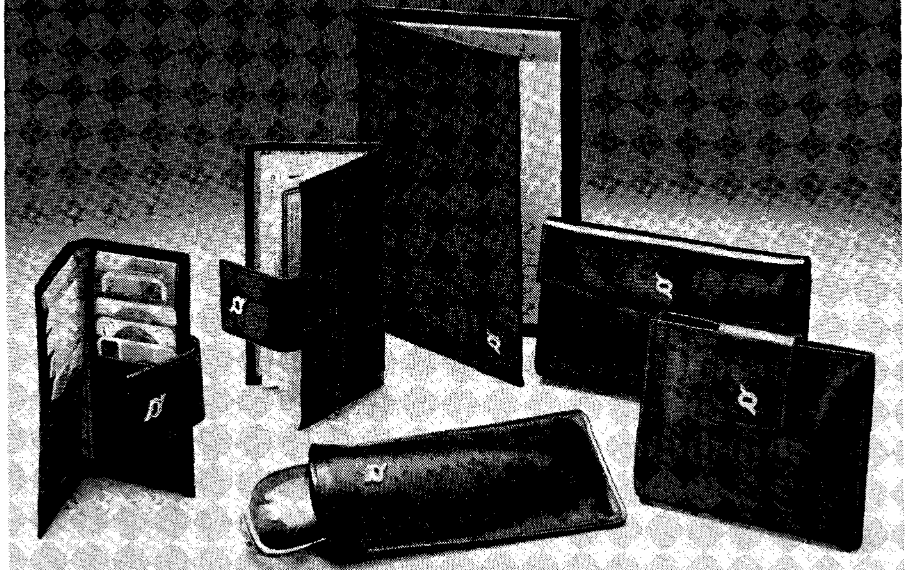

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The Expos didn't quite win, of course. The next two games were too important now, and thus perhaps too painful for the locals to enjoy quite as much, sing and yell as they would, and in the course of them it became all too clear that the Expos' No. 3 hitter, André Dawson, was locked in a ghastly slump, and that manager Jim Fanning (the white-haired, fatherly *gérant* who came down from the Montreal front office to succeed the veteran, grumpy, distant incumbent, Dick Williams, in September) had nobody left in his bullpen and thus had to stay too long with his starter, young Bill Gullickson, whose agonizing pitch-by-pitch double struggle with his control and with the Dodger hitters was resolved by Steve Garvey's game-breaking homer in the eighth inning. The extraordinary weather-postponed finale (winter was at hand) was even harder to sit or sing through, for there was no hint or whisper of its outcome before the killing solo home run by Rick Monday in the ninth inning—struck against Steve Rogers, pitching in relief—which won the game, 2–1, and put down the brave Expos at last. That last game, matching up Valenzuela (who threw a three-hitter) and Ray Burris, was so close and so beautifully pitched that the two teams had almost exactly the same segment of their lineups up at bat in every inning, and its resolution, it seemed to me later, may have completed the baseball education of the Montreal fans, if they still needed such a hard lesson. A day or two earlier, Steve Rogers, talking about all the singing and happiness in the Montreal stands, shook his head a little and said, "Yes, it's beautiful, but—well, euphoria is not always the name of the game."

I LIVE in New York, and it may be that the disappointment in the World Series that I feel and still hear about from so many friends is a regional failing. I doubt it, though. Good defense is the hallmark of good baseball, and in this set of games there were more muffed grounders and bounced pegs to first (or past it) than I can recall at any other grownups' tourney. There were also a great many baserunning foul-ups, some flabby pitching by starters and relievers alike, two or three abysmally sustained individual inefficiencies at the plate or in the field, and a wholly unexpected air

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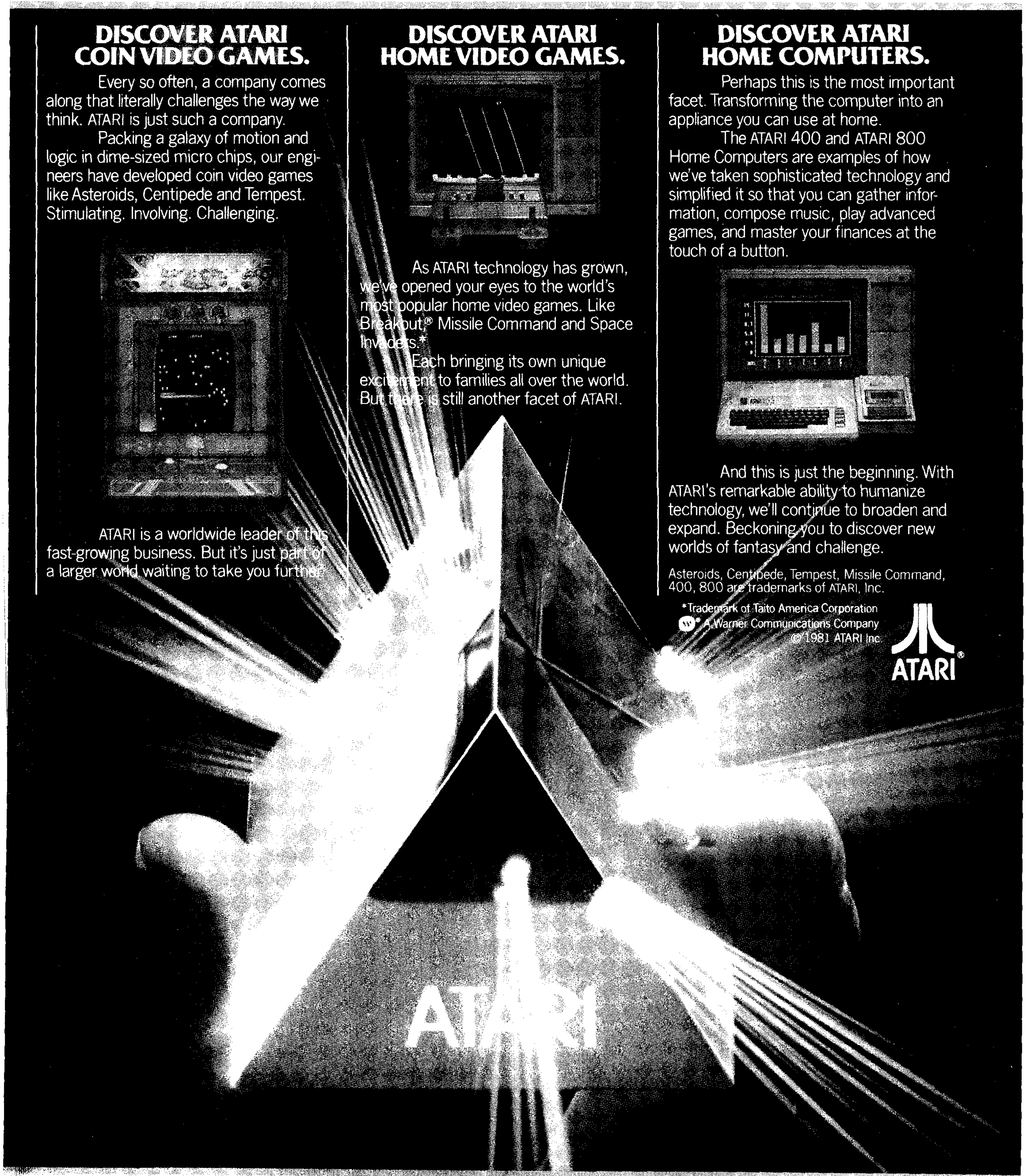

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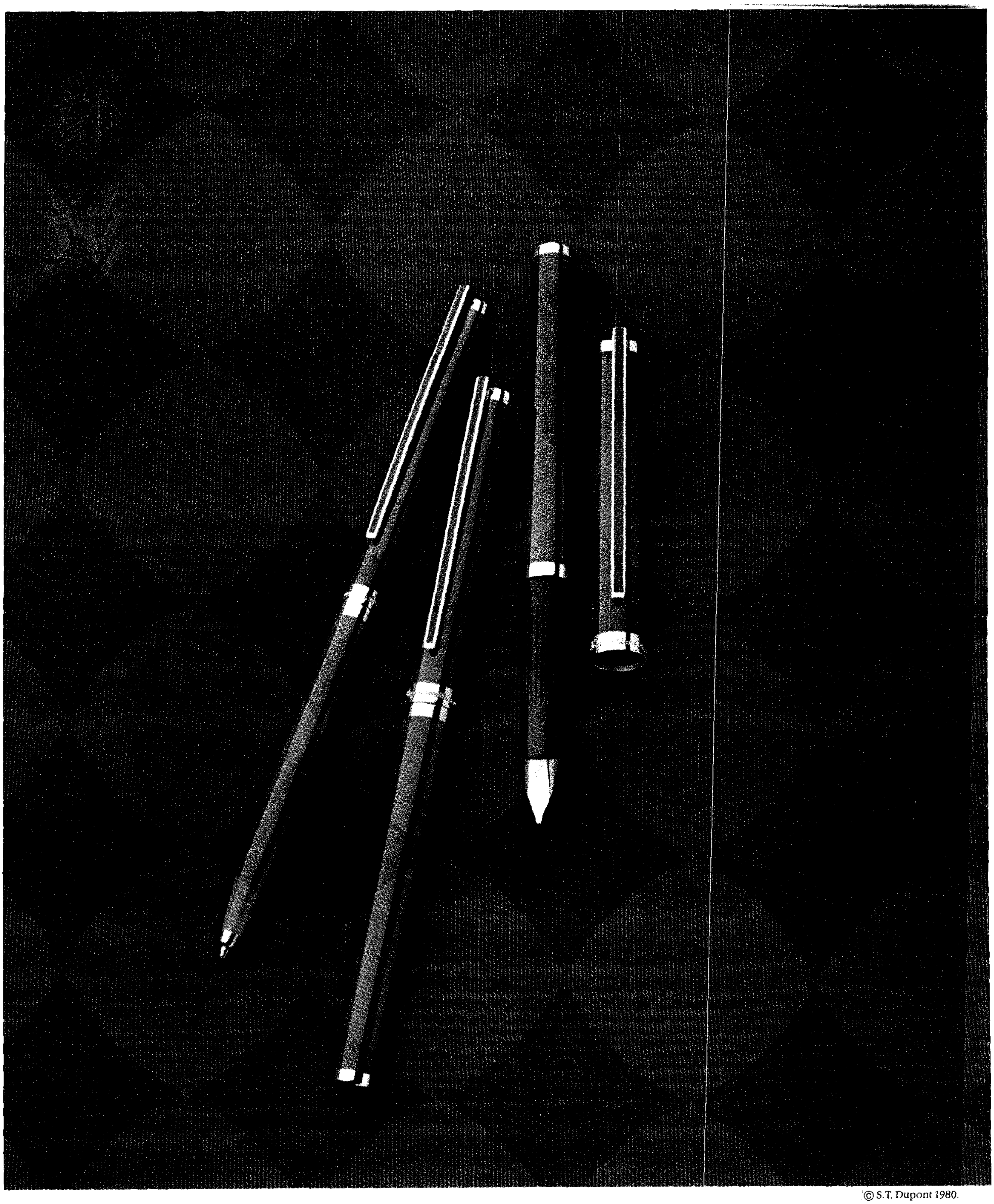

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of deepening ineptitude by the Yankee team at the end, which almost tainted the taste of victory for the Dodgers and their supporters. But all this was the lesser part of what was wrong with these last and supposedly best games of the year. The 1981 Series may have looked bad at times, but it *felt* bad—trivial and almost drained of meaning—all the time, because it came after so much miserable baseball news this year. The owners and the players and the fans all wanted this Series to make up for everything, I believe, and, of course, it never had a chance.

It would be a shame, though, if this hovering aura were to diminish our admiration for the Dodgers. I was sharply critical of the Dodgers in 1977, and especially in 1978, when they lost successive World Series to the Yankees, and failed, one sensed, because they seemed immature and self-pitying and caught up in a delusive vision of themselves: the beach boys in the big city. Most of these 1981 Dodgers were the same regulars we had seen so often down the years, but in fact this team was quite different in its abilities—diminished hitting, less power, much better pitching—and in its motivation. The golden Californians had aged at last. Garvey, Cey, Russell, Lopes, Yeager, and Monday are all well into their thirties, and some of their skills appear to be in decline. Bill Russell batted .233 this summer; Lopes was at .206; and Yeager, no longer a regular, hit .209. "We had a silent feeling that this might be our last chance," Russell said when the Series was over. "We didn't mention it, but it was there." Even after the Dodgers had lost the first two games of the Series at the Stadium, there was no sign of foreboding or anxiety among them. Reggie Jackson noticed this, and observed that the earlier Dodgers had always seemed content simply to be in the Series at all but these Dodgers looked as if they wanted something more. "I'm concerned," he said, and he was right, as usual.

The games also altered my opinion of Tom Lasorda, whom I had previously viewed as a strategist of indifferent powers, with a genius only for homily and public relations. In this Series, he managed his pitchers with insight and restraint—most notably in his patience with Valenzuela in the third game, when Fernando was very far from being at his best—and also worked his rotation so that he had Valenzuela, his ace, rested and ready for a seventh game, had the Series gone one more day. He got an exceptional performance from Yeager, who had been a starting catcher in only twenty-three games during the season, and he shuffled his batting order so that Dusty Baker, his slumping No. 3 hitter, was allowed to move down a bit and play under less pressure. There was no designated hitter this year (the artifice is mercifully benched in the Series in alternate years), and Lasorda gave us a sustained Chautauqua in the National League style of play—how to use the intentional base on balls, when to bat for your pitcher and (much harder) when not to, when to wheel in your pinch-hitters, when to wait, when to be swift. The Yankee brain trust—Bob Lemon and (one must assume) George Steinbrenner—looked more and more flustered and uncertain in its exercise of these ancient options, and it was the difference between the two clubs in this always uncertain terrain, it seems to me, that both won and lost the Series.

The opening pair of games, in New York, suggested only that the Yankees' autumn hegemony was unshakable. The Yankees, winning by 5–3 and 3–0, were given near-impeccable pitching by their two lefty starters, Guidry and John, and Goose Gossage fanned five Dodgers in his two-day, four-inning stint, for two saves. Graig Nettles and Willie Randolph came up with almost a half-dozen fielding gems in the opener, thus permitting the press-box Homers to trot out their hoary autumn maxim: it is the Yankees' *defense* that sets them apart from all other clubs. The Dodgers, to be sure, did rip the ball pretty hard, even while losing, but the big Yankee play was always there when needed; viz., Nettles' first-game, eighth-inning full-length airborne dive behind the bag at third to snare Garvey's line drive in the outermost inches of his glove and shut off the visitors in mid-rally. Nothing to it, folks.

Out at Chavez Ravine, the Dodgers won a wearing, three-hour, endlessly discussable 5–4 contest that began with an unmerciful pummelling of the celebrated rookie starters, Valenzuela and Righetti, who were whacked for seven runs (including homers by Cey, Watson, and Cerone) in the first three innings, but was actually settled by the Dodgers' superior stratagems and bat control and luck in the closer environs of the diamond. In the fifth, with Dodger base runners on first and second, and nobody out, Lasorda ordered Pedro Guerrero to swing away, of all things, and Guerrero hit a chopper that ricocheted off the pavementlike infield and sailed untouched over Aurelio Rodriguez's head, at third, for a double that brought in both runs and put the Dodgers in front for keeps. (Nettles, who was nursing a mashed thumb, was sitting out the game, but I don't think he could have made the play, either.) Luck of a sort, one might conclude, but the purer variety appeared, in disguise, an instant or two later, when a Dodger hitter rapped into a double play, thus permitting Lasorda to let Valenzuela bat for himself and remain in the game. The stolid, courageous youngster was not at all himself on this outing, but he hung on now, allowing no Yankee base runners past second base after the fifth inning, and he won on a bad day, which is the best sign of pitching class. The Yankees, for their part, simply looked bad on a bad day, stranding nine base runners and somehow contriving to send up the power-hitting Bobby Murcer to pinch-hit in a bunt situation. He bunted into a double play.

Everyone *except* the batters looked terrible the next day, when the Dodgers evened the Series by winning (8–7) a vast, untidy *smörgåsbord* of baseball—baseball of a hundred flavors—in which thirteen batters were stranded in the first four innings, and ten pitchers surrendered twenty-seven hits in all. Reggie Jackson, who had sat out the first three Series games with a strained muscle, had an adventurous afternoon, rapping out three hits, one of them a homer, but misplaying a high, short fly ball by Davey Lopes in the sixth which he lost track of in the glazy late-season high sky of Chavez; the ball struck him on the shoulder and bounded away, and Lopes, a bit later, came home with the run that brought the Dodgers even in the game for the first time. There were other mistakes by the Yankees, in fielding and baserunning and strategy (Jerry Mumphrey, the regular center fielder, somehow never got into the game at all, and neither did Gossage), but their only unforgivable error was in not winning this slummocky, bushfighting kind of ballgame, which was available, right up to the end, to the team that

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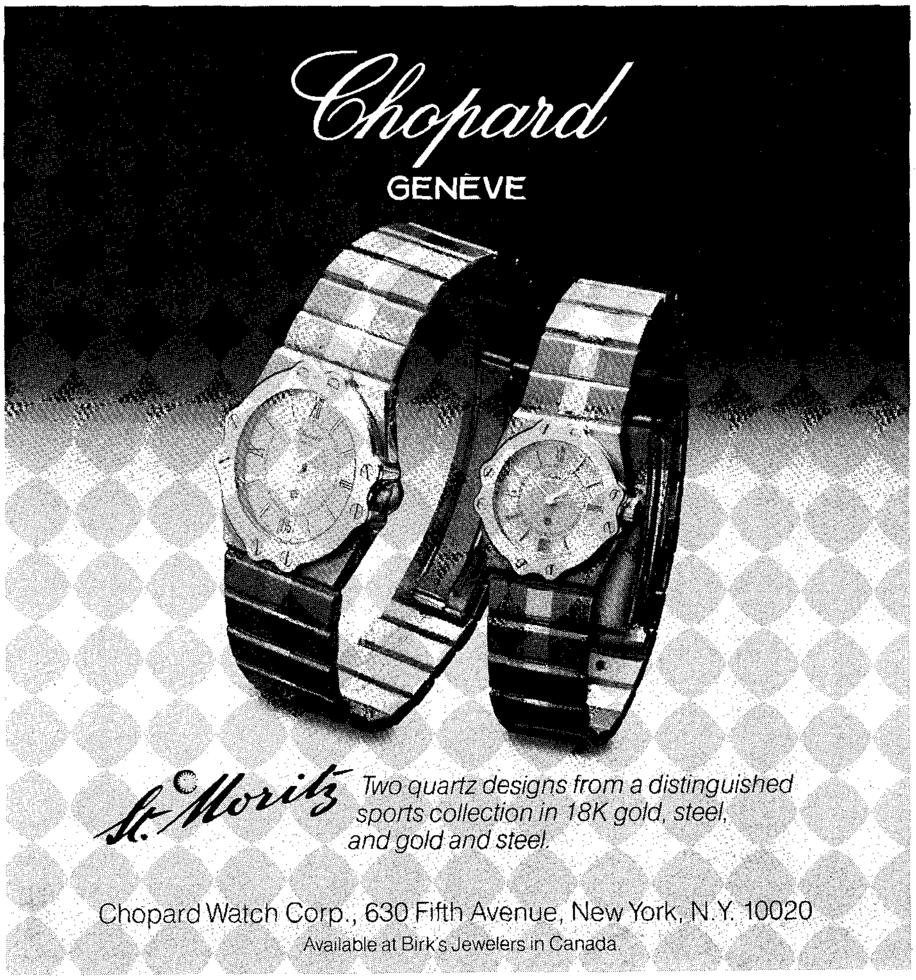

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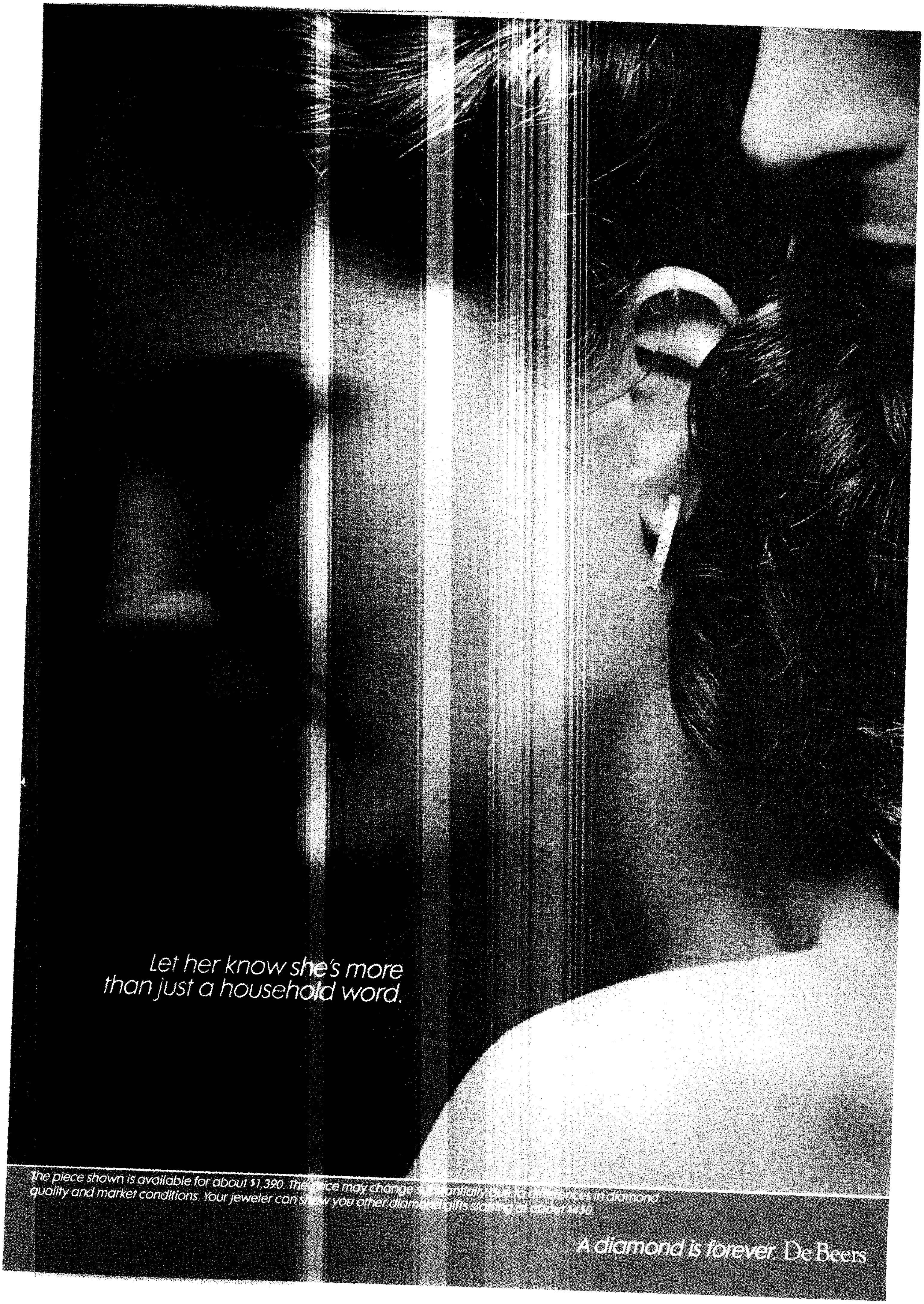
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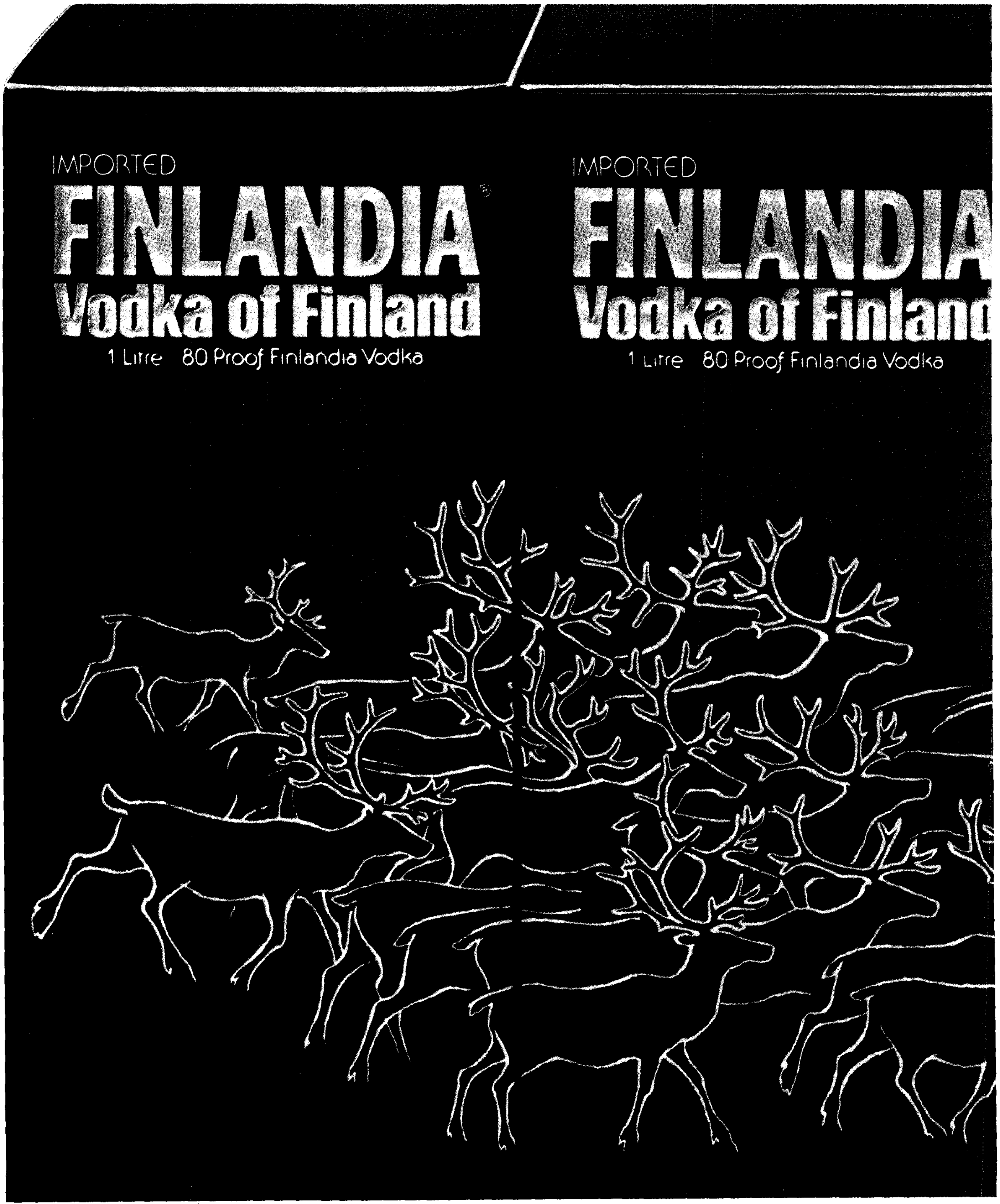
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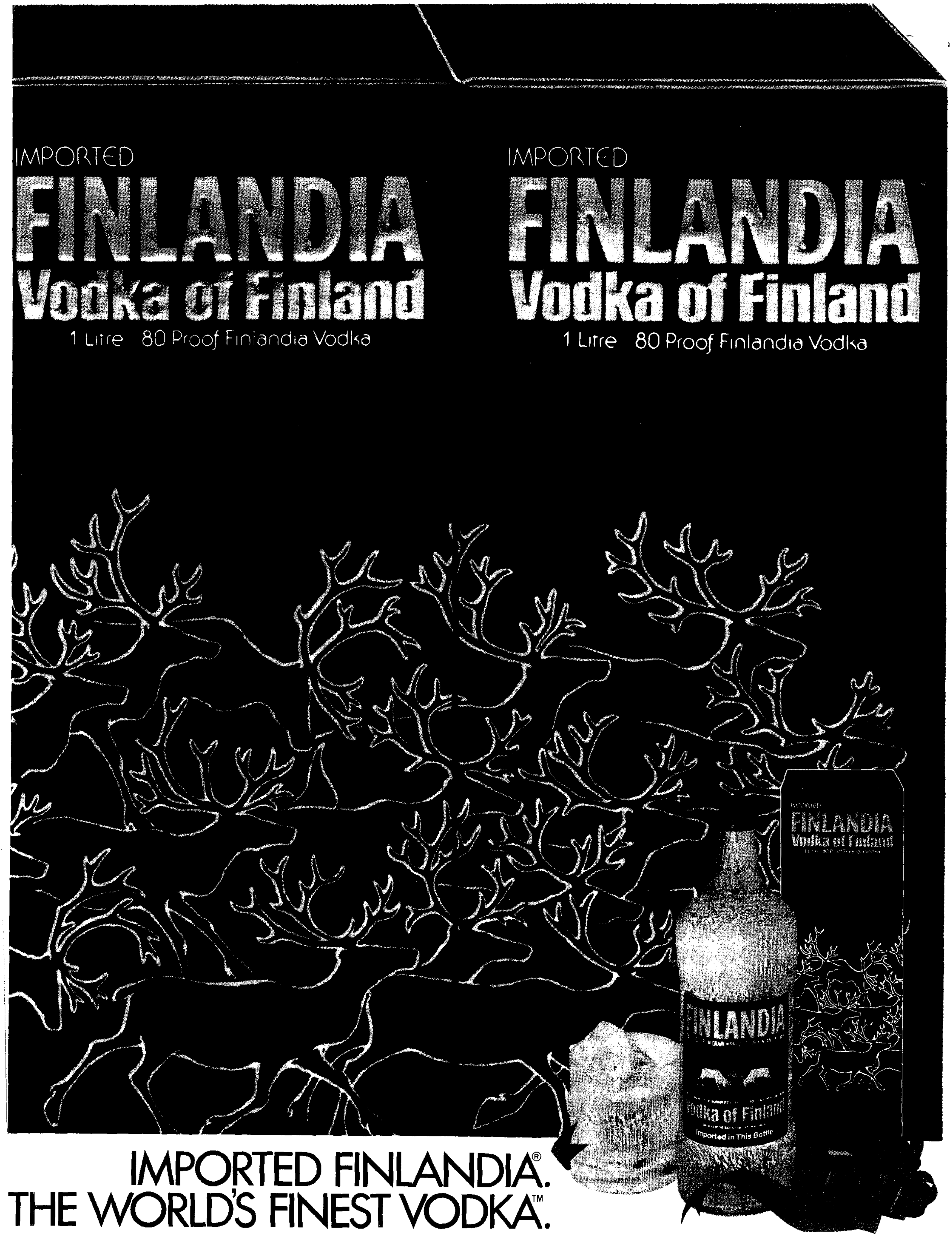
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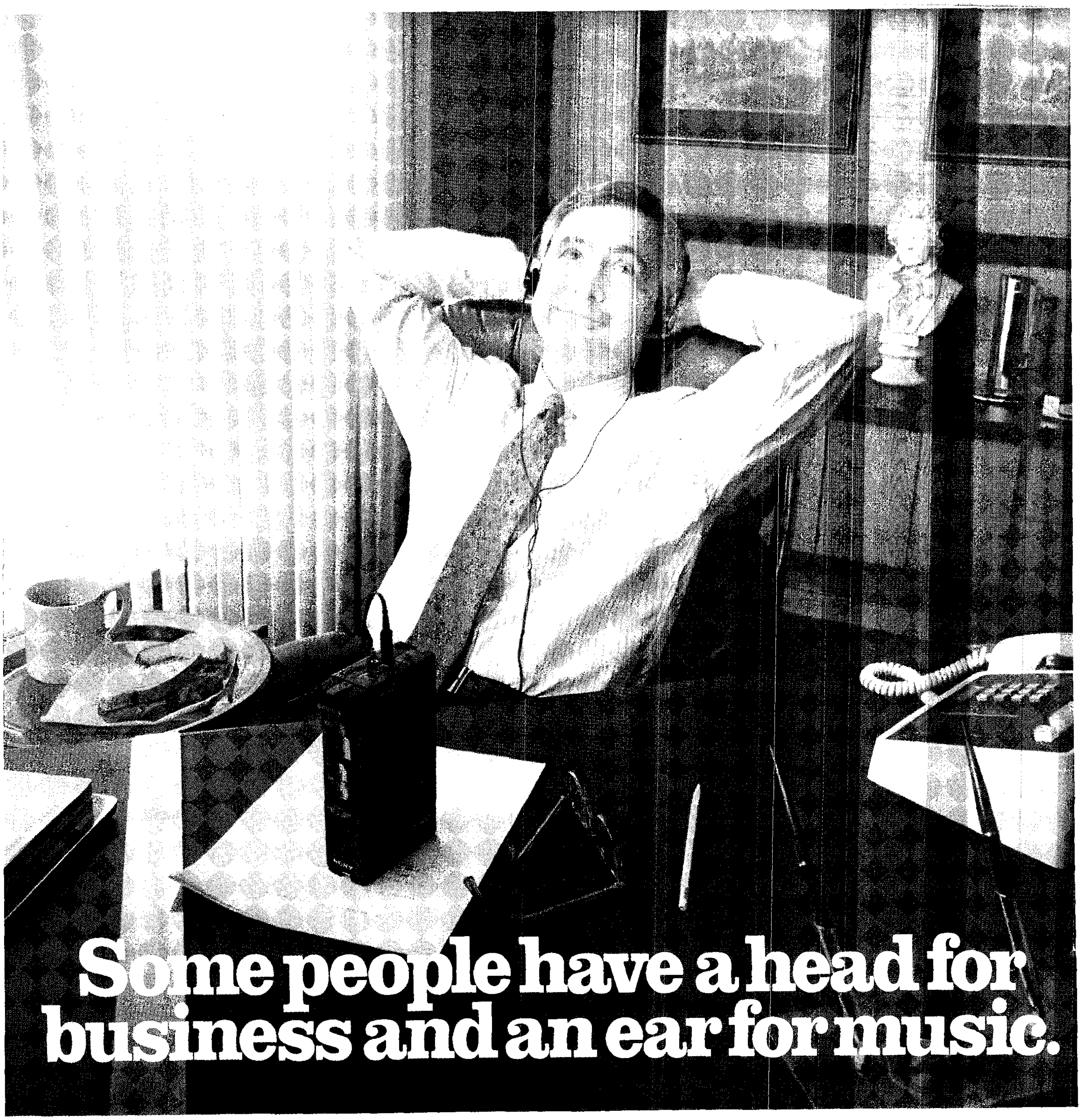
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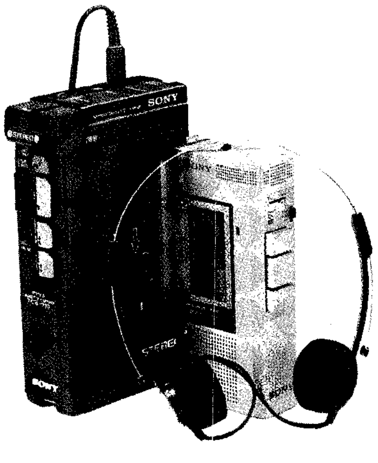

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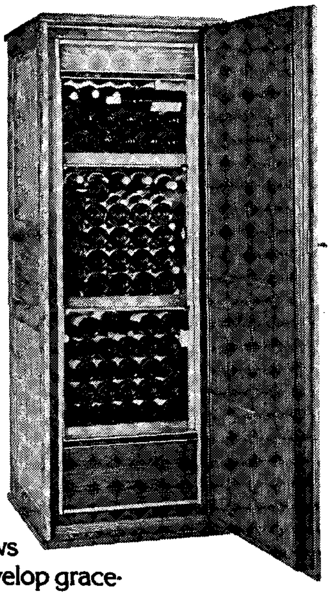
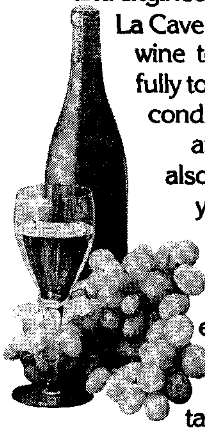
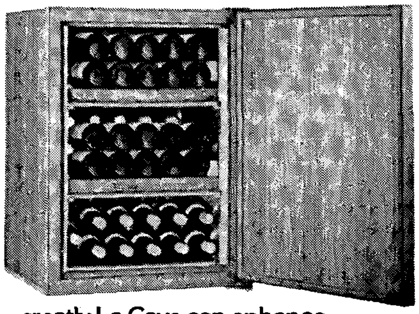
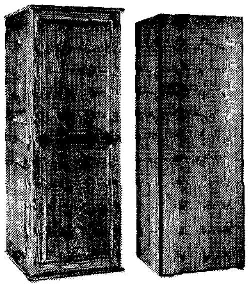
wanted it most. The game was a thriller, I should add, and when it was over I thought about the many thousands of Dodger-mad families, homeward bound over the freeways, all exclaiming and chattering and laughing as they replayed the long afternoon in excited memory: Bill Russell's miserable throwing error, and Jay Johnstone's glorious pinch-hit two-run homer, and Jay coming out of the dugout and waving his hat to the folks afterward, naturally ("*Did* he? I didn't even see that!"), and Rick Monday's liner to center that was gloved but then dropped by somebody out there (it was Bobby Brown), and the horrible little flip past first base by Steve Howe ("He's so *cute!*") at the end there, and, of course, Reggie Jackson staggering and reeling and flinching under the glare of the sun ("I knew he'd drop it! I *knew* it, I tell you!"), and that great yell when the ball did drop free, and then the glorious, grateful, unfair, full-house chant at their old oppressor: "Reg-gie! Reggie! Reg-gie!" And Reuss would go tomorrow!

And go he did, in the best and swiftest contest of the Series—a terse, almost austere pitchers' game, which cleared away the detritus of so much rackety, too entertaining baseball over the previous days. The Dodgers won it, 2–1, on two sudden home runs—as close together as handclaps, it seemed—hit in succession in the seventh against Ron Guidry by Pedro Guerrero and Steve Yeager. There was no preparation for such a thing—no premonitory high counts on the mound or wavers in the field, which often suggest where the break in this kind of game will come. Guidry, in fact, had looked very nearly untouchable up to that instant, having zipped off his seventh swinging strikeout just prior to the crash. Then he was done—and so were the Yankees, one suddenly felt; as quickly as that, the outcome of the Series and the end of this year seemed settled. Reuss, who had survived three errors by his second baseman, Lopes, in the early going, pitched from his strength—a punishing low-level fastball that sails or dives cruelly just as it penetrates the strike zone—and from his gruff conviction that no mere mistakes, no distractions or accidents or bad luck, were going to alter the outcome for him that day. "That mound is my valley," he said afterward, "and nothing goes on in my valley unless I say so." Then he took the game-ball and put









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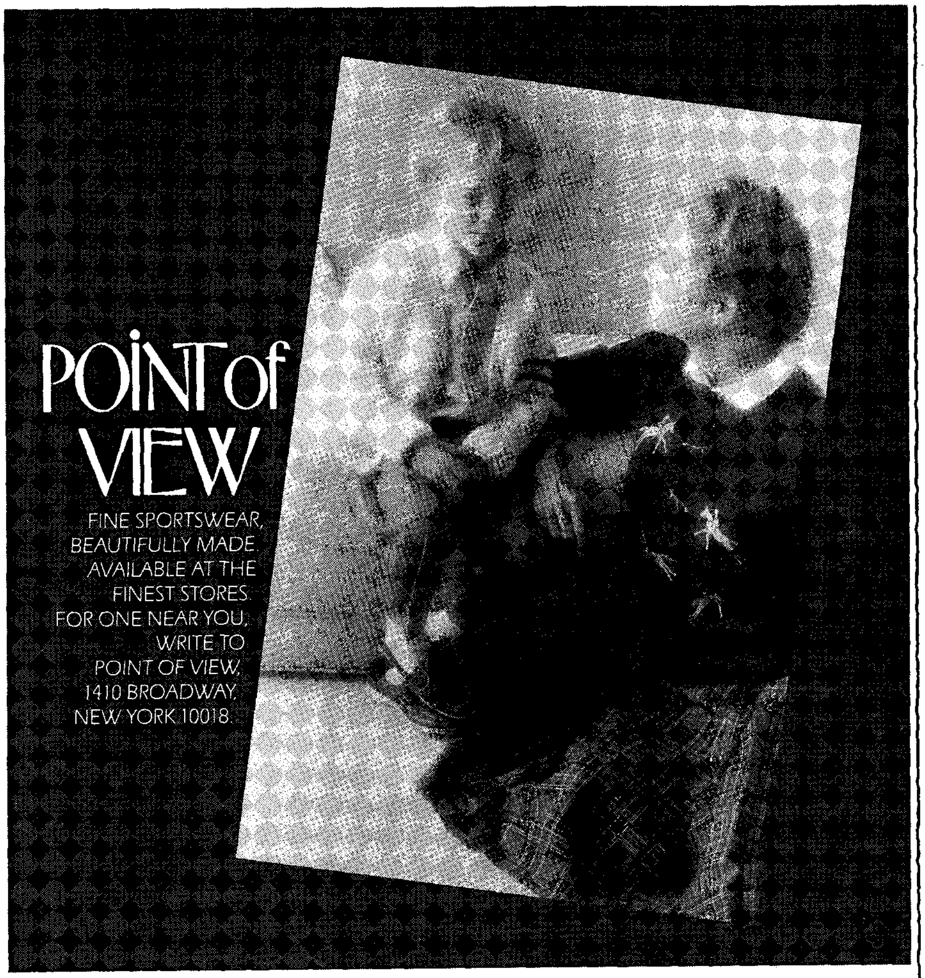

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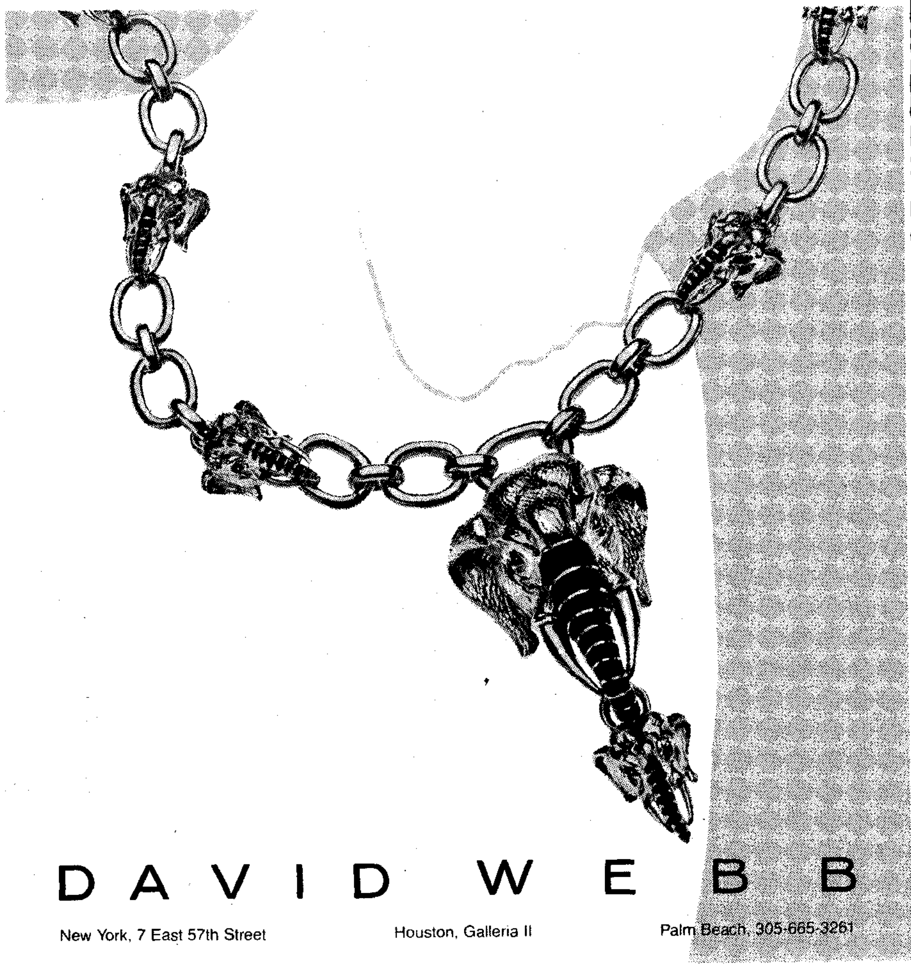

DAVID WEBB

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an identifying blue dot on it with a felt pen and tucked it away in his locker. "I'll write in the details this winter, back home," he explained. "After we've won."

This kind of reward—the clarity of a fine performance and a close game well won—did not come to us fans at the very end this year. The weary Dodgers, as I have written, were appropriately happy, if not ecstatic, with their championship when it arrived at last, and I don't think they much cared that the Yankees played so poorly in the final game, back at the Stadium, which went to the Dodgers by 9–2. But even Dodger fans might have preferred a classier termination. Burt Hooton pitched strongly enough and won, and Guerrero hit a single and a triple and a homer, and the Dodgers broke it open with three runs in the fifth and four more in the sixth, against the Yankees' suddenly paper-like middle relievers, including Ron Davis. The Yankees did almost nothing well there at the end, which leaves us with a most unsatisfactory residue of questions. Why did Bob Lemon throw away his most experienced, most resolute starting pitcher, Tommy John, for a pinch-hitter (and to no end) in the fourth inning, when the game was still tied, 1–1, and when it had already been made plain that his bullpen was not to be relied upon? Why did Lemon persist in marooning Dave Winfield in the No. 3 slot of the batting order throughout the Series when Dave, who had fielded and run and hit so well all summer, was clearly no longer himself and could only flail helplessly at the ball (he went one for twenty-two in the Series) from the depths of his late-season slump? Why was Jackson, by then almost entirely recovered from his injury, not in the lineup in the third game, when his left-side power might have made the difference against Valenzuela's screwball? And so on. Who was really running the Yankees this fall, and why did this Yankee team never remind us of its famous predecessors, whose skills and money and reputation were always less, one understood in the end, than their fearsome manly pride? I think I know the answer to *that* question, but this is not the sort of baseball speculation I enjoy. It will bring very little comfort in the months just ahead, while we must wait and wonder what new hopes and pleasures we may rediscover in the game in its coming, badly needed springtime.

—ROGER ANGELL

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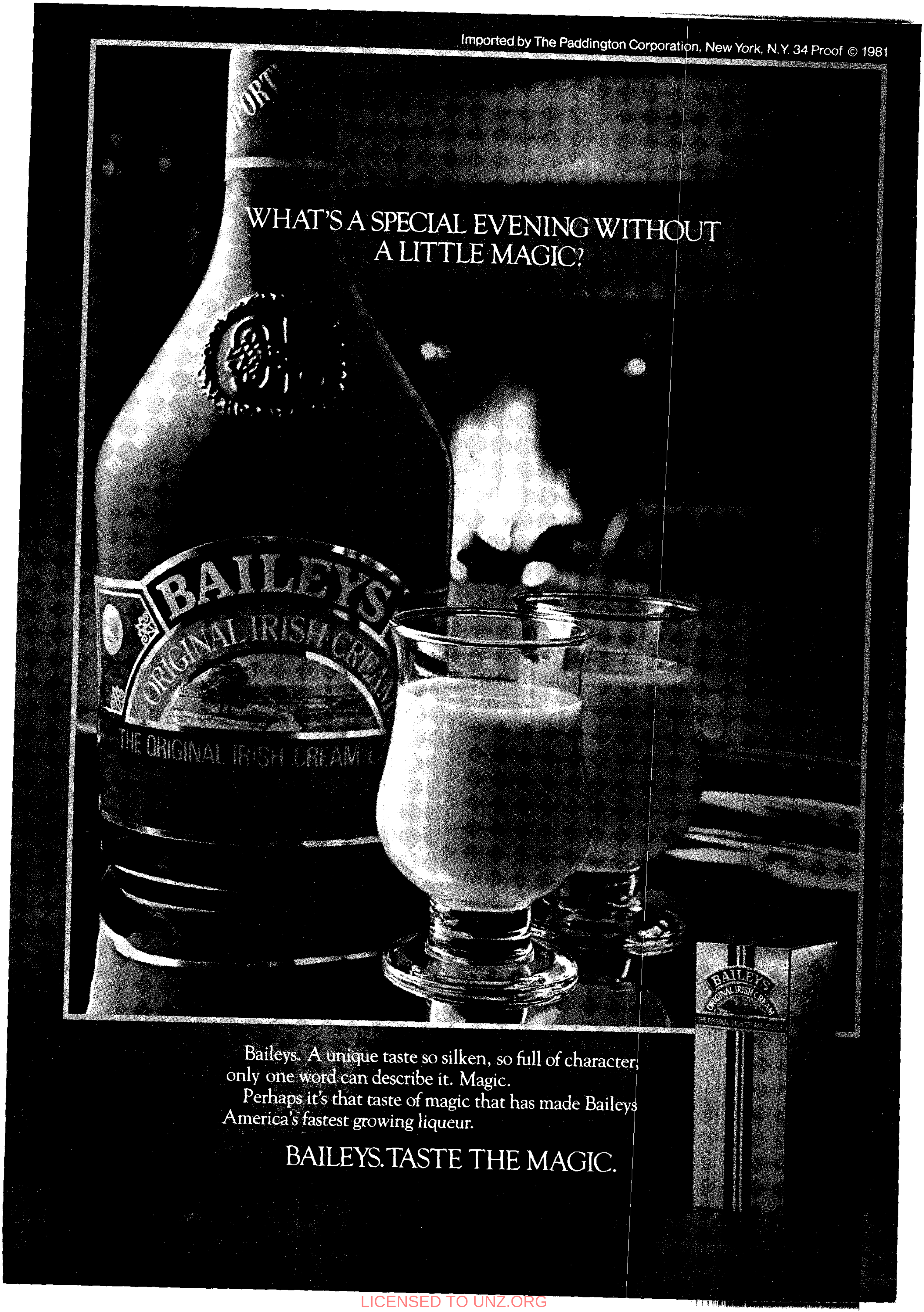
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THE THEATRE

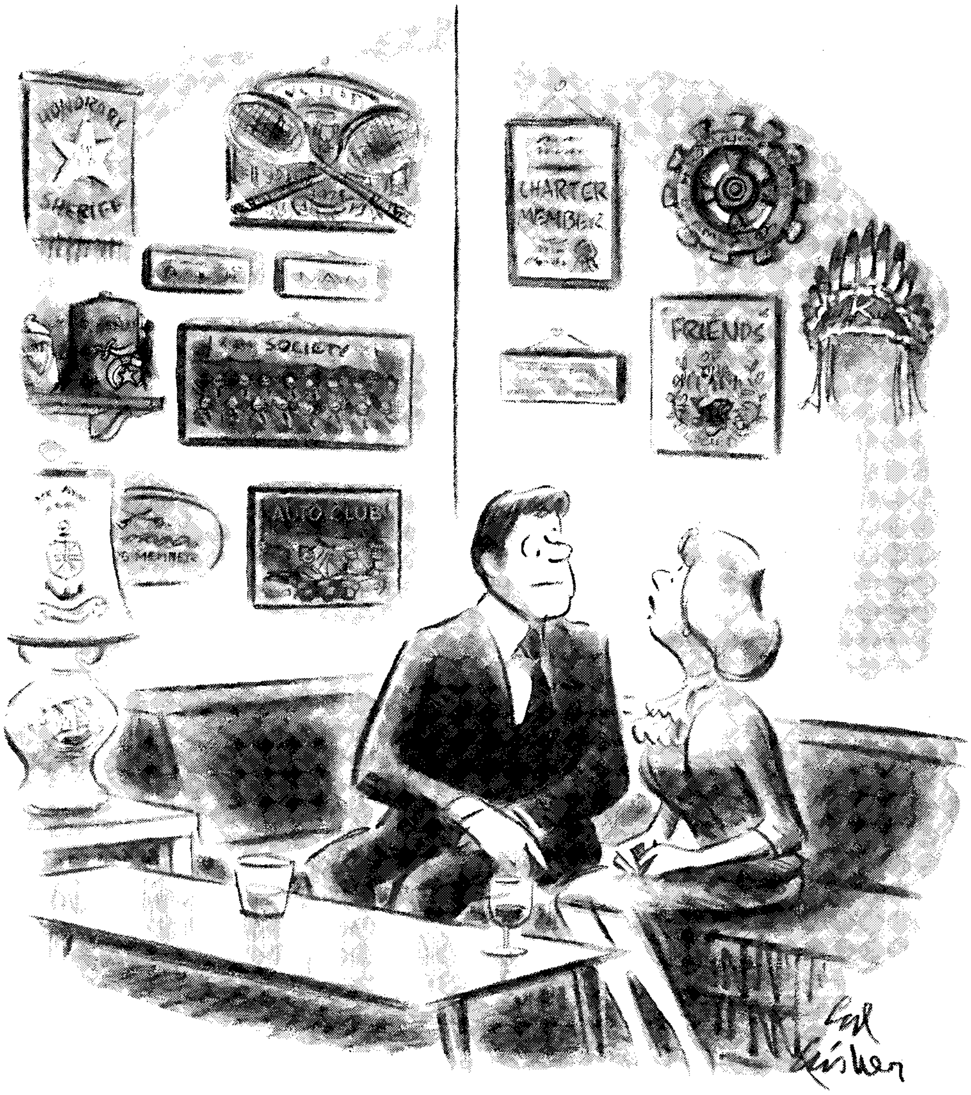
Cloned

“The West Side Waltz” (at the Ethel Barrymore) is that very old-fashioned kind of theatre piece—a vehicle. It has been designed and manufactured to show Katharine Hepburn off to the best possible advantage, and the pleasure she takes in uttering her lines is infectious: we find ourselves smiling and nodding our heads in recognition not because a character named Margaret Mary Elderdice has some pungent remarks to make about the nature of the human condition but because Miss Hepburn has been known to make such remarks. From time to time, indeed, we hear word-for-word echoes of opinions that Miss Hepburn has expressed with characteristic robustness over the years in newspaper, magazine, and TV interviews. The playwright, Ernest Thompson, has given Mrs. Elderdice a greater age, greater infirmities, and perhaps a sharper and more impatient tongue than Miss Hepburn possesses, but the similarities between the written character and the actress embodying her are far more numerous than the differences. For a while, I found amusement in this feat of surgico-dramaturgic cloning, but by the end of the play it had come to seem a form of cheating, and not alone of the audience but of the star as well. For Miss Hepburn isn’t some mere celebrity, to be placed on exhibition in what amounts to a cage; what I missed on her behalf was the opportunity for her talent, intelligence, and grace to be put at the disposal of a work of art that would challenge the accumulated skills of a lifetime of performance. Plainly, “The West Side Waltz” isn’t that work of art; it is a harmless little comedy, filled with synthetic one-liners instead of true dialogue. Professionally, it marks a step backward for the author of “On Golden Pond.”

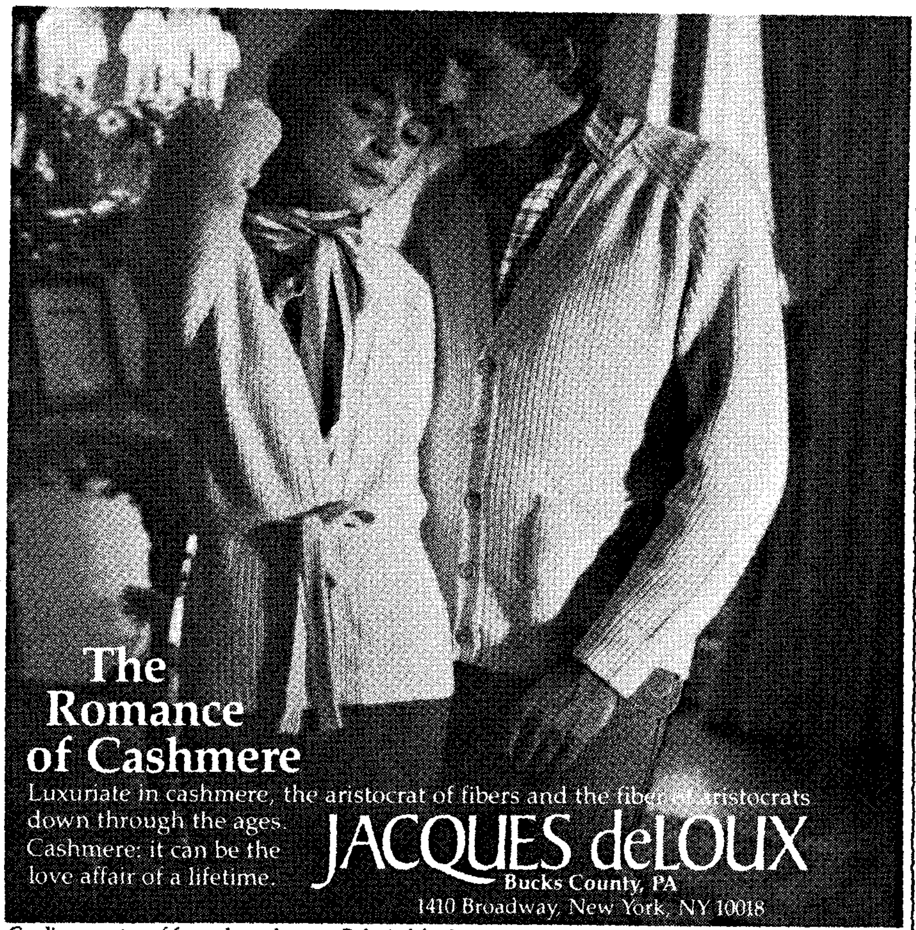
Since Mrs. Elderdice speaks from personal knowledge of the turn of the century, we must assume that she is in her eighties, though she admits to but seventy. A widow, she lives in a roomy, comfortable apartment on the upper West Side, where, until deafness and lameness overtook her, she gave piano lessons to generations of young aspirants. Being an exceptionally proud and strong-minded old lady, she resists an attempt by another tenant in the building to cultivate a close friendship with her. This tenant, Cara Varnum—played with admirable delicacy and humor by Dorothy Loudon—is a middle-aged spinster whose best friend is her cat and who valiantly seeks to achieve a mastery of the violin. Mrs. Elderdice bullies her, but they enjoy playing waltzes together. Cara is shocked when Mrs. Elderdice arranges to have a young woman of uncertain origin and still more uncertain disposition serve as her paid, live-in companion. The young woman calls herself Robin Bird and is hoping to become an actress; her past has been strewn with troubles, not the least of them being a husband who turned out to be homosexual. Regina Baff is excellent as Robin; she brings a remarkable degree of conviction to a role—the young woman as a kooky outsider—that male playwrights keep reinventing, play after play. Mrs. Elderdice, Cara, and Robin exist as if in an armed camp, interrupted on occasion by a Rumanian superintendent (David Margulies), whose function is to extract laughs from us as a dentist might extract teeth. The fifth and last member of the cast is a young Jewish lawyer named Glen Dabrinsky, who falls in love with Robin; he, too, is as funny as a dentist. (Super to lawyer: “Are you a Communist?” Lawyer to super: “No, I’m a Libra.”)

“The West Side Waltz” has been given a handsome production, with an amusingly realistic set by Ben Edwards (the Beaux Arts windows and balcony railing of Mrs. Elderdice’s living room have been borrowed straight from Riverside Drive), costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lighting by Thomas Skelton. The direction is by Noel Willman.

—Brendan Gill



“I’m sorry, Bert, but I’m just not a joiner.”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OFTEN, when an atonal composer gives up atonality to return to the age-old language of music his work becomes uninteresting, revealing a lack of talent obscured by the cacophony of his former works. This is not true of George Rochberg, who has returned to tonality, and whose musical ideas remain interesting and expressive. Rochberg has not entirely left his previous manner of writing, but he now allows tonal melody to creep into episodes of his work. His Quintet for Piano and Strings has been recorded by the Concord String Quartet, with Alan Marks, piano (Nonesuch N-78011; single disc). On the whole, it is a beautiful composition, improving as it goes along, and it is a valuable contribution to contemporary American music.

At last, electronic music is becoming more than a demonstration of tricks, and is entering the field of genuine music. Some of its recent products—all short pieces by various composers—are to be heard on a recording called "The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music" (Nonesuch NB-78007; single). None of them are great music, but they are at least worth listening to.

A digital recording of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra in the principal roles, has appeared (London Digital LDR 73002; six sides). The chorus is the London Opera Chorus, and the orchestra is the Philharmonia Orchestra, under the baton of Richard Bonynge. Mr. Pavarotti makes a rather stentorian Alfredo, and, as usual, Miss Sutherland's Italian diction leaves something to be desired, but both singers are in good voice, and it is worthwhile to have a digital version of "La Traviata." Mr. Bonynge uses agreeable rubatos, which he has learned from bel-canto opera, and the result is a pleasant departure from the old, rigid Toscanini style.

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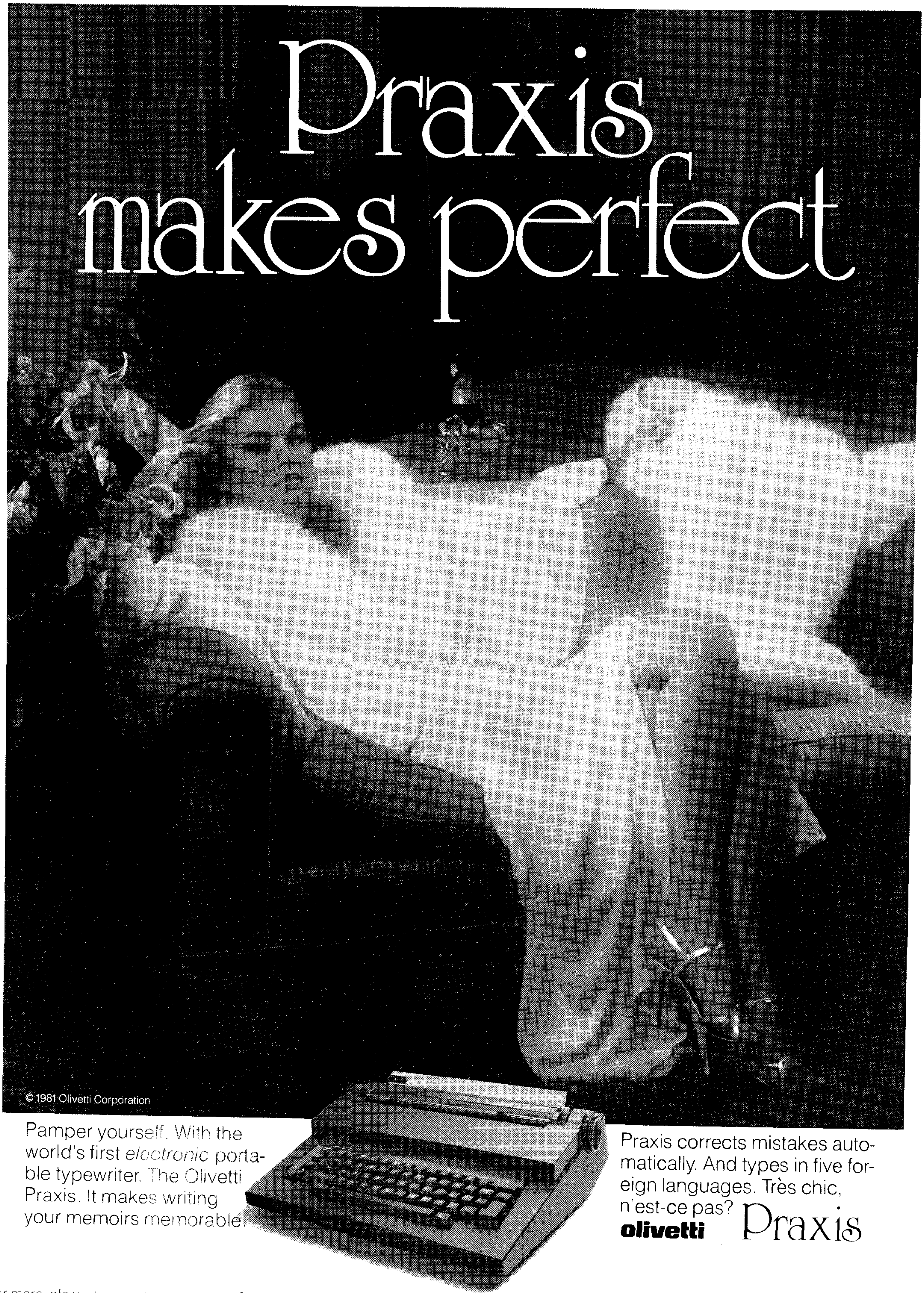

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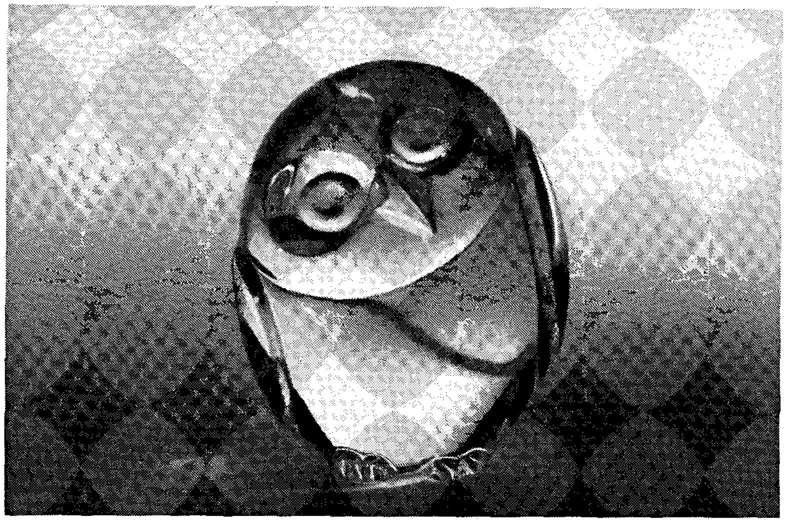

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"La Mantovana" is the title of a disc containing airs and dances of the early Baroque period, performed by the London Early Music Group, with Paul Elliott, tenor, and with James Tyler conducting (Nonesuch H-71392). The instruments include mandora, violin, viola, cello, bass dulcian, harpsichord, theorbo, guitar, and others of the period, and there are some vocal pieces. Although the items recorded represent an early era, they have a quaint beauty that will charm any listener.

Charles Schwartz, an American composer, has ventured into the perilous realm of combining jazz and classical music. Two discs represent his efforts. One, "Mother—! Mother—!! A Jazz Symphony," involves some pretty ear-splitting jazz (Pablo Records 2312-115). The other, "Professor Jive," consists of satirical music, terribly restless, sometimes witty, sometimes just noisy (Inner City Records IC 1015).

Schubert's Sonata in A Major, Opus Posthumous D. 959, is performed by Ludwig Olshansky, piano (Monitor MCS 2164; single). Olshansky is a sensitive pianist, and the work is given an excellent reading.

The only available recording of John Dowland's (1563-1626) "A Pilgrimes Solace" has been made by The Consort of Musicke, with instruments of the period (Editions de l'Oiseau-Lyre DSLO 585-6; four sides). The Consort is directed by Anthony Rooley, who also plays the lute. This recording gives overdue attention to an interesting British composition of the early Baroque, and the performance is very fine.

English songs by Ivor Gurney, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Frederick Delius, and Peter Warlock make up a small anthology of infrequently recorded items, sung by Ian Partridge, tenor, with Jennifer Partridge at the piano (Peters PLE 136/7; four sides). Mr. Partridge sings these pieces with sensitive musicianship and considerable dramatic fervor.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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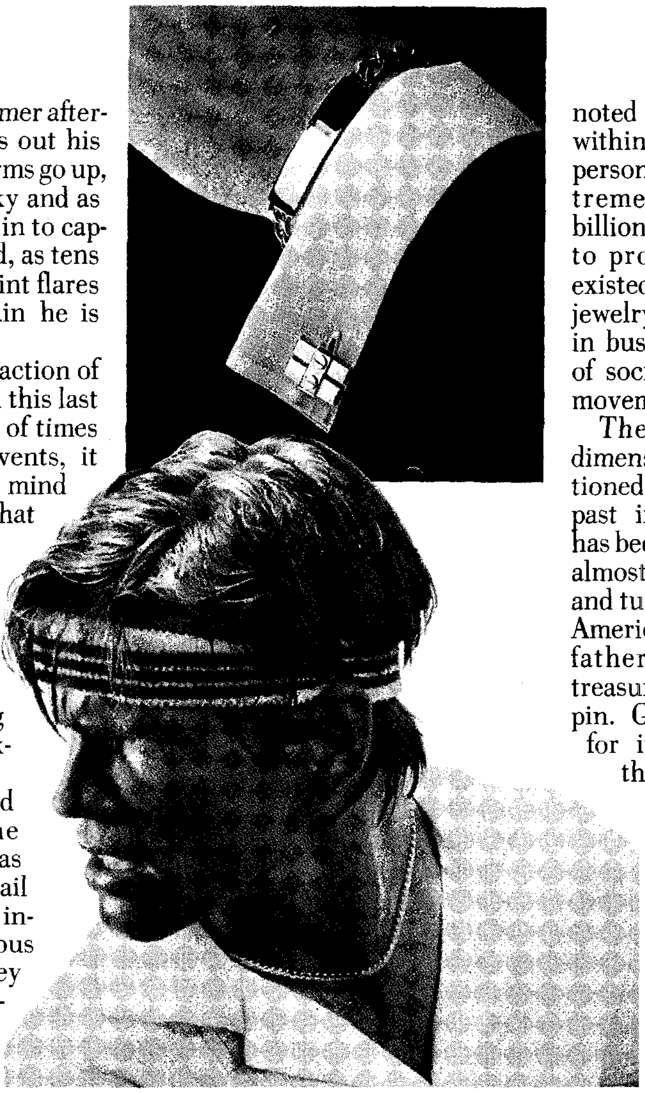


In the fading hour of a summer afternoon, a tennis star hammers out his match-winning volley. The arms go up, the racquet is flung to the sky and as the television cameras move in to capture the scene in close-up and, as tens of millions watch, a bright glint flares from the 14-Karat gold chain he is wearing around his neck.

It is probable that only a fraction of the audience actually noticed this last part but, repeated thousands of times in thousands of sporting events, it does begin to register on the mind and it is the kind of thing that starts trends.

Spurred by its popularity among athletes, entertainers and other male role-models, Karat Gold Jewelry, long considered a province of the distaff side, is rapidly being seen as an elegant way to express masculinity.

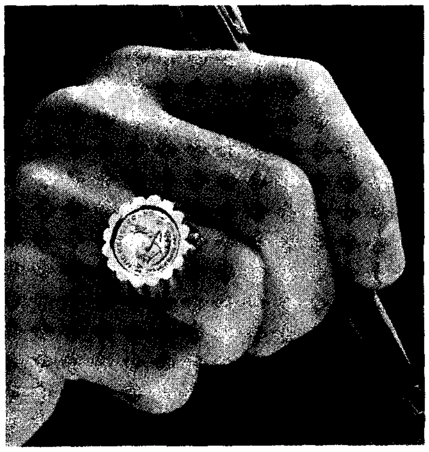
Exactly when this trend started is not clear and the strength of this new affinity has not yet been measured, but retail jewelers do report substantial increases in sales over previous years and a nationwide survey by a prominent men's magazine has found that over fifty percent of its readers now favor the wearing of jewelry.

Currently the pieces most preferred by men are neck chains and rings, followed by watches and, in many cases, the newly popular gold coin jewelry. Pendants and ID bracelets are also much admired and many jewelers see a good potential for cuff links.

The psychology behind the phenomenon is still to be fully explained; some articles allude to a "self" syndrome, about which much has been written in recent years; others suggest a simpler "macho" motivation popularized in part by the current Cinema. Leaving this obviously complex analysis to some future psychologist, it can be noted that this appears to be a trend within a trend; the market for men's personal grooming products has grown tremendously, reaching over $1.5 billion in 1980, with at least half going to product categories that hardly existed before. The wearing of gold jewelry by men, now widely accepted in business as well as in most levels of society, is certainly a part of this movement.

There is, of course, a historical dimension that should also be mentioned. There have been periods in the past in which gold jewelry for men has been popular. Centuries ago, it was almost exclusively reserved for men, and turning to a more recent era, most Americans can still remember a grandfather or great-grandfather who treasured his gold watch chain or tie pin. Gold's lure, and man's affinity for it, though varying in degrees through the ages, are unquestionably eternal.

Finally, as a generation grown up largely in beads and blue jeans turns to gold and worsteds, one marvels at the degree of commitment to this new fashion on the part of some of the trend setters themselves. Observing the frequent change of pitchers in close-up on television in a recent All-Star baseball game was almost like watching a gold chain fashion show. Meanwhile, major league basketball, a more contact-intensive sport, has even had to prohibit the wearing of jewelry among its players to prevent injuries. Still, at least one player has already threatened to defy this; he plans to wear his ankle bracelets under his socks.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNDERCLASS—III

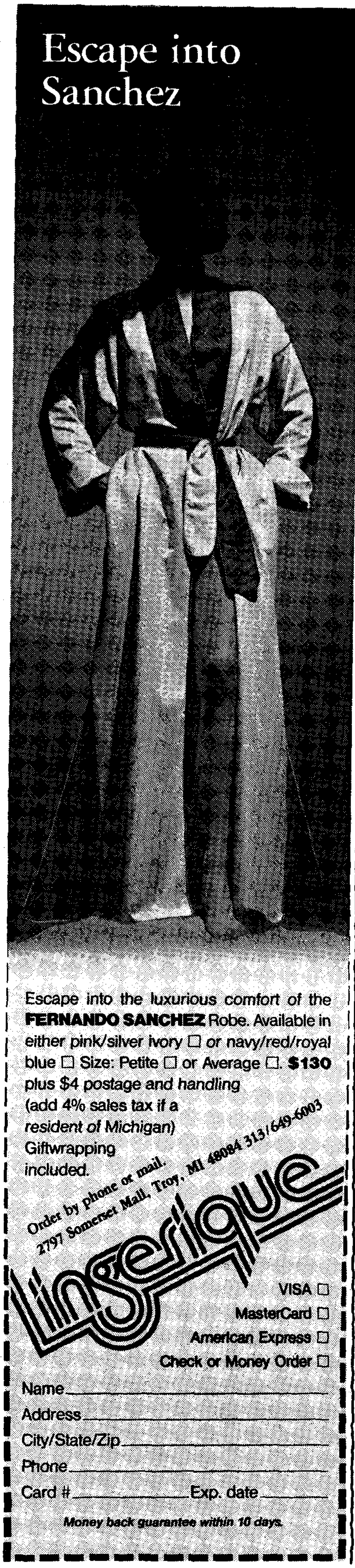
FOR Willy Joe, a former drug addict and street criminal, the program known as supported work failed; for Pearl Dawson, a longtime welfare recipient, it succeeded. For the twenty-four other members of the underclass who enrolled in the Wildcat Skills Training Center's basic typing 27 in 1979-80, and whose successes and failures I have tried to follow, the results were similarly mixed. But the program brought several questions into focus. What works for the underclass and why? Is the public subsidy, averaging five thousand seven hundred dollars for each supported worker, justified? And what of those people, like Willy Joe, who fail? Should there be some other social program that attempts to assist them? What would this cost? Could any program supply the self-confidence and the motivation that Joe lacks? Can a program be devised to reach and calm traumatized people like Aubrey Powers, who suddenly flare up and attack instructors? Could any social program pay its participants enough to divert someone like John Painter, a twenty-year-old trainee who found he could earn more than his Wildcat salary—a hundred and five dollars a week—through hustling and crime? Or temper the hostility of someone like Cecil Breeden, in the West Virginia supported-work program? Are we willing to accept failure? Or, to put this question another way, how do we define success?

Some of these questions have no clear answer. Others were asked, and to some extent answered, in what the Wildcat program's sponsor, the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation (M.D.R.C.), a New York-based nonprofit corporation, which designed the supported-work experiment, called "one of the largest social experiments ever conducted in the United States." The experiment focussed on the underclass, a group of perhaps nine million Americans. While students of poverty differ on the size and origins of the underclass, they generally agree that this group experiences both income and behavioral difficulties. It is made up of street criminals and hustlers (who may not be poor), people for whom welfare has become the only known way of life, traumatized ex-mental patients—people who are cut off from organized society and the world of work. The twenty-six members of BT-27 were part of an eighty-two-million-dollar supported-work program stretching over five years at fifteen locations around the nation. (Six more sites were eventually added.) Eleven million dollars of this sum was earmarked for research, most of it in the form of contracts with Mathematica Policy Research, a social-science research corporation in Princeton, and the Institute for Research on Poverty, at the University of Wisconsin. Between 1975 and 1978, ten thousand forty-three people enrolled in the national program. The researchers kept track of six thousand six hundred and sixteen members of the underclass, half of whom were enrolled in supported work, and half of whom were eligible for it but were used as a control group. The reason for this elaborate research design was explained by the M.D.R.C. in a five-year summary of the supported-work experiment published in February of 1980:

> Too many costly federal programs had been established and expanded without adequate information about their effectiveness. Supported work sought to change this process: to acquire knowledge before legislators had to decide whether a demonstration should be expanded into a national program.

The mixed results of the Wildcat class I followed, in Manhattan, mirror those throughout the country. About a third of the welfare recipients, ex-addicts, ex-offenders, and young people who entered the twelve-month supported-work program went on to unsubsidized jobs or returned to public school. People find that result either good or bad, depending on their standard of measurement. In any case, an accurate assessment of such data requires an awareness of the traps involved in making sociological measurements. For instance, Richard Harris, Wildcat's assistant vice-president for operations, told me, "Our placement rates in December of 1979 were seven-

"Actually, it's ***three*** *and twenty blackbirds and a grackle."*



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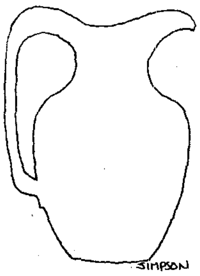
ty-eight per cent.” That is true if the figure includes only the placement of those who completed a year of supported work. Since the average stay in supported-work programs is under seven months, the majority of those who enroll are obviously not placed in jobs. (A third are.) Another way to look at the data is to claim that the apparent rate of failure is in fact an exaggeration, since it ignores those who—like Leon Harris, Gladys Miller, and Ramon Lopez, who were enrolled in the Wildcat program—abandoned supported work but found full-time jobs on their own. And, of course, there is the ambiguous definition of “success.” One could say that the high per-capita cost of the program and the program’s national dropout rate of seventy per cent represented failure, as such a percentage would if one were grading ordinary students, or one could say that these are not ordinary students, and that a different definition of success and failure is therefore required.

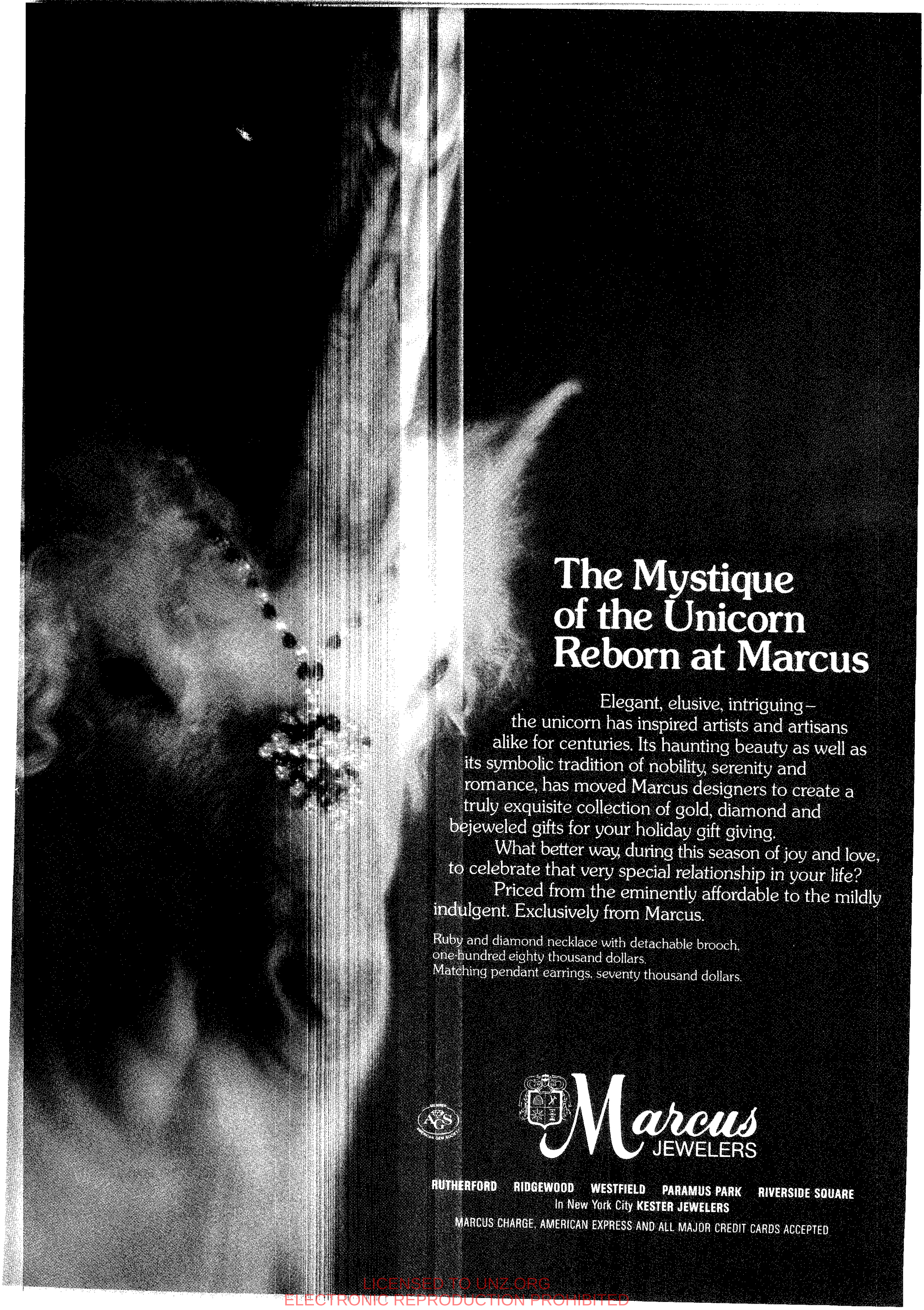
The M.D.R.C. naturally favors the broader definition of success. The corporation came to believe that such a one-year intervention program was unlikely to alter lifelong habits, attitudes, insecurities, and patterns of behavior. “Given its experimental purpose and the severe handicaps of the groups to whom the program addressed itself, it was not expected that supported work would be successful with all or even a majority of its target groups,” the M.D.R.C.’s five-year summary said. The program was designed, the summary pointed out, not just to produce the best numbers but to “learn which group benefitted more, which less, and which not at all.” The quest was for information as well as for results. After five years, the M.D.R.C. found that for two of the four target groups—ex-addicts and mothers receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.)—“the benefits exceed the costs.” The benefits include a reduced reliance on welfare, reduced crime, and the conversion of some people from tax-consuming to taxpaying citizens. The results among ex-offenders were “inconclusive;” that is, there was no measurable benefit. For youths who had dropped out of school, supported work failed, with the costs clearly outweighing the benefits.

Of the four targeted groups, it was the A.F.D.C. mothers who benefitted most from supported work. The typical mother enrolled in the program was thirty-four years old and unmarried (only three per cent had husbands during their time in the program), was a school dropout (fewer than a third had completed high school), had not held a full-time job in at least two years (only twenty-five per cent had), had been on welfare an average of eight and a half years, and was black or Hispanic (only five per cent were not). To be eligible for supported work, a mother was required to have been on welfare for thirty of the past thirty-six months, to have no children under six, and to have limited or no work experience. About forty per cent of these mothers finished the training program and went on to regular employment. Their average attendance in the program was almost ninety per cent, compared with about eighty per cent for the three other groups; only twelve per cent were dismissed from the program for poor performance—compared with thirty-eight per cent of other groups. The employment rate in the two years or so following participation in the program was about twenty per cent higher for those enrolled than for those in the control group, and their earnings were almost fifty per cent greater. By extrapolating future earnings and reduced dependency, the M.D.R.C. concluded that over the mother’s working life “supported work generates an estimated $8,150 more in resources per participant than it uses up.”



Among A.F.D.C. mothers, the biggest impediment to success was a lack of self-confidence. Howard Smith, who taught a class known as life skills in the Wildcat program, made this point when he observed of a student named Denise Brown on graduation day, “She became afraid. She suddenly realized how comfortable the training center was.” Gary Walker, the M.D.R.C.’s senior vice-president, testified before a Senate subcommittee in March of last year that twenty-five per cent of the A.F.D.C. mothers in supported work “could or would not go to a regular job.” This fear is not hard to fathom when one meets women who have rarely worked, have rarely left their homes, and are accustomed to having their lives organized by welfare.

To try to understand why the program worked best for A.F.D.C.



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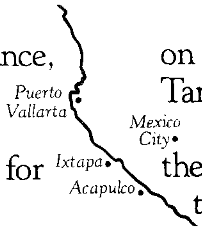

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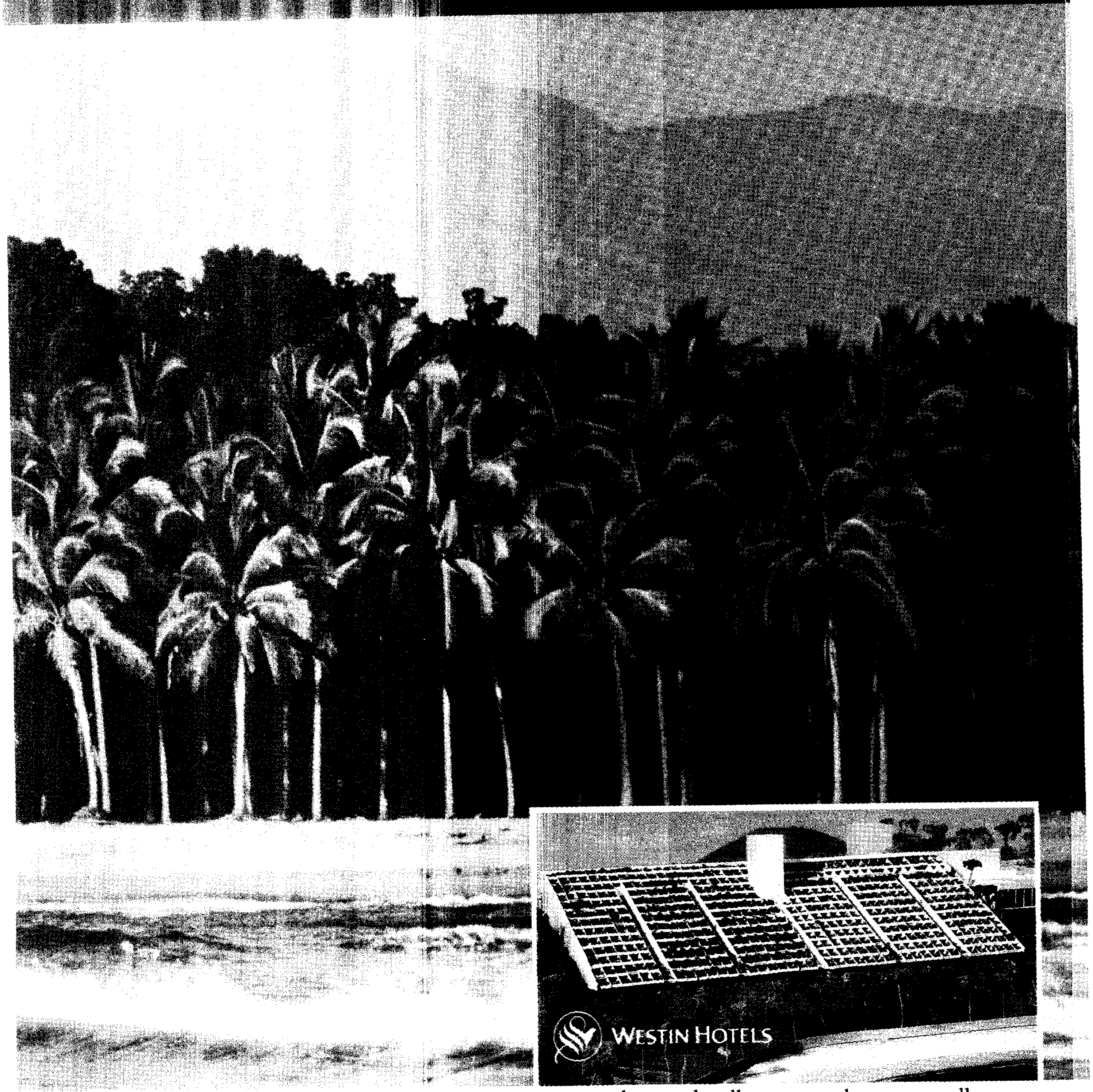

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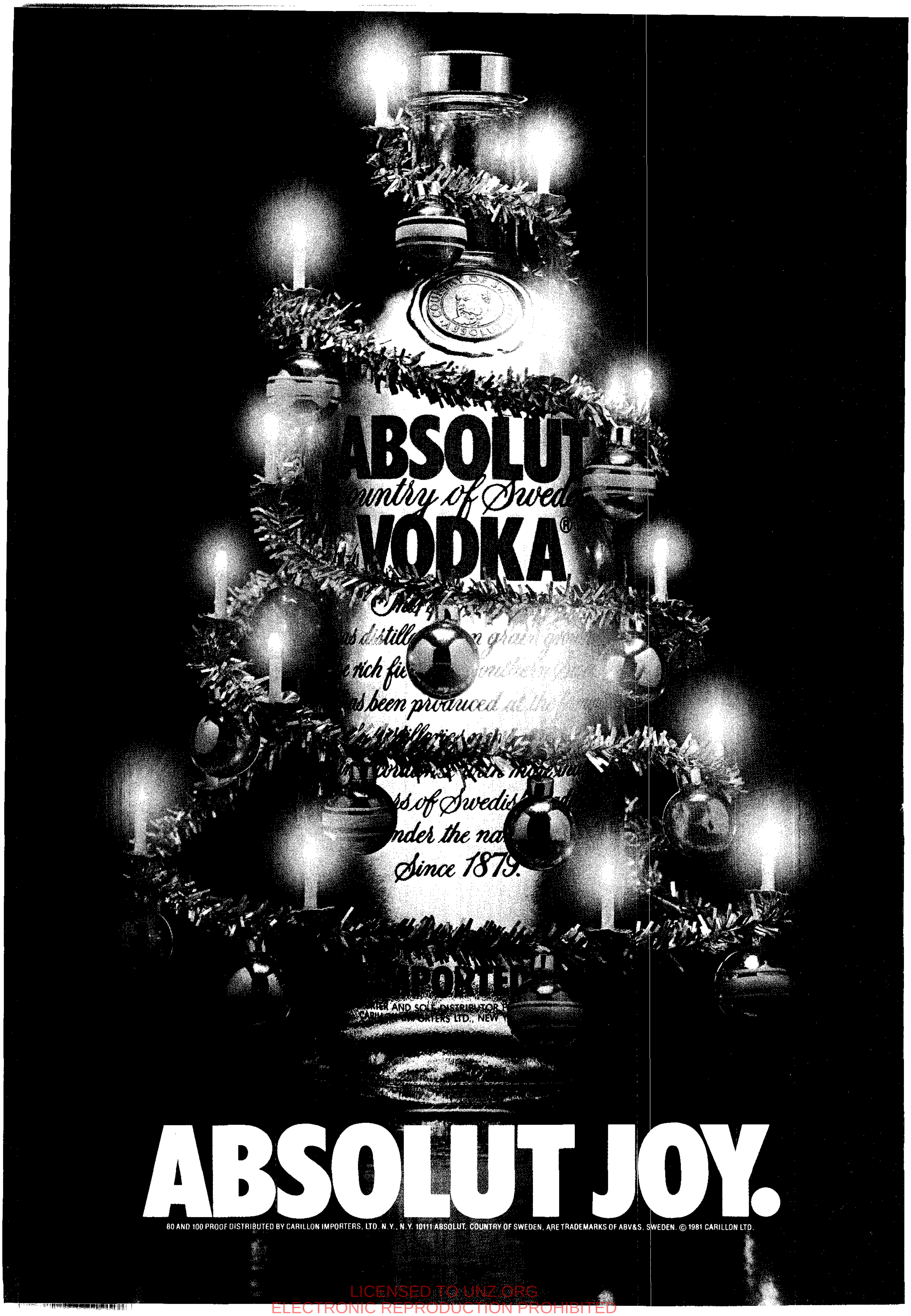
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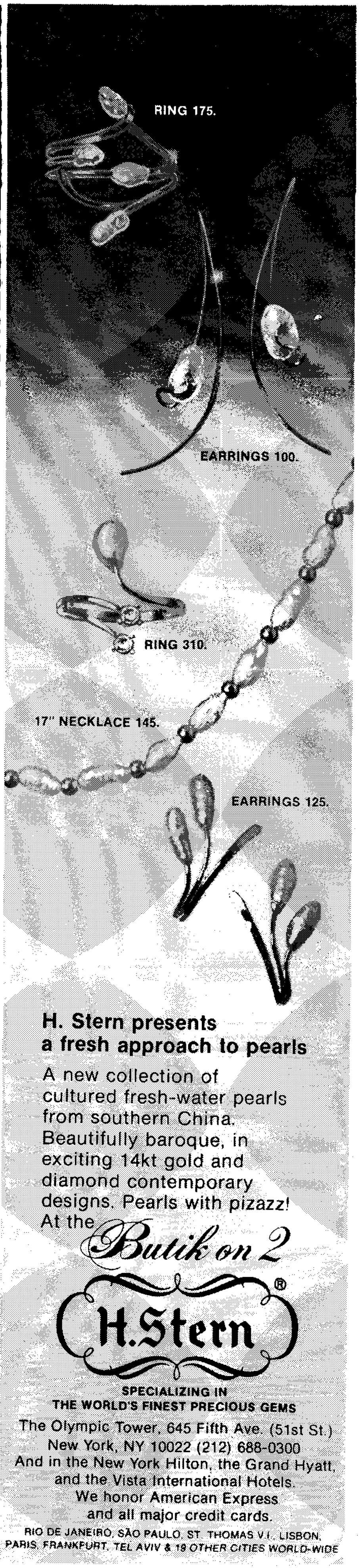
mothers, the M.D.R.C. sent a team of interviewers in late 1979 to talk to women who had been enrolled. Why, they wanted to learn, did some of the women give up, while others did not? Martha Ritter, one of the interviewers and an M.D.R.C. consultant, concluded that A.F.D.C. mothers fell into four general groups. The most successful group, she wrote in a summary of her impressions, was made up of women who "made a conscious decision to break out of a day-to-day existence and were doggedly determined to develop a skill or at least to acquire the work experience they knew was necessary to enter the regular job market." For them, money was not the key aspect of a job. What mattered more was the sense that others counted on their work—that they were helping people. Supported work allowed them to "gradually defeat the frequently paralytic fears of entering or reentering the labor market." Such a woman was Pearl Dawson, who successfully completed the Wildcat program. A second group, Miss Ritter wrote, had similar desires, but luck was not on their side: "Misfortune befell them as soon as they hit the regular job market. Some faced intolerable working conditions. Straining physical labor produced incapacitating injuries; age, sex, and race discrimination wiped out others." A third group was motivated primarily by a desire to earn money, Miss Ritter said. Constantly searching for higher pay, they cared less about their job performance or their pride and tended to "roam from job to job—usually with no benefits—always looking for higher wages." She went on, "They find dependence on welfare generally acceptable as a tolerable resting place between more remunerative activities." These women sometimes encountered obstacles beyond their control, but they differed from the second group in that "they, themselves, also serve as obstacles to a secure job," she wrote, adding, "An exaggerated sense of victimization, along with health problems, a general disdain for supported work, and an acceptance of welfare all contribute to the fluid character of their working lives." Gladys Miller, for example, an ex-addict in the Wildcat program, had an "exaggerated sense of victimization." The final group was made up of women who remained on welfare. "They seem overwhelmed by the everyday workings of the world," Miss Ritter wrote. "Their homes reflect the disorder of their lives and their removal from daily affairs. They often fear for their lives and those of their children. They are deeply passive and accept welfare as a stable feature in their lives." Such a person was Jean Madison, an East Harlem mother with twenty-nine children, who has been on welfare more years than she can remember, and who told me, "You get used to it."

d.ehrenberg

Wildcat and the supported-work program in general tried to offer these mothers work skills and new habits along with counselling and the support of their classmates. But, as Eric Lax, another of the interviewers, noted, participants needed to have the right attitude. "If there is one word that can summarize what got those supported workers who are now working through the program and into the work force, it is 'responsibility,' " Lax's report concluded. "Dozens of people we interviewed said virtually the same thing a young man in Newark told me: 'If you want to work, the program is there for you. But you've got to want to do it for yourself.' I do not think it is oversimplifying matters to suggest that A.F.D.C. mothers had the highest placement rate in large measure because they wanted something better for themselves and for their children. . . . Supported work works for those people who want to change their lives, are willing to work at it, and who get a couple of good breaks along the way. It is quite possible that the most important of the three, in the long run, is the breaks: a good supervisor; a job on a crew doing work that is enjoyable; a chance for a good job after leaving the program."

The second target group that the M.D.R.C. judged a success was made up of ex-addicts. The typical ex-addict was twenty-eight, unmarried, male (twenty per cent were female), a school dropout (fewer than thirty per cent had finished high school), had worked ten weeks the previous year, was on welfare when he enrolled (eighty per cent), had been arrested (ninety per cent), had served an average of a hundred and twenty-nine weeks in jail, and was black or Hispanic (only one out of seven was not). To be eligible for supported work, the



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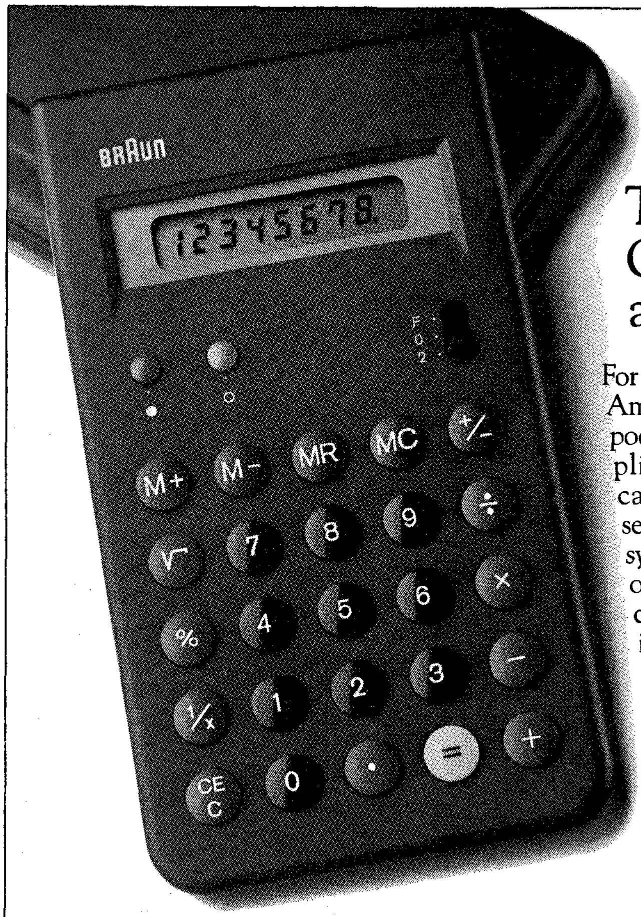

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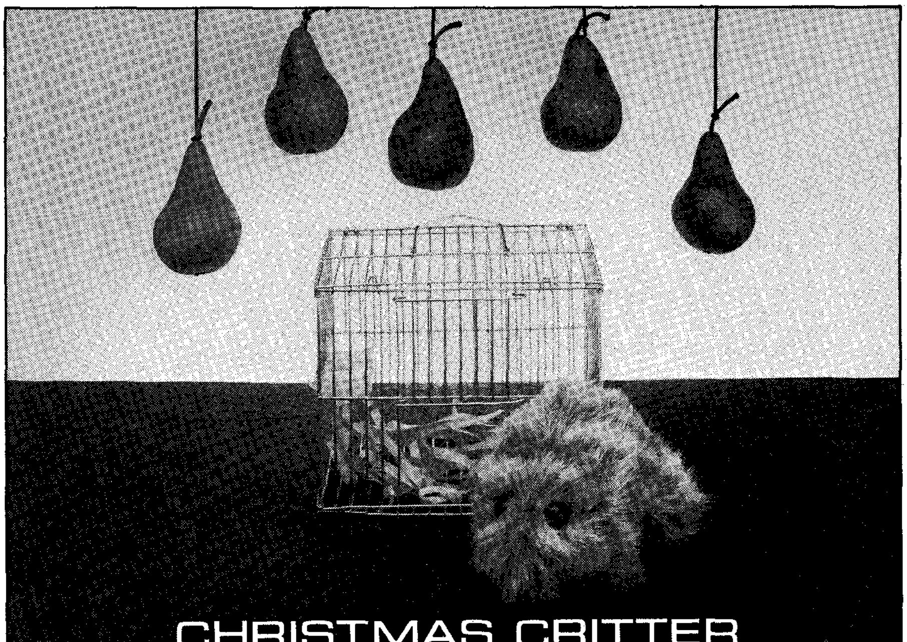

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ex-addict had to be currently enrolled in a drug-treatment program or to have been enrolled in one during the previous six months. The M.D.R.C.'s five-year summary concluded, "During and after the time when the ex-addicts were in the supported-work program, they were involved in substantially less criminal activity than the control group." Their public-assistance payments went down and their employment went up. Although only twenty-three per cent of the ex-addicts went on to full-time employment—the lowest percentage among the four target groups—they were judged a success compared with the poor performance of their control group, which trailed the three other control groups. In all, over the ex-addicts' anticipated working life the benefits—reduced crime, reduced welfare, and increased employment—exceeded the costs by four thousand three hundred and forty-five dollars per participant. There were disappointments, however. The experiment "did not have a significant influence on the ex-addicts' use of drugs," the report noted. "The unemployed members of the sample show only a slightly higher use of drugs than those employed, and in the final nine months of the study this is actually reversed." Thus, as was true of Wildcat's Henry Rivera and Michael Mathews, it may be wishful thinking to call them "ex-addicts."

Obviously, the nation's economy played a part in determining the success not only of ex-addicts but also of all other members of the underclass and the much larger number of those who live in poverty. In the nineteen-seventies, for instance, the official poverty count shrank impressively (except in two periods of recession, 1974-75 and 1979-80). A recession coupled with a high inflation rate drove four million more Americans into poverty in 1980. And President Reagan's sizable cuts in federal income-transfer programs—along with a lagging economy that may not respond to his tax-cutting plans, and may force deeper budget cuts—could increase the number of poor people still further. But among ex-addicts in the supported-work experiment—as among the underclass in general—the effects of the national economy should not be overstated. Failure, the M.D.R.C. found, often resulted from bad attitudes, rather than from constricted job opportunities.

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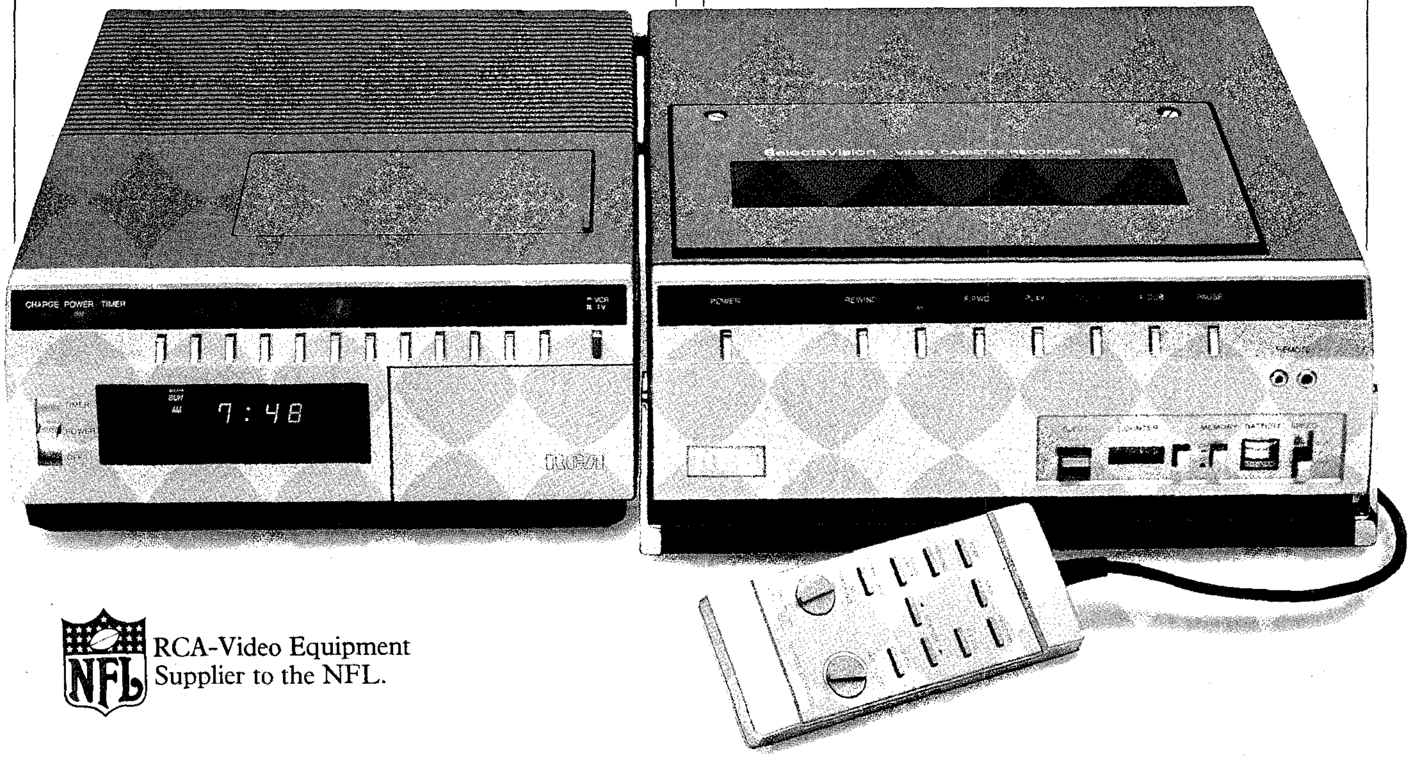

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mental as well as physical. In Smith's judgment, Henry Rivera would be capable of holding a regular job if he could stop leaning on drugs. Paul Weber, who was a white supported worker with Jersey City's Community Help Corporation, told me in an interview that his heroin intake rose while he was enrolled in the program, "because I was earning more money." Weber talked of having been a hustler, of once making an easy living on the streets. Other addicts and members of the underclass are simply traumatized —too far gone to reach—like Aubrey Powers, who was enrolled in the Wildcat program. Still others completed the supported-work program, got jobs, seemed on their way to a new life, and then slipped back onto heroin.

But supported work was deemed a success for ex-addicts primarily because, although their reliance on drugs did not abate, the program did provide a regular income, and so lessened their need to commit crime. In short, the program resulted in a trade-off: to achieve a lower crime rate, society was in effect exchanging money for drugs. This raises several provocative policy questions. The results of supported work suggest that society can marginally reduce drug-related crime, but can the federal government afford the billions it would cost? If the money were available, would the public be willing to subsidize the drug habits of addicts? If the public were willing to dispense drugs freely, should government any longer classify them as illegal? And if they were not illegal would government be putting its stamp of approval on the use of drugs? Whatever the answers, the most important lesson of the supported-work experiment among ex-addicts is that addiction is a behavioral as well as an income problem. Guaranteeing an addict a job does not necessarily reduce his use of drugs. Local program administrators tend to attribute whatever success they had with this population to the generally passive personalities of addicts.

Ex-offenders, on the other hand, are often hostile. For this reason, among others, the five-year summary judged supported work to be only a "marginal" success among them. The typical ex-offender was an unmarried black or Hispanic male, was twenty-five years old, had not completed high school (twenty-five per cent had), had rarely worked (thirty-nine per cent had not held a full-time job within the previous two years, and eleven per cent

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had never worked), had been arrested nine times, and had averaged two hundred weeks in prison. To be eligible for the program, the ex-offender had to have been imprisoned as a result of a conviction in the six months before his enrollment. Twenty-nine per cent of the ex-offenders went on to regular jobs, but, the M.D.R.C. reported, "while supported-work participants had a somewhat better employment and earnings record after twenty-seven months than the control group, the difference was not statistically significant. And, unlike the ex-addicts, the ex-offenders who had participated in the program did not show any reduction in criminal behavior." The benefits did not outweigh the costs. Welfare payments decreased among ex-offenders, but their crime and their drug use did not. They stayed in the program the briefest average period of the four target groups—five months and six days—and this drove their average per-capita cost up.

The ex-offenders' brief stay in the program highlights another reason for their disappointing results. "This most likely reflects unmet expectations with regard to work assignments, work settings, and wages, especially in comparison to the returns from criminal activity," the M.D.R.C. reported. For instance, John Hicks, a twenty-two-year-old member of BT-27, made more money selling narcotics outside Madison Square Garden than he could make attending Howard Smith's class. And many ex-offenders, like many A.F.D.C. mothers, were terrified of the everyday world—did not comprehend its workings. The M.D.R.C. report declared, "Perhaps most important was the uncertainty of this group that after completing the program they could find a permanent job and thereby have the option of breaking away from a life of crime." Like dependent mothers, ex-offenders often lack confidence, but it is usually a lack of confidence in society as well as in themselves—a feeling that they are permanently branded as outcasts. William Block, recalling the time he got out of prison, once told the life-skills class, "They offered me a security-guard role. I said, 'I'm on parole.' They said, 'Next.' "

The supported-work program clearly failed with the fourth group, school dropouts seventeen to twenty years old, half of whom also had to have a record of crime or delinquency. The typical youth was an eighteen-year-old male (males outnumbered females six to one) who had dropped out of school and run afoul of the law. Only twenty-six per cent moved from the program to a regular job—a number deemed inadequate in comparison to the control group, which got jobs at about the same rate without supported-work training. The M.D.R.C.'s judgment was unequivocal: "Supported work had no significant long-term impact on the earnings, employment, criminal activity, or drug abuse of the youth group. The program's benefits for youth fell short of its costs." Of the four groups, the most severe lateness and discipline problems were among the delinquent youths, and their attendance (averaging seventy-six per cent) was the worst.

Not surprisingly, the chief reason for their failure was found to be immaturity. Many of these young people were not searching for steady employment or careers, and they resisted discipline and regulations—one reason they may have left school. They were teen-agers—preferring to hang out, escape responsibility, say and do what they wanted when they wanted. But, unlike most teen-agers, the majority of these young people did not have two parents to rein them in, did not have a working male at home to emulate, and did not know how to accept supervision or orders. On the streets, they were their own bosses. Their failure represented a typical teen-age aversion to authority, but it also reflected poor teachers, and supervisors who didn't seem to care. As the M.D.R.C. summary stated, "many of the respondents claimed that the supervision was too lax."

One reason that the majority of those in all four targeted groups who entered the program failed to go on

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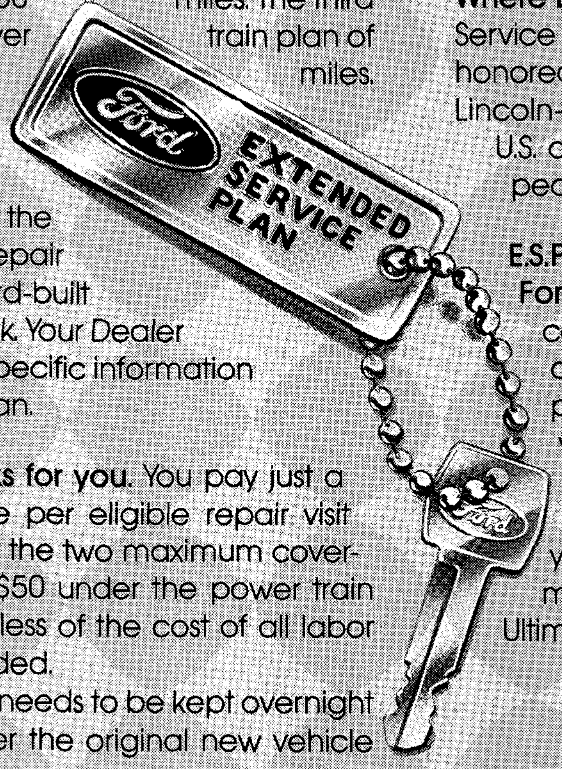

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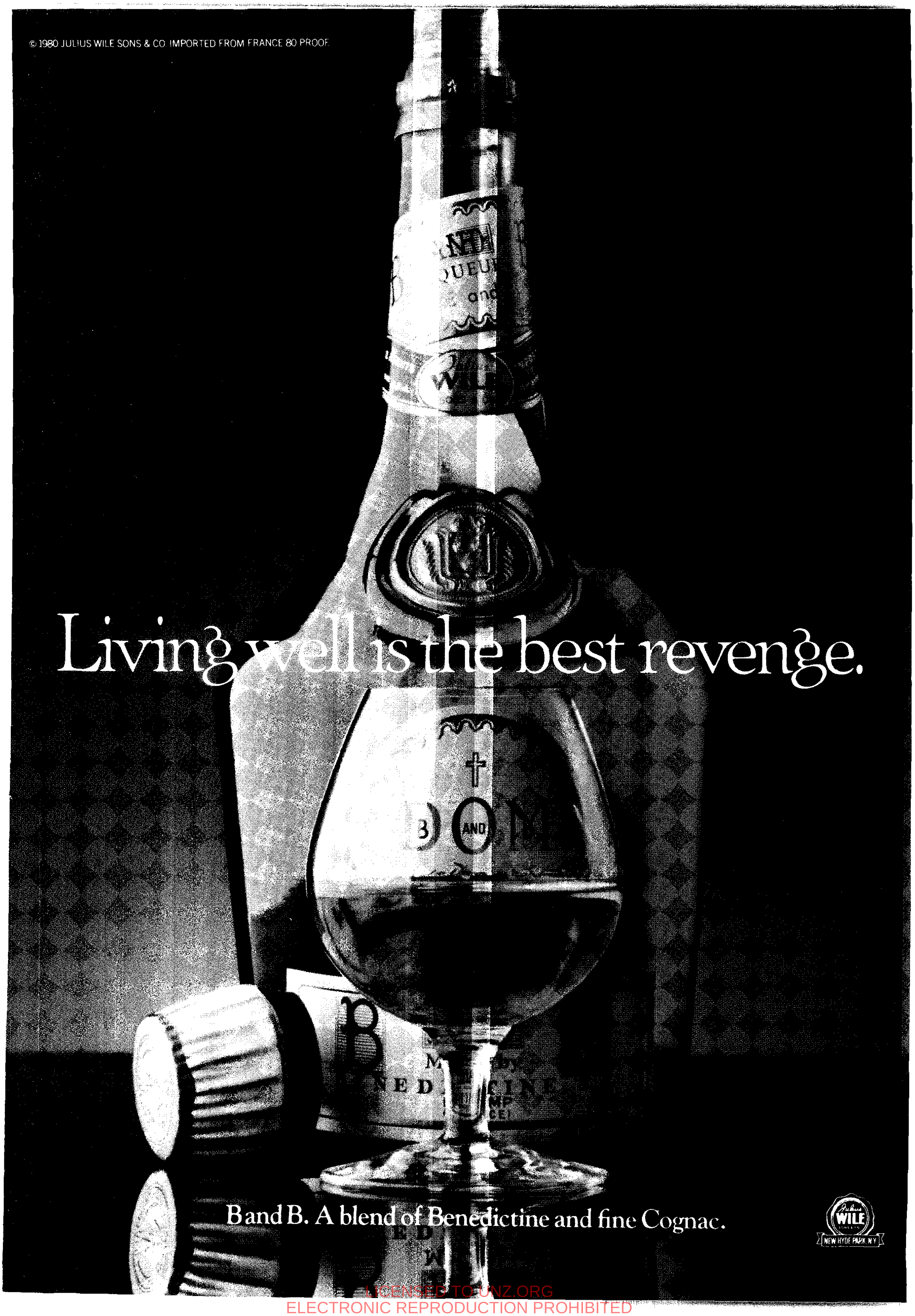
to self-supporting employment is that the habits of a lifetime are difficult for many to overcome, but William Grinker, president of the M.D.R.C., thinks that the absence of a guaranteed job at the end of the training undermined the effort. "They wonder where this is going," he said. "It may seem like another ripoff"—as it did to Wildcat participants like Leon Harris, John Hicks, Gladys Miller, and Ramon Lopez, among others. Grinker says that most of those who enrolled would prefer jobs in the private sector, because then they would not feel as if they were receiving a government handout, but he adds that private jobs in a free economy cannot be guaranteed. At the same time, such a guarantee might undermine the drive and determination that supported workers need to succeed.

Government was also a culprit. The welfare system, for instance, was a deterrent for some of those enrolled in the program, because under federal law benefits drop as earnings rise. In West Virginia, supported workers received twice as much as they would have received on welfare, but in New York the members of BT-27 received only fifty dollars a month more from supported work than they would have from welfare. The M.D.R.C. study said that this was "bound to reduce the incentives of members of this population to seek employment." Similarly, the M.D.R.C. found that the shortage of child-care services available to the poor probably prevented some mothers from working. (Still, the study played down these factors, claiming that the highly motivated mother overcame the welfare disincentive, and saying that she arranged for child care in her own or someone else's home rather than rely on formal day-care programs.)

Local mismanagement played a major role in the failure of some of those enrolled. Chaotic discipline and fistfights between supervisors and supported workers in the M.D.R.C.'s Oakland program chased promising recruits away. "You almost had to murder someone to get kicked out," complained Dorothy Lomack, a welfare mother, who protested the open use of drugs and alcohol on the job, and sex between supervisors and workers. Unheated classrooms at the Wildcat training center competed with Howard Smith for the attention of the class members. Poor management and scarce local resources forced the M.D.R.C. to close the supported-work program in Seattle, Detroit, and San Francisco. The program in Chicago was not as effective as it should have been, partly because its first two directors were unsatisfactory.

WHEN the five-year supported-work experiment was completed, the M.D.R.C.'s board of directors formally recommended to the Ford Foundation and to the five federal agencies underwriting the experiment that supported work be expanded for the two most successful target groups, A.F.D.C. mothers and ex-addicts, and that experimentation and testing be continued, in an effort to devise a formula that might work for ex-offenders and delinquent youths. The M.D.R.C. also recommended its own termination. The board members, to free the corporation to conduct additional experiments, called for a new agency to "assume the oversight and management responsibilities carried out so far by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation." The reason for this recommendation, Grinker told me, was that "we're not in the business of running programs forever, we're in the business of testing out ideas."

By late this summer, the twenty-one supported-work sites and the M.D.R.C. itself were fighting for their lives. By autumn, several of the sites were forced to close. In December of this year, the M.D.R.C. is scheduled to run out of funds to finance the sites. In a series of meetings with Reagan Administration officials, M.D.R.C. officials pleaded with them to continue to provide a third of the thirty-six million dollars needed to keep the supported-work program going, but their plea was rejected. In a letter to former Senator Jacob Javits on June 23, 1981, Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan wrote, "We would . . . foresee no need for further funding of a nationally directed effort." Although the letter praised the M.D.R.C. and supported work, the Reagan Administration insisted that state and local governments pay for any such program. If the nonprofit corporations that ran the twenty-one sites wanted federal funds to continue, they would have to compete with more politically powerful local training programs for revenue-sharing funds. M.D.R.C. officials estimated that perhaps three to eight of the local corporations would be able to raise enough money to keep their supported-work programs alive, but with fewer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participants. Amalia Betanzos, the president of Wildcat, told me in August, "We may have to scale it down." But she was confident that Wildcat could raise the necessary private, foundation, and local-government funds to keep going on a smaller basis. As for the M.D.R.C., which could be viewed as a model of President Reagan's "new federalism" and his devotion to testing new ideas rather than throwing money at social problems, it was pushed to the edge of bankruptcy. In June, the corporation laid off forty-two people—almost half its staff. And by the end of this year supported work—a program that helped Pearl Dawson, William Mason, Denise Brown, and other members of the underclass—will have lost all its federal financing.

ALL the projects of the M.D.R.C. have provided "data about the *what* question," according to Richard P. Nathan, a professor of public and international affairs at Princeton and a member of the corporation's board of directors. "But we don't have any answers to the *why* question." In other words, the M.D.R.C. learned what sort of program might help members of the underclass, but not always why the program succeeded. The questions that one might ask are inexhaustible. Why, for instance, does one member of a broken home feel unable to cope with organized society, while another member of that family finds a decent job and leads a normal life? Why do people who grew up in comfortable homes with two parents go to prison and end up on welfare? Why does one person develop the desire to get off welfare while another does not? If psychologists like Kenneth Clark and William Ryan are correct in saying that society and racism are to blame for the underclass, then why don't all minority children fail? Conversely, if scholars like Edward Banfield, at Harvard, and Thomas Sowell, at Stanford's Hoover Institution, are correct in claiming that a "lower class" culture and broken homes and pathology are to blame, why don't all children from broken, welfare-dependent homes remain mired in poverty?

APP
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Whatever the focus, students of poverty say that the questions are too rarely asked, that research is too often primitive, and that the answers are debated—if at all—only in esoteric academic journals. Professor James N. Morgan, the coördinator of a study at the University of Michigan Survey Research Center which started tracking five thousand families beginning in the late nineteen-sixties, asks, "Why in this wealthy nation [do] we have such a huge backlog of undone crucially important behavioral research even though we know how to do it and it is necessary for policy decisions?" Morgan places most of the blame on "the absence of financial support." Richard Nathan blames researchers for too often asking the wrong questions. "Instead of asking, 'Do you want to work?' and getting a predictable 'Yes' answer," Nathan told me, "the better question is 'Will you take a job for two eighty-four an hour?' "

Liberals complain that questions are not asked because the poor are less in fashion these days than they were in the early sixties, when Michael Harrington wrote "The Other America;" they say that Americans no longer believe that government can make a difference. Conservatives say that researchers are often afraid to ask behavioral questions, because they are fearful that they will be called racists. Some liberals are worried that focussing attention on pathology, on an underclass "separate" from society, would relieve pressure on government and society to correct injustice, and would create the misleading impression that all poor people have behavioral problems.

Still, before America can begin to deal more effectively with its underclass, it must try to agree on the nature of the problem. If policymakers assume that the underclass results solely from racial and economic discrimination, what social and economic changes are needed to cure this injustice? If the policymakers assume that the underclass results solely from a "culture of poverty" and from ingrained behavioral disorders, then there is little that can be done. If they assume that the causes are varied and complex, then they arrive at a position midway between revolution and resignation.

Those who assume that poverty is best defined as relative inequality reasonably conclude that as long as the few are wealthy and the many are not, scant progress will be made in eradicating poverty. Yet those who assume that poverty is defined by an absolute income cutoff—the federally defined ceiling is now just over eighty-four hundred dollars for an urban family of four—see that the number of Americans classified as poor dwindled from 22.4 per cent of the population in 1959 to 11.4 per cent in 1978, or twenty-four and a half million people. Naturally they feel that progress has been made.

Those subscribing to the sombre view can marshal a depressing array of facts. Black Americans are three times as likely to be poor as whites, and Hispanics more than twice as likely. In the introduction to the National Urban League's annual assessment, "The State of Black America 1980," Vernon Jordan, the league's president, wrote, "Black income, which was over sixty per cent of white income in 1969, fell to only fifty-seven per cent by the end of the decade. More blacks were poor at the end of the seventies than at the beginning. The black middle class, described as rapidly expanding by some so-called experts, actually declined from twelve per cent to nine per cent of all black families during this period. . . . On balance . . . the seventies *were not a time of progress within* Black America." According to the National Puerto Rican Forum, the family income of Puerto Ricans dropped from seventy-one per cent of the national average in 1959 to forty-seven per cent in 1979. A black child, according to the Children's Defense Fund, in Washington, is about twice as likely as a white child to die before reaching the age of one, is more than twice as likely to be suspended from school, and more than four times as likely to be murdered between the ages of one and four, and one black child drops out of school for every two who graduate. The National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, which was established by the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 and ceased to exist in October of this year, in its thirteenth and final report, issued in September, warned that it was a "myth" that poverty had been abolished within the past ten years, as some economists and social scientists have claimed. Taking into account "an expanded estimate of the needs of the poor," the council said that the number of those classified as poor in 1978 should be not twenty-four and a half million but forty-five million, or almost twenty-one per cent of the population. A more explicitly egalitarian argument—for equality of result as opposed to equality of opportu-

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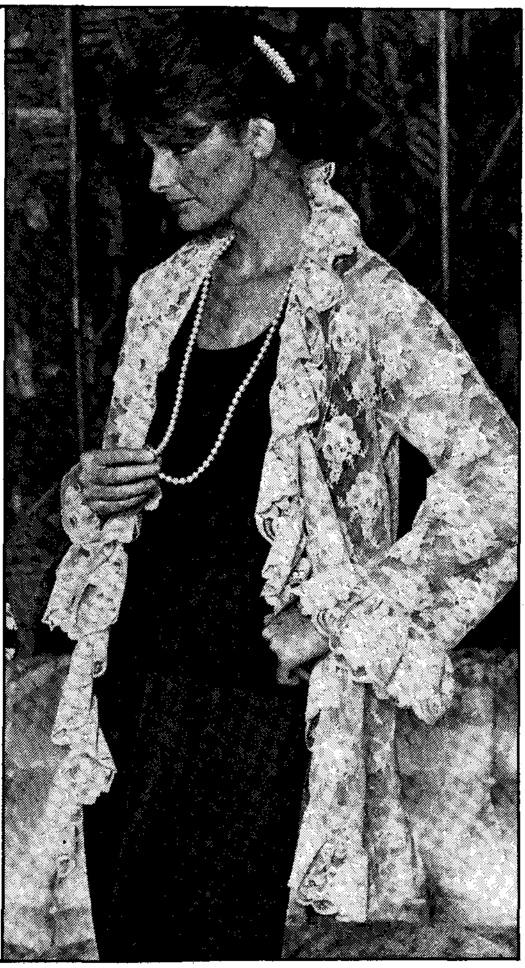

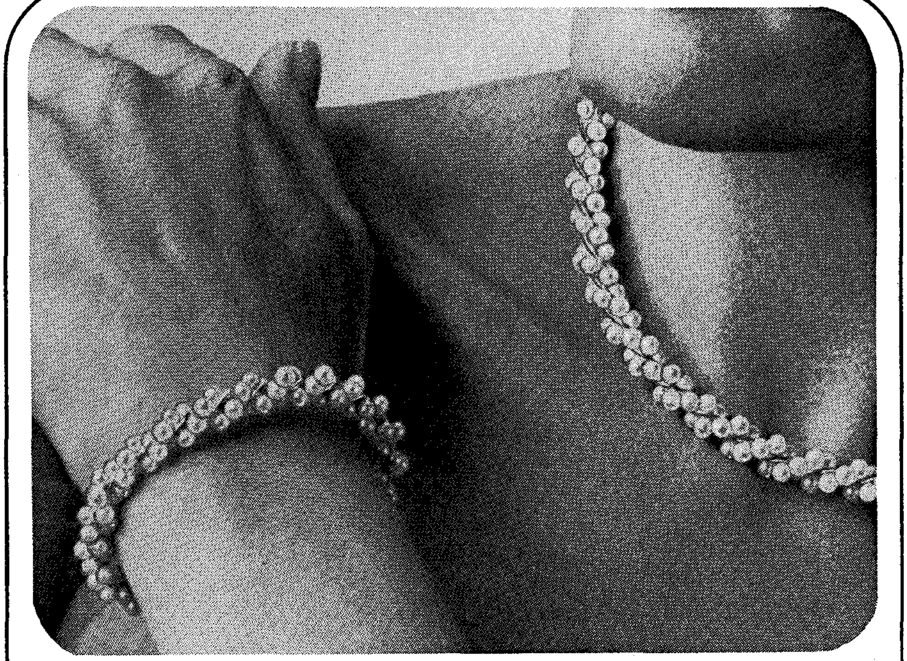

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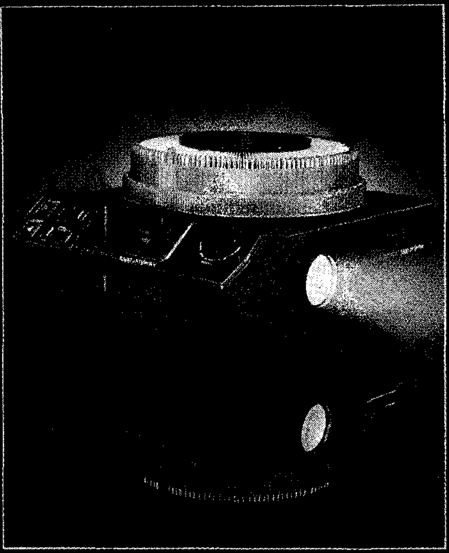

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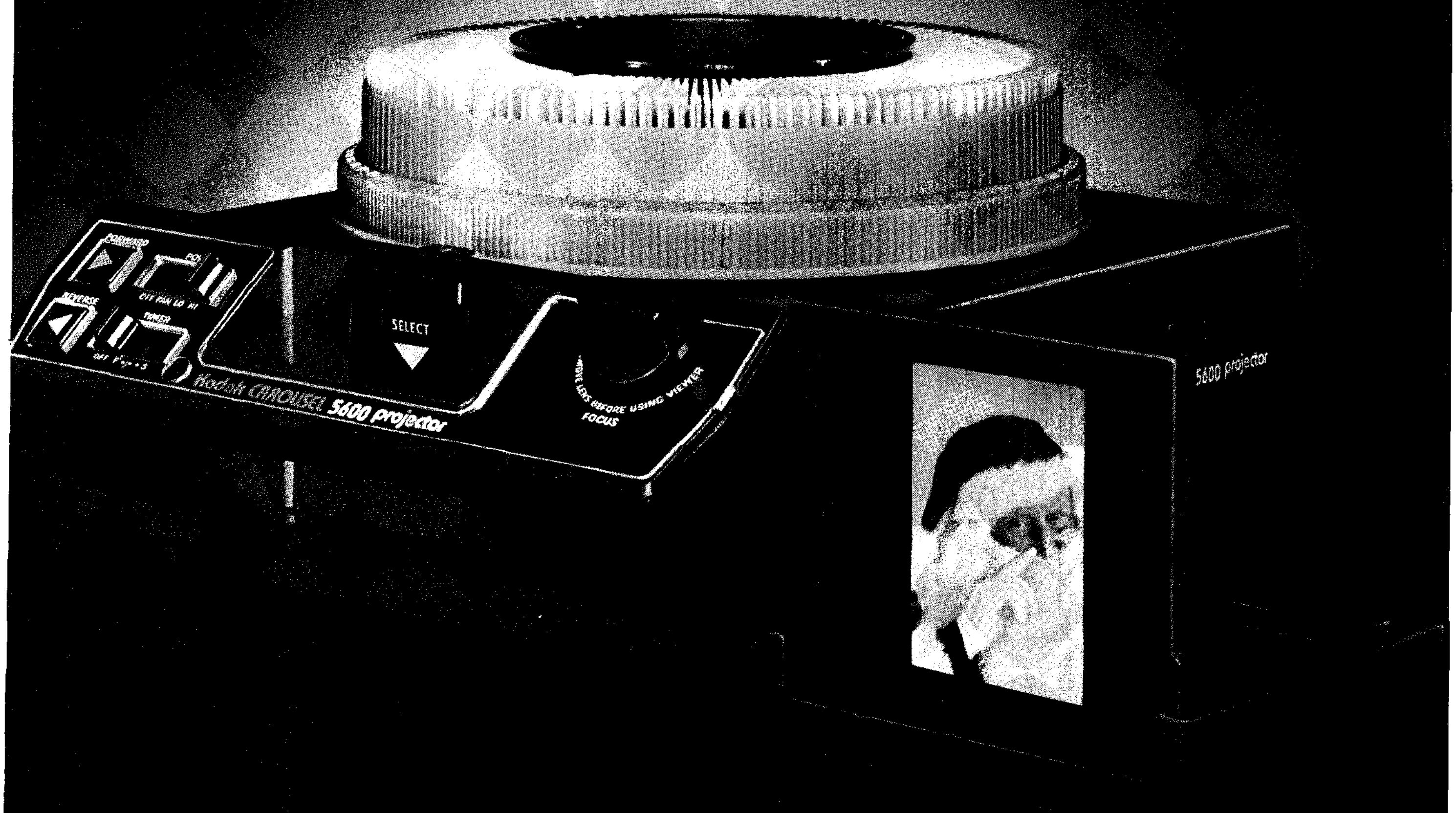

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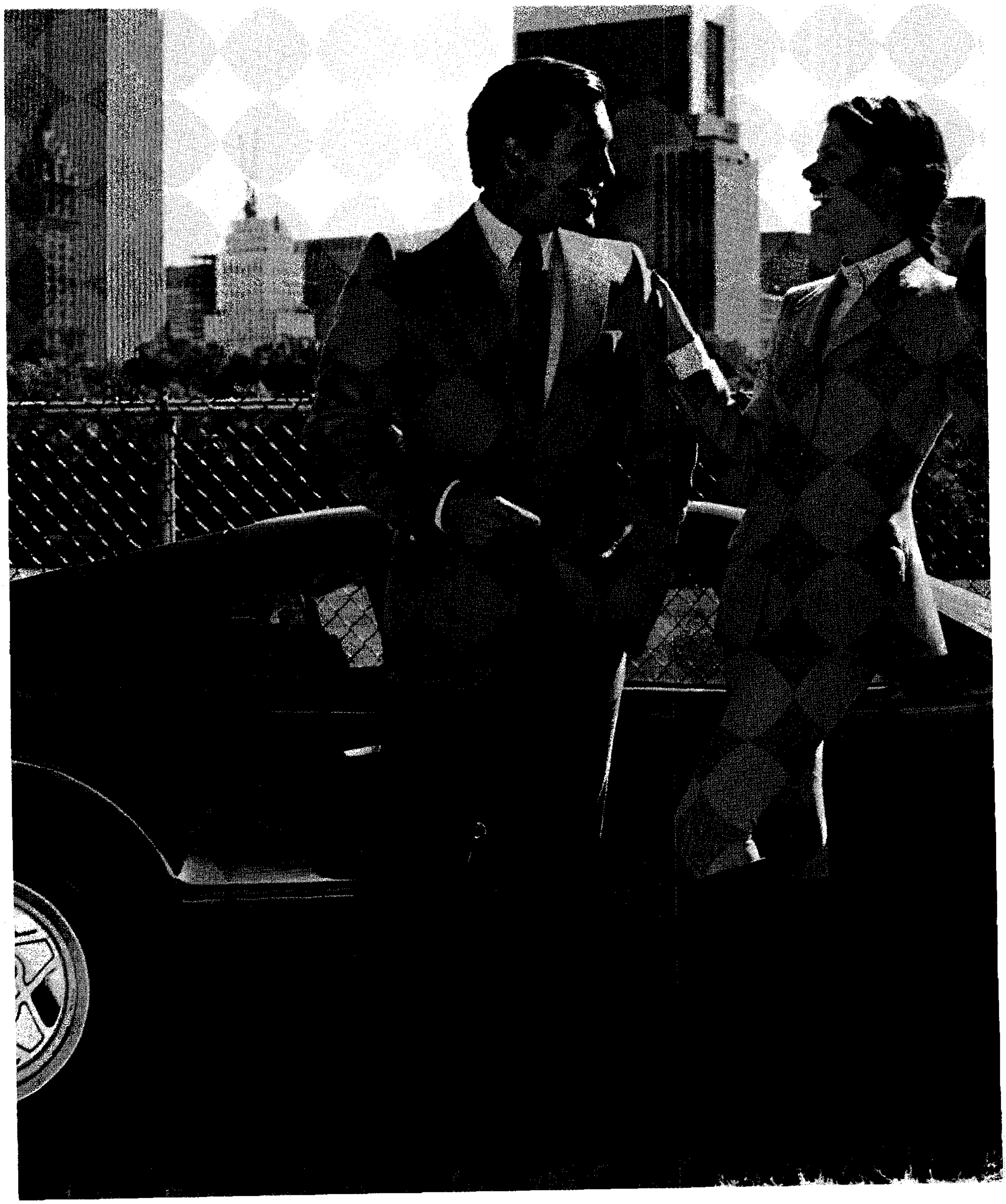

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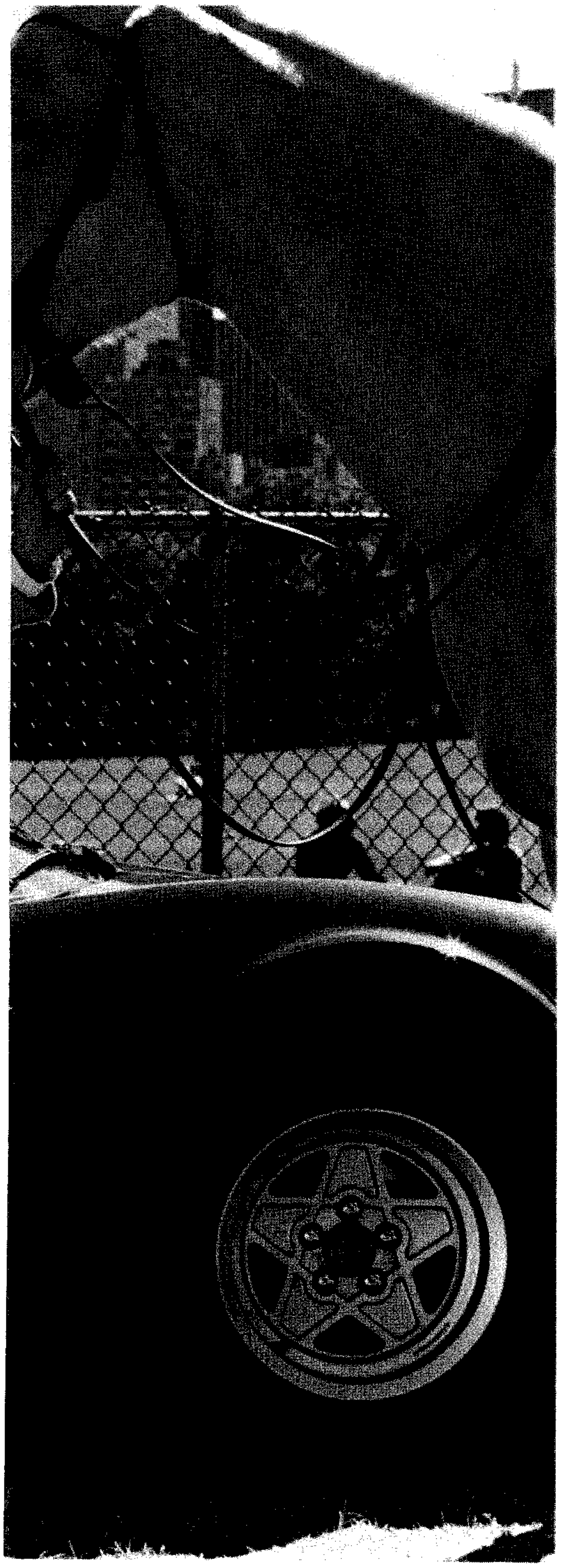

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nity—is put forth in Richard H. deLone's book "Small Futures," which was sponsored by the Carnegie Council on Children and was published in 1979. Pointing out that in 1976 only five per cent of all American families had annual incomes of more than thirty-seven thousand dollars, deLone wrote that as long as America adopts incremental reforms, liberal or conservative, and denies itself a more radical form of democratic socialism—as long as it doesn't strive for equality of result—poverty can never be eliminated.

Those who believe that America has made important progress also use a relative measuring stick—one that is relative to a government-defined income standard and to where we were in the past. They note that the income standard shows that the percentage of the population living in poverty was reduced by half between 1959 and 1978. (These analysts attribute the 1980 increase in poverty to temporary economic conditions.) The percentage of black individuals who were poor fell from 56.2 per cent to 32.6 per cent. In addition, the poor appear to be more economically mobile than was commonly assumed in the sixties. The University of Michigan study found that only one out of five people who were considered poor in 1975 had been poor in every one of the preceding nine years. Moreover, the notion of a static America—one in which individuals are locked into an economic and social caste system from birth—ignores the considerable social and economic mobility of Japanese, Jewish, Irish, German, Polish, Italian, West Indian, Cuban, and other recent immigrants, many of whom arrived poor but did not stay that way. Although the incomes of blacks, Hispanics, and whites are still not equal, the Census Bureau has found that the gap between them has narrowed. In 1978, the Census Bureau reports, the median income of Hispanic males was $11,943, of black males $12,530, and of white males $16,360. The gap was considerably narrower between women. Hispanic females had a median income in 1978 of $8,331, black females $9,020, and white females $9,732. For college graduates, a similar picture emerged.

Other people see the official poverty figure as inflated, and are optimistic. Their argument is that most poor Americans now receive some form of government support—not only A.F.D.C. and Supplemental Security Income (S.S.I.) payments and Social

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Security checks but such nonmonetary aid as food stamps, free or subsidized school lunches, child care, and Medicaid and other health subsidies—yet the official poverty figures are based on only the direct income-transfer payments that the poor receive, such as A.F.D.C., S.S.I., and Social Security checks. Other government support—called in-kind or non-cash benefits—is excluded. Yet these in-kind benefits have risen by more than sixty per cent just since 1976, and, according to the Congressional Budget Office, in-kind benefits to all Americans cost about sixty billion dollars in 1980. In a typical recent year, the federal government spent more on food stamps (eleven billion three hundred million dollars), which went to twenty-two and a half million Americans, than on A.F.D.C. payments (six billion nine hundred million dollars), which went to ten million eight hundred thousand Americans. Admittedly, not all the money spent—whether on direct or indirect aid—went to the poor. Medicare and hot lunches and subsidized housing can and do assist middle-income families; and it is novel logic to claim that a family is no longer poor because ill health increased its Medicaid support, which then carried it over the poverty threshold. Still, Sar A. Levitan, the director of the Center for Social Policy Studies, at George Washington University, wrote in his book "Programs in Aid of the Poor for the 1980s," published last year, that "during the seventies, the programs in aid of the poor reduced poverty by about a third, from twenty-five million people to about sixteen million."

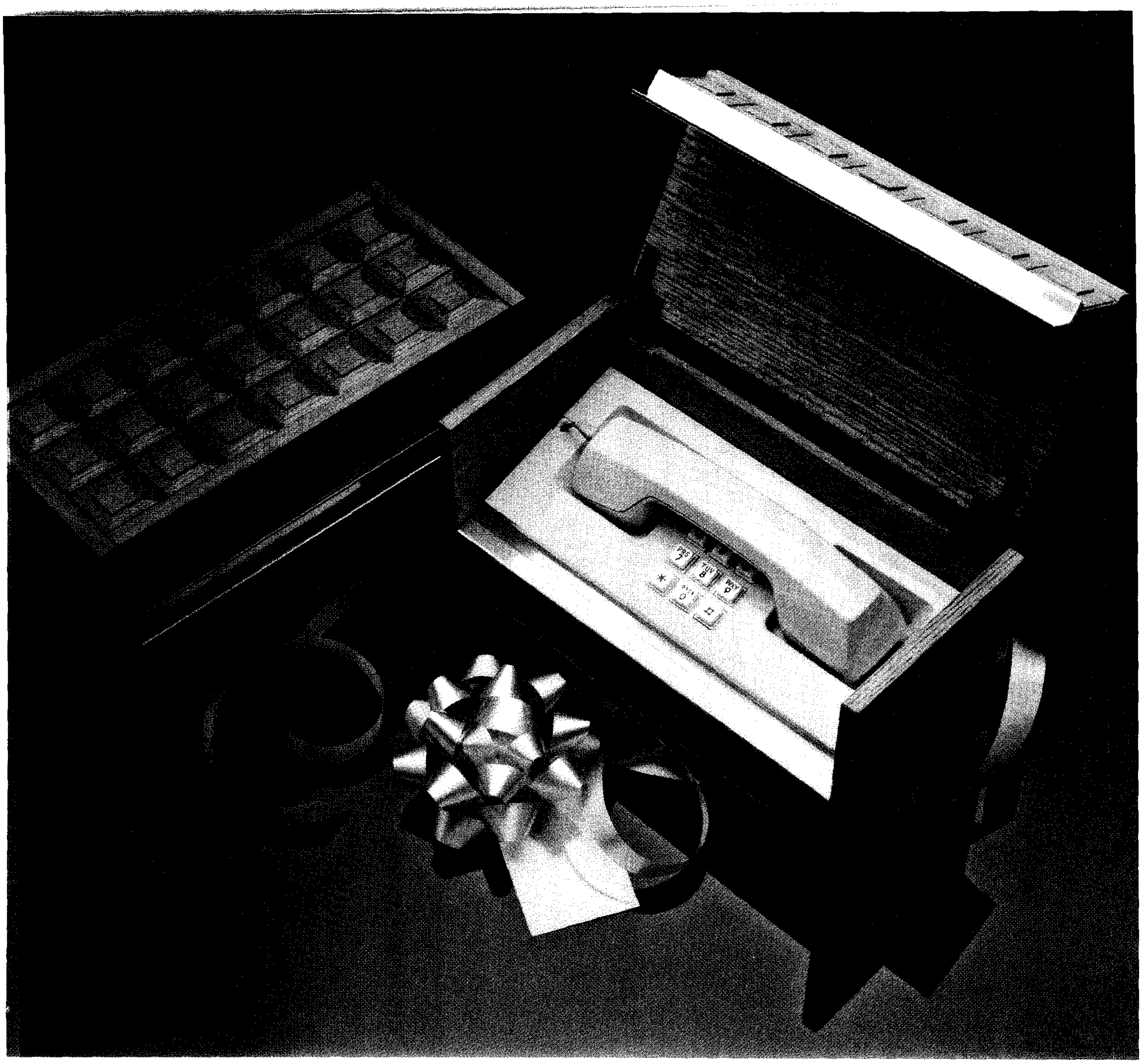
There are those who believe that the figure of sixteen million is also inflated. Counting in-kind benefits and correcting for underreporting of income, the Congressional Budget Office estimated in mid-1977 that in fiscal year 1976 fifteen and a half million Americans were in poverty—which is to say, only 7.4 per cent of the population. For 1975, Morton Paglin, a professor of economics at Portland State University, in Oregon, put the figure as low as seven million eight hundred thousand people, or 3.6 per cent of the population, and in 1978 Martin Anderson, now President Reagan's chief White House domestic adviser, claimed in his book "Welfare: The Political Economy of Welfare Reform in the United States" that poverty had been "virtually eliminated."

As it took earlier immigrant groups two or three generations to climb from poverty, Thomas Sowell says, so it will take a little more time for blacks and Hispanics to catch up. Blacks, he goes on, have been free for just one century, and have populated urban communities for only two generations; Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans are even newer to urban America. And since their average age is younger, it should be no surprise that their average income is lower.

ONE of the most baffling things about the poverty debate is that serious people seem to be arguing over facts that should be susceptible of adjudication. Has black income gone down, as the Urban League argues, or up, as others argue? Are the Urban League and its opponents looking at the same facts?

As it turns out, they are not. The Urban League and others who take a pessimistic view are comparing family income of blacks and whites, and here the gap has widened—the median black family income went from sixty-one per cent of the median white family income in 1969 to fifty-eight per cent in 1980. Those who take an optimistic view compare individual income of blacks and whites, and here the gap has narrowed: between 1948 and 1978, the median income of black individuals rose more rapidly than that of white individuals. A similar pattern is found among Hispanics.

The relative drop in family income and relative rise in individual income can be explained by the changes taking place in the structure of black families and, to a somewhat lesser extent, in Hispanic ones. Two sets of statistics mirror this change: the explosion of out-of-wedlock births and the growing number of poor families maintained by women. In 1940, the Department of Health and Human Services' National Center for Health Statistics has estimated, about fifteen per cent of all births to black women were out of wedlock; by 1979, that number had more than tripled, to almost fifty-five per cent. (The National Center for Health Statistics does not have comparable figures for Hispanics, because not enough states make the necessary information available.) In 1980, forty-seven per cent of all black families with children under eighteen were maintained by women, as opposed to thirty per cent in 1970; among Hispanic families, twenty-two per cent were maintained by women, as opposed to fifteen per cent in 1970. (Among



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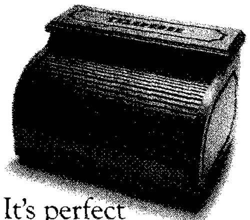

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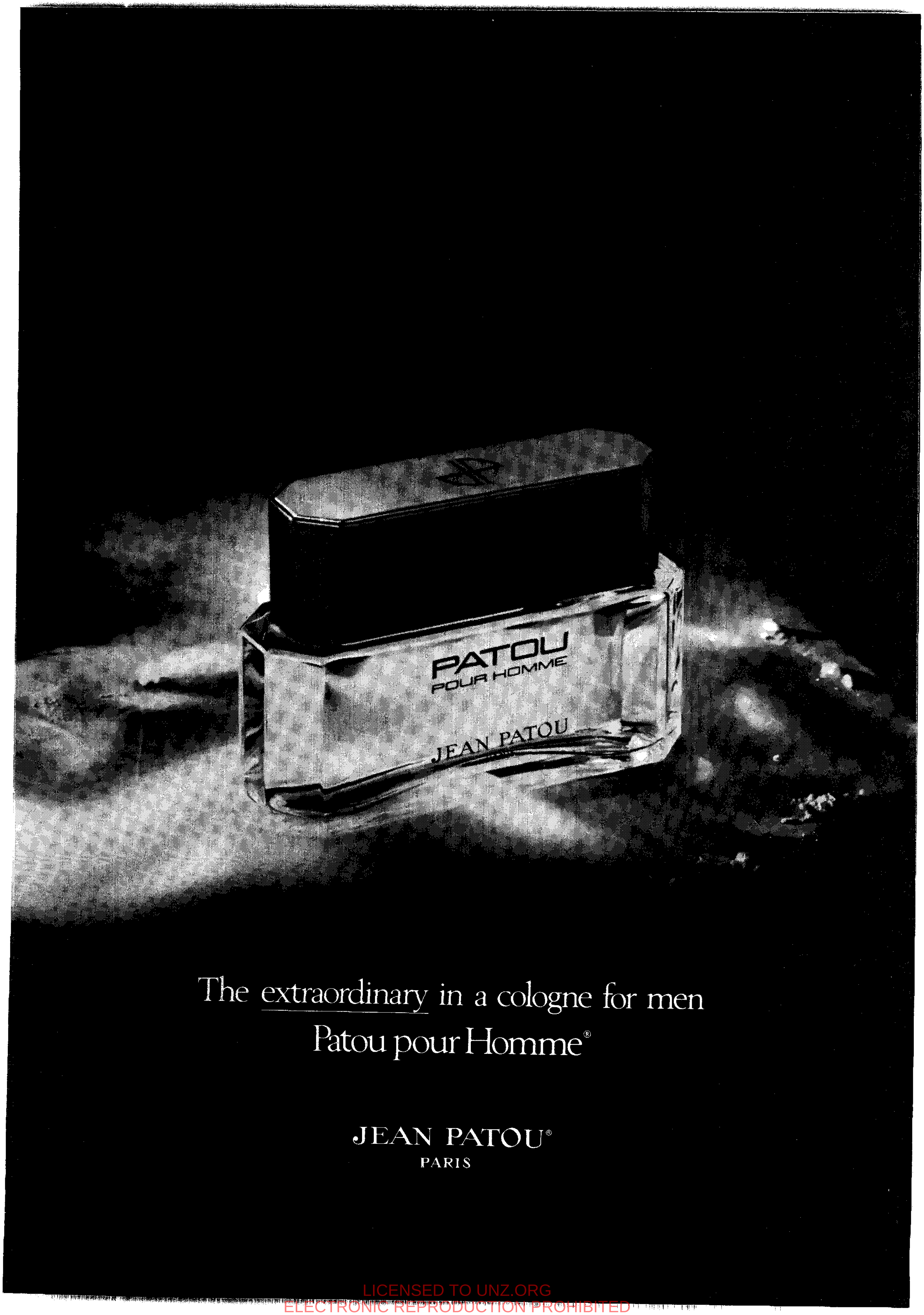
mainland Puerto Rican families, forty-two per cent were maintained by women in 1980.) The number of white families with children under eighteen maintained by women did not rise rapidly in the decade, and in 1980 only fourteen per cent of white families were maintained by women. It is probably no coincidence that, with the exception of Pearl Dawson and William Penn, the members of BT-27 grew up in divided homes. Willy Joe, John Painter, and Mohammed never knew their fathers. Ramon Lopez knew his father, but he also knew that he was perpetually unemployed and often drunk. Leon Harris felt that he was in competition with his father. Denise Brown was raped by her stepfather. Hope Parker, William Block, and Carlos Rodriguez were abandoned to the care of relatives. Timothy Wilson was sent to live in foster homes.

The social consequences of the increase in the percentage of families maintained by women are a subject of sometimes intense debate; the economic consequences are not. There is a direct correlation between poverty and whether a family is maintained by one wage earner or two. The majority of the poor today live in families maintained by women—a rise of twenty-five per cent in a decade. This "feminization of poverty" means, according to the 1981 report of the National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, that of families maintained by women one in three is poor, compared to one in ten maintained by males and only one in nineteen maintained by two parents. The single mother often has young children to look after, and is often without skills or education. Salary levels for females are invariably below the salary levels for males. (The median income of males who worked full time in 1980 was $19,173, compared with $11,591 for females.) And in the majority of today's two-parent homes both adults work. It comes as no surprise, then, that in 1978 the median income of a black household maintained by a woman was $5,888, compared with $15,913 for a two-parent black home; among Hispanics, the figure was $5,578 for a single mother, and $14,720 for two parents. Among families where both parents work and the head of the household is employed full time, the white family's median income is $24,627, the black family's $22,125—a gap of only ten per cent. "The decline in poverty during the past decade has been almost entirely in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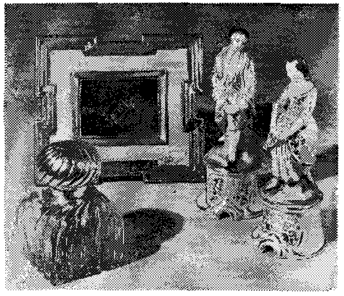

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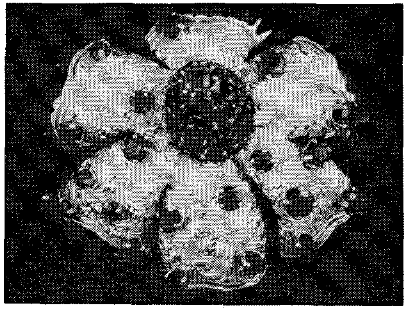

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male-householder families," the 1981 National Advisory Council report said.

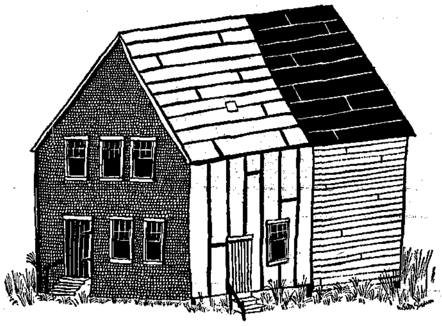
Thus, it turns out that one cannot talk about poverty in America, or about the underclass, without talking about the weakened family structure of the poor. And yet most news accounts and political speeches tend to characterize the minority community as one homogeneous, undifferentiated mass. After the 1980 Miami riots, for instance, the *Times* and the Washington *Post* carried major articles about American blacks. Each recited dismal economic data about blacks, using only family-income figures. Neither paper recited the progress made by individuals reared in two-parent black families.

The struggle to overcome poverty has entered a new phase, and one of the most significant problems that has emerged is family structure. An unpublished memorandum prepared in March of 1980 for the federal government by Steven Sandell, an assistant professor of economics at Ohio State University, who served for a year as a policy fellow at the Department of Health and Human Services, tells why. "The single most important reason for the deterioration in the black-white income ratio between 1970 and 1978 is the substantially faster growth of female-headed families for blacks than whites," the memorandum said. It went on, "In fact, if the pattern of family composition that existed in 1970 were present in 1978, the black-white income gap would have narrowed by six percentage points." Sandell found that "about one-third of the 1978 black-white income gap is attributable" to the vastly larger percentage of black families maintained by women. He was careful to note that even without differences in family composition a gap between black and white income would remain. Racism, he said, was obviously a factor. But "other factors contribute substantially to the black-white income gap," and chief among these was that black families are almost four times as likely to be maintained by women as white families are.

The family issue is hardly new. In the thirties and subsequently, for instance, the black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier warned that "family disorganization" was handicapping black Americans. In 1965, the black psychologist Kenneth Clark wrote about it in his book "Dark Ghetto." Frazier was quoted at some length by Daniel Patrick Moynihan in his 1965 report "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." Moynihan, then Assistant Secretary of Labor, expressed alarm that "the racist virus in the American bloodstream" and "three centuries of sometimes unimaginable mistreatment" had "taken their toll on the Negro people," and he went on, "The fundamental problem, in which this is most clearly the case, is that of family structure. The evidence—not final, but powerfully persuasive—is that the Negro family in the urban ghettos is crumbling. . . . So long as this situation persists, the cycle of poverty and disadvantage will continue to repeat itself."

The Moynihan Report, as it came to be known, provoked considerable hostility. Moynihan was accused of providing "the fuel for a new racism," of assuming that "middle-class American values are the correct ones for everyone in America," of "blaming the victim," of being a "sexist"—or, worse, a "racist." President Lyndon Johnson's White House Conference on Civil Rights, in June of 1966, which was to discuss the Negro family, among other topics, changed its agenda after sixty representatives of churches and civil-rights groups petitioned Johnson to strike "family stability" from the agenda. The subject eventually faded from public view, even though a number of national civil-rights leaders thought Moynihan had been treated as if he were one of Senator Joseph McCarthy's alleged Communists. Clark, who later became a bitter opponent of Moynihan, said at the time, "Is a doctor responsible for a disease simply because he diagnoses it?"

Sixteen years after the Moynihan Report appeared, few local or federal efforts have addressed the role of family structure in perpetuating poverty. As a candidate in 1976, Jimmy Carter vowed to adopt measures to engage the problem, but it wasn't until 1980 that a series of White House Conferences on Families was convened. These conferences did not focus on poverty and the family, however; the agenda gave



equal weight to such unequal topics as "life styles" and gay marriages, and delegates even disagreed over the definition of "family." The issue of family structure is rarely discussed. Although the federal government paid Steven Sandell's salary for one year, for instance, the Department of Health and Human Services has not yet published his findings concerning family dissolution and its effect on poverty. In the summer of 1980, Sandell said in a telephone conversation that his report was "an internal document" inspired by "The State of Black America 1980," and merely attempted to give an accurate comparison of white and black income. Sandell's response when he was asked if his report had caused internal debate, and if there had been demands that it not be published, was that the report was not suppressed. Asked to explain why conclusions such as the ones he reached were not more widely circulated, Sandell said, "With the background of the Moynihan Report, one has to feel a little inhibited."

Increasingly, however, some leading black officials have become less inhibited on the subject. Of the Moynihan Report, Eleanor Holmes Norton, who headed the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission from 1977 until February of this year, said not long ago, "That it had to come from a white man tells you about the failure of black leadership." Robert Hill, the director of research for the National Urban League, said in a 1980 interview, "I believe Moynihan was sincere." Hill claims that the family issue is being discussed, but only among blacks. "If you're speaking to blacks, it comes out. To go before a predominantly white audience and speak about the breakup of homes? No. When you talk to whites, you talk about the things they can do something about." Mrs. Norton, for one, sees the question as a broader one. As a speaker at the Urban League's national convention in July of 1975, she raised it in the form of an open letter "from a black woman to a black man":

> My subject this evening is not an issue at all. It is at best a whisper. I believe it should become, if not an issue, a decided focus for us as a people and for the government as well. . . . The repair of the black condition in America disproportionately depends upon the succor of strong families which can defend against the forces that prey most menacingly on unprotected black men, women and children. . . . Raising black children in today's cities, fraught with social danger, requires the maximum in physical and psychological support. Particularly in the nation's ghettos, where

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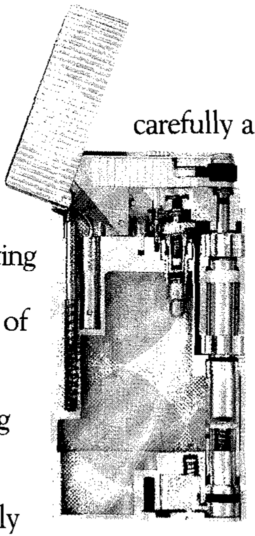

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blacks are increasingly concentrated, it is simply too much to ask what amounts to an increasing number of black women to raise the children of the black nation.

The problem that Mrs. Norton spoke of and Moynihan wrote about in 1965 has "shot up like a rocket," Moynihan observes today. It has become, he says, "a self-generating phenomenon not controlled by the economy." The reasons that this issue has remained submerged are varied. Understandably, many people fear that pointing out family weaknesses will ease the pressure on government to do more to help the poor. Or, as Martin Luther King, Jr., who agreed with Moynihan that the condition of the black family was a "social catastrophe," said at the time of the Moynihan Report, "the danger will be that problems will be attributed to innate Negro weaknesses and used to justify neglect and rationalize oppression." Thus, those who oppose further government and societal efforts will cite evidence that the "solution" to poverty must come from the individual, not from society. Civil-rights leaders face a dilemma: they are torn between their desire to condemn inequality in order to get government action and their need to applaud "progress" in order to convince society—and poor people—that government works. This dilemma has been heightened by the election of a conservative President and a Congress less sympathetic to their needs. A related worry has been expressed by Dr. Bernard Gifford, professor of political science and vice-president for student affairs at the University of Rochester. If the problem of black and Hispanic poverty seems "impenetrable," he says, white people will "withdraw." Moreover, if civil-rights leaders are thought not to be speaking for the overwhelming majority of blacks and Hispanics, their power is reduced. Bernard C. Watson, vice-president of Temple University, in Philadelphia, writing in "The State of Black America 1980," implicitly acknowledges this: "Arguments about two classes of blacks are ultimately self-defeating and only serve to give credence to arguments and strategies designed to divide blacks in their continuing struggle to achieve equality." Civil-rights gains in the past, he says, were achieved only "by the unity of all classes of blacks."

The Washington *Post* columnist William Raspberry, who is black, sees this matter differently. Black leaders believe that "white guilt is the driving

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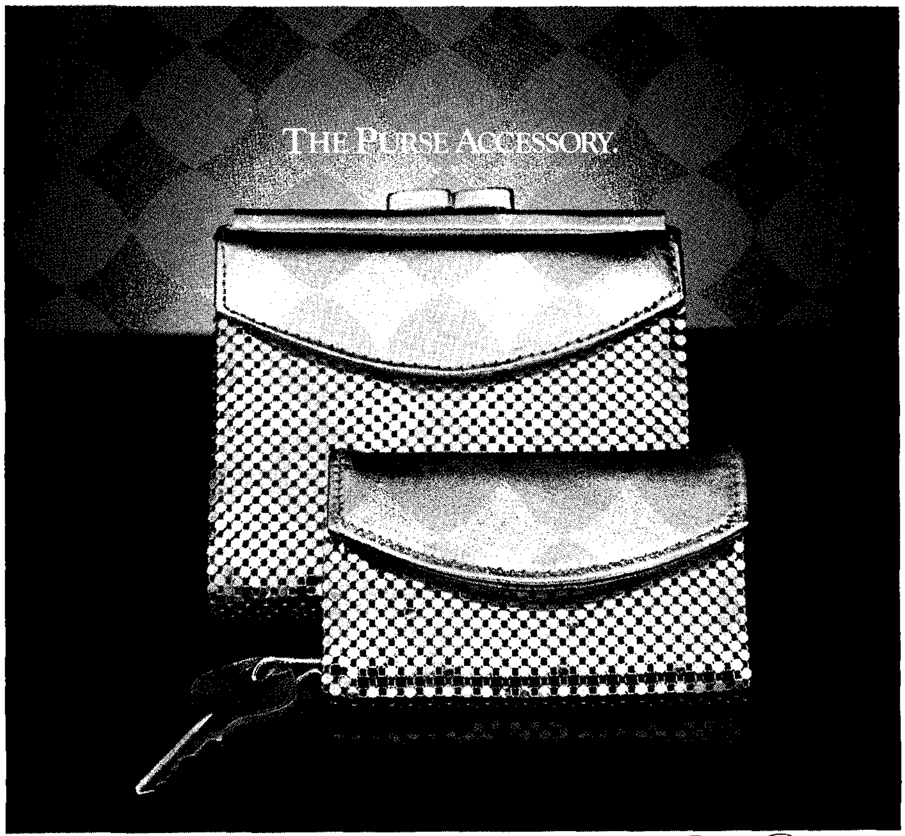

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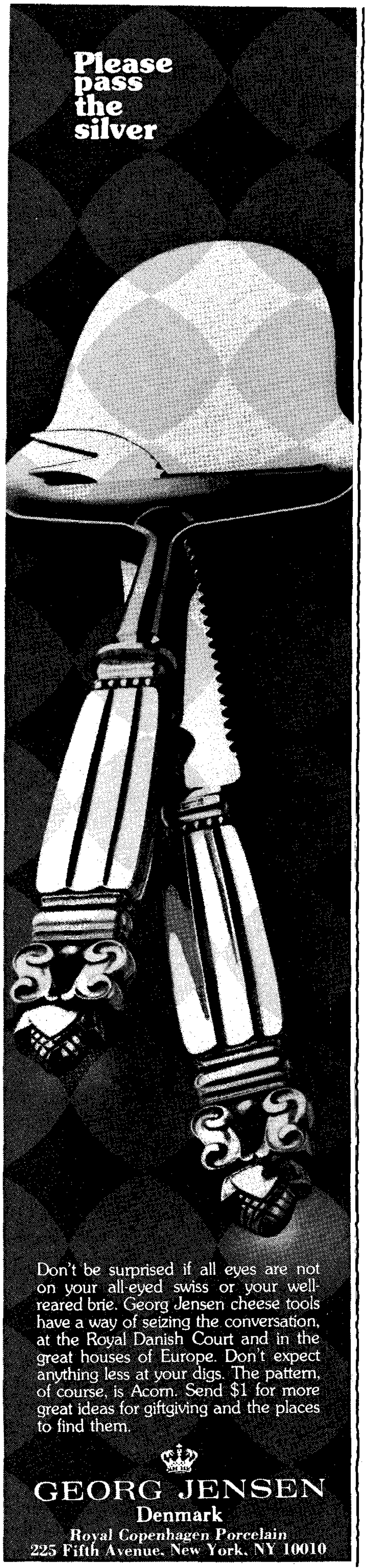

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force for progress for black America," he writes. "Anything that reduces that guilt is seen as crippling the engine." He also observes that many middle-class black leaders suffer from a form of "black guilt," fearing that they will be accused of being élitists, different from the poorer blacks they represent. In October of last year, Carl Gershman, former vice-chairman of Social Democrats, U.S.A., and now special counsellor to the American Ambassador to the United Nations, in a *Times Magazine* debate with Kenneth Clark—"The Black Plight: Race or Class?"—made this point less gently:

> The myth that all blacks are equally the victims of racism serves a dual purpose, justifying the claims of the most successful blacks to racial entitlements and, by allowing such claims to be made in the name of all blacks, concealing the specific class interest that is served.

The class-versus-race controversy that gave rise to this debate—the question of whether the poor are victims of racism or, broadly speaking, of class—is vastly oversimplified, because one can simultaneously believe that both are factors: that Wildcat's Willy Joe had suffered discrimination and also suffered from his own lack of skills and drive; that one individual is denied decent housing or a job because he is black or Hispanic and another because of chronic alcoholism; that one child fails in school because the teacher has "low expectations" for minority youngsters, and another fails because he thinks school is for squares and wants to hang out with his friends. One can simultaneously advocate a policy to strengthen the poor family *and* a policy to eradicate racial injustice. Unfortunately, most civil-rights leaders—even those who are deeply troubled about family dissolution and pathology and what to do about it—publicly suppress these concerns and stress racism or economic discrimination as the chief affliction of black and Hispanic Americans. Conservatives tend to ignore such causes; they stress class factors as the reason for the existence of the underclass.

NEVERTHELESS, some facts about poverty and the underclass are undebatable, and unavoidable, and bring with them important policy implications. Among these facts, as we have seen, are the following:

(1) Poverty has become feminized. The number of families maintained by women has jumped sixty-two per cent since 1970, and three million one hundred thousand poor families are maintained by women today. Increasingly, the division between those who rise into the middle class and those who are poor can be viewed in terms of two-parent families versus families maintained by women. For instance, almost three-fourths of all poor black families are maintained by women. In 1980, about half of all poor families were maintained by women, and their poverty rate was 32.7 per cent, compared to only 6.2 per cent for two-parent families.

(2) Whether family dissolution is a cause or an effect of poverty, it unquestionably cannot be overlooked. As Andrew Hacker, a professor of political science at Queens College, has shown, family dissolution largely explains why black Americans now constitute "an even greater share of the poor than they did at the outset of the seventies." He continues, "In 1970, black families accounted for 22 per cent of all low-income households in the country; in 1978, they made up 28 per cent." In other words, female-headed families are five times as likely to be poor as two-parent families are.

(3) Contrary to a widespread belief, many poor Americans are not locked into poverty. Frank Levy, an economist at the Urban Institute, in Washington, basing his estimates on his analysis of the University of Michigan Survey Research Center study of about five thousand families, says that three out of ten poor adults are poor only temporarily. "Children did better than their parents," he wrote. "Most new households formed by poor children—about four out of five—had incomes well above the poverty line."

(4) While poverty may have declined, an American underclass has grown. Levy estimates that nine and a half million people—forty-five per cent of the poverty population—are "the long-term poor." Half of this population is drawn, he found, from families maintained by women. (Whether this is an accurate number or not depends on one's definition of the underclass. If the definition includes what some refer to as "deviant behavior," no one can do more than guess at the size of the underclass.)

(5) The underclass represents a minority—not a majority—of the poor.

(6) The underclass threatens to become permanent. In 1968, the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders warned that "our nation is

moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal," and this warning could be applied to the underclass and the rest of the population today.

(7) Increasingly, poverty and the underclass are urban phenomena. The majority of the poor once resided in small towns and rural areas, but by 1977 sixty per cent lived in metropolitan areas, and three of five people in that group lived in central cities. While blacks made up twenty-three per cent of the population of central cities, they made up forty-six per cent of the cities' poor. The official poverty population declined by two million two hundred thousand between 1970 and 1977, and the population of central cities shrank by 4.6 per cent, but during that same period the number of poor people living in central cities grew by 2.5 per cent. This increase in city poverty is traced to the growth in the number of poor families headed by women, which increased by 44.7 per cent in the period.

(8) More and more, poverty is identified with welfare. There was a time when poor people starved, but today few do; now most poor people receive some form of government assistance. The A.F.D.C. program, enacted as part of the New Deal, was designed as a small, temporary effort to assist children whose fathers had died. More than four decades later, the A.F.D.C. rolls had swelled to ten million eight hundred thousand people, receiving almost seven billion dollars from the federal government (the 1936 figure was just over twenty-one million dollars), and more than eighty per cent of the enrolled children received benefits not because their father was dead but because they were born out of wedlock (37.8 per cent) or their parents were divorced (20.3 per cent) or separated (24.4 per cent). Of all children born in 1940, fewer than one in ten were supported by welfare at some point before reaching adulthood; about one in three of the children born since 1970 are. And in 1979 more than forty per cent of the families receiving welfare had been receiving it for three years or more.

(9) The individual income of blacks and Hispanics still lags behind the income of whites. There has been undeniable economic and social progress, but numerous indicators, including school-dropout, infant-mortality, and unemployment rates and mental-health disorders, still show wide disparities. Blacks are three times as

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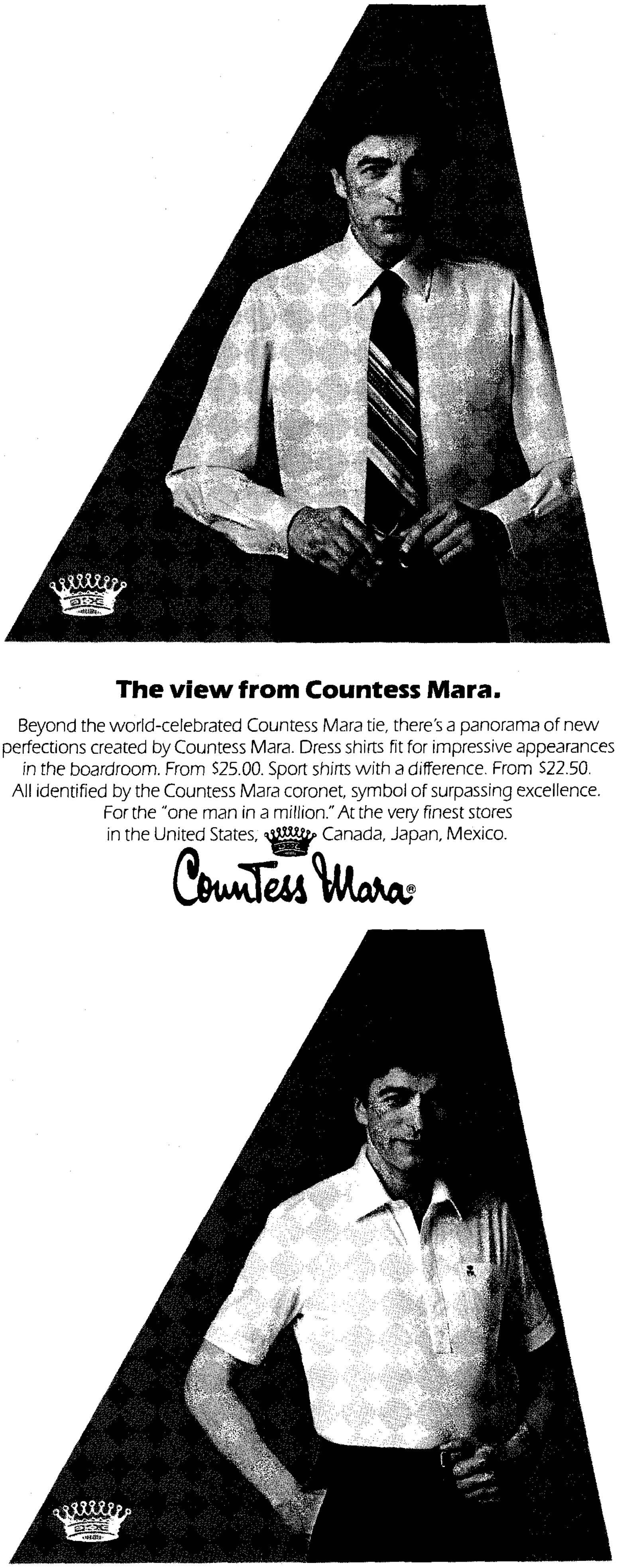

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likely to be poor as whites, and Hispanics more than twice as likely.

(10) Whether it is a cause or an effect of poverty and unemployment, the underclass often exhibits abnormal behavior—hostility, poor work habits, passivity, low self-confidence, alcoholism, drug addiction. This is true among the poor of white Appalachia, black rural Mississippi, Spanish Harlem, and Oakland, California. Bernard Anderson, an economist and one of three black members of the M.D.R.C.'s board of directors, wrote in "The State of Black America 1980," "Race discrimination alone is not the only barrier to greater economic opportunity, and little will be gained by failing to confront the issues raised by the changing domain of opportunity for the better prepared black workers, as compared with others who because of persistent unemployment, poor education, poor housing, negative attitudes toward work and toward society at large have become increasingly isolated from economic progress."

(11) The poor in America today are unlike the immigrant poor of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Today's poor often lack the protection of a strong family and often carry the badge of their color. Society is more calcified. There are fewer manufacturing and low-skilled jobs, for the economy is increasingly service-oriented. The obstacles to entering society are more difficult to overcome—rigorous civil-service qualifying exams, enrollment qualifications to join unions, urban neighborhoods divided into a checkerboard of white and black sections—and inflation wipes out savings and ruthlessly kicks people right back down the ladder.

(12) Because of inflation and slowed *economic growth, fewer Americans* have climbed that ladder. Basic welfare payments have rarely kept pace with inflation, although in-kind benefits, such as food stamps, Medicare, and Medicaid, have. More Americans hover just above the poverty line. In 1980, the typical American worker earned more than twice what he or she did a decade ago, according to the nonpartisan Washington-based Tax Foundation, but real income after inflation and taxes was five per cent less than it was then. And a recession, coupled with rising inflation, drops many more Americans into the poverty category, as was the case in 1974 and 1975, and again in 1979 and 1980. According to Census Bureau data, the official poverty population shot up

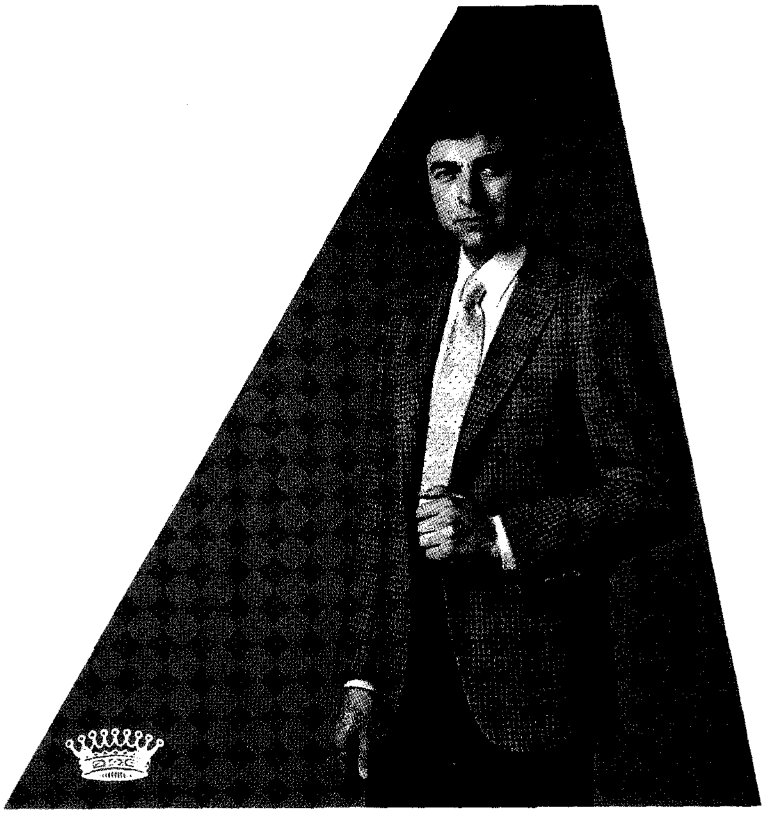
from twenty-five million two hundred thousand in 1979 to twenty-nine million three hundred thousand in 1980, with two and a half million more white Americans classified as poor.

(13) The arguments of both those who claim that American poverty has worsened and those who claim that it has improved are usually overstated. Pessimists would be less gloomy if they would simply acknowledge the economic progress made by minority individuals; optimists would be less cheerful if they calculated the income of families.

In any case, it is fair to conclude that the face of poverty has been altered and that poverty is still too little talked about. Today, for the first time, America has a sizable underclass. Moynihan, who, it turns out, was prescient about the changing structure of American poverty, wrote an essay in 1967 explaining the danger of hiding from this reality. Both the left and the right, he wrote, seemed eager "to establish *guilt* instead of to deal with a problem." He continued:

> This is terrifyingly reminiscent of Stanley Elkins' abolitionists who seem never to have seen slavery as a social problem for slaves, but only as an ethical problem for slaveholders. Once legal bondage was at an end, the subject was closed so far as the Northerners were concerned. The fact that the slaves lived on, and the child is born—and needs help—is a matter somehow to be passed over. This is the crux of it. Typically, the refusal of the liberal Left to accept the unpleasant facts of life for the poor—there is delinquency in the slums, but those kids in the suburbs are just as bad and don't get arrested, etc. etc. —leads to the same position as does the insistence of the extreme conservatives on just such facts: namely, to do nothing. The liberal Left will acknowledge the relevance of these facts only to the extent that they serve as an indictment of American society; after that it loses interest. The extreme conservatives harp on these facts in order to indict the poor; after that, *they* lose interest.

IT is difficult to reach a consensus on what to do about the underclass, because there is no agreement on the cause and the scope of the problem. In broad terms, opinion on these questions can be grouped into three categories. Those who favor what might be called the wholesale approach from a left, or liberal, perspective are optimistic that government money and compassion and effort applied on a large scale can cure the problem; proponents of that approach on the political right are optimistic that reducing taxes and government regulations will liberate private enterprise to generate jobs, and



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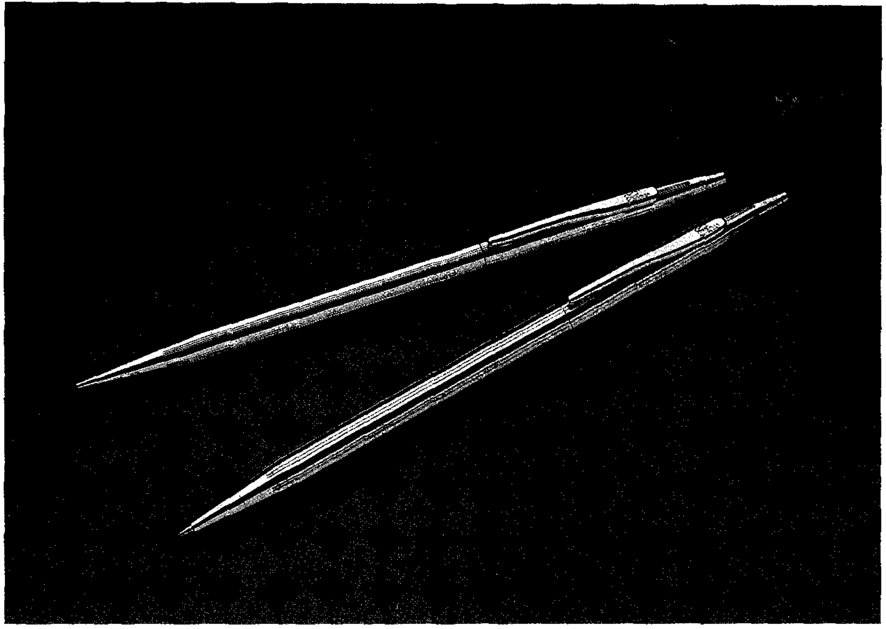

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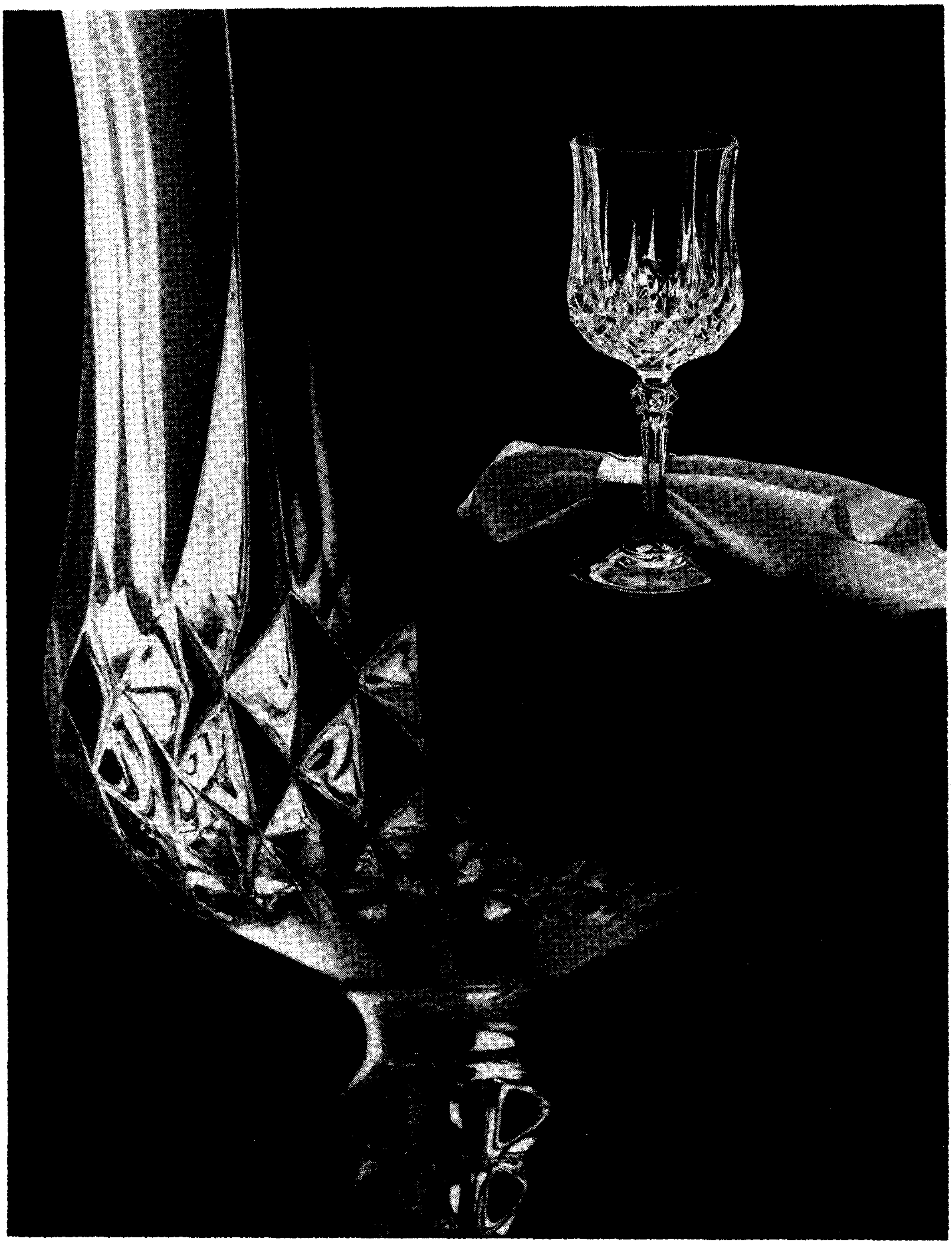
that "getting tough" will end welfare dependency and crime. At the other end of the spectrum is the laissez-faire option. Those who favor this option are generally pessimistic, believing that neither government nor private philanthropy is likely to alter what is often innate "lower class" behavior. In between are those who are skeptical about quick fixes, yet abhor the thought of doing nothing, so they tend to favor incremental solutions.

Before Vietnam and Watergate and public fatigue with government bureaucracy and taxes, the public and its leaders seemed to possess boundless optimism. Their expectations were expressed by President Johnson in March of 1964, when he said, "I have called for a national war on poverty. Our objective: total victory." Yet despite what the federal Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations said was the growth of income-transfer programs from seventy-seven billion dollars in 1965 to three hundred and ninety-four billion dollars in 1978, those on the political left who favor large-scale reforms sincerely believe that the war on poverty failed because the efforts were too timid. In the opinion of Michael Harrington and others, the efforts did not address the structural causes of poverty, did not seek to redistribute wealth from the haves to the have-nots. From this point of view, the underclass is primarily an economic problem; the psychologist William Ryan writes in his book "Blaming the Victim," published in 1971, that "poverty is most simply and clearly understood as a lack of money." To achieve the necessary redistribution of money requires a major commitment to economic as well as political democracy—in other words, not just equality of opportunity but equality of result. What counts, according to the Carnegie Council on Children, is not incremental liberal reforms or the efforts of individuals but some form of fundamental economic redistribution.

These major structural changes would require the federal government to take from the rich—through public ownership, taxes, profit ceilings—and give to the poor. Such a redistribution of wealth might also be accomplished through companies owned and managed by employees. These, it is assumed, would be more profitable (with profits going to the public), would improve employee morale, and would guarantee wise investment decisions. Investments presumably would be



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earmarked for labor-intensive industries that perform a public good—making subway cars and buses, creating solar technology, constructing schools and public housing. These changes might be accomplished through a form of radical democratic socialism, such as the Carnegie Council and Marcus Raskin, of the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington, have urged, or through an Economic Bill of Rights, such as Martin Luther King, Jr., proposed in the last days of his life, or through a domestic Marshall Plan, such as many civil-rights leaders have advocated. A domestic Marshall Plan would not necessarily mean socialism, but it would mean a vast increase in federal funds spent on public jobs, subsidized housing, and other entitlements for the poor.

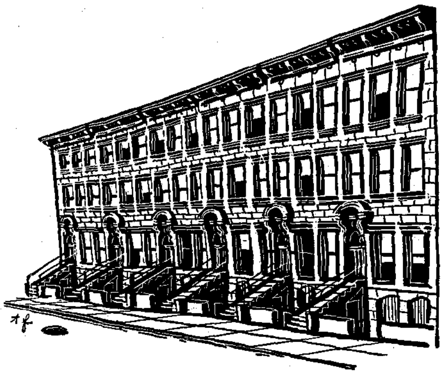
Such a plan would have many parts. One part might be that the federal government would provide a guaranteed annual income to all citizens—a floor below which no income could fall, whether people worked or not. Such a guaranteed income exists in about sixty-five industrialized nations. In the late nineteen-sixties, Moynihan, then a White House aide, persuaded the Nixon Administration to propose legislation conforming to the European model, but this proposal, the Family Assistance Plan, was defeated by the combined efforts of conservatives who worried that it would undermine initiative, liberals who felt its income floor was too low, and bureaucrats and social workers who feared that they would lose their jobs. If the income floor was high, the political left would generally favor a guaranteed income to replace welfare, thereby getting rid of welfare's steep administrative costs, removing its "demeaning" regulations and interviews, and, above all, disposing of the notion that welfare is a privilege, not a right.

Patricia Roberts Harris, who was Secretary of Health and Human Services in the Carter Administration, says, "The debate today is not about whether we have a guaranteed income but about the level. People today can be assured of certain payments." Or, at least, most can. Single people without children are usually not eligible, and neither is an ablebodied married couple. Nor are those—like Willy Joe, in the M.D.R.C.'s Wildcat program—who fail in a training program.

Those who believe that a guaranteed annual income for all Americans is politically unrealistic sometimes substitute a call for the "federalization" of welfare. Under this plan, the federal government would assume all welfare costs and provide a minimum national income, which would be linked to the cost of living. Thus, citizens of Texas, which in 1979 provided a family of four with a monthly welfare allowance of a hundred and thirty-four dollars, and citizens of Mississippi, which furnished ninety cents a day for a family of three, would no longer be penalized because of where they live.

The concepts of a guaranteed income and a decent national welfare standard are seen as two large-scale ways of attacking family dissolution and other ills associated with poverty. A guaranteed job—government as the employer of last resort—is seen as a way of combatting unemployment; eight and a half million Americans are now unemployed. A guaranteed income and a guaranteed job differ in that the latter has a work requirement, but they are alike in that both assume an adequate income to be a right. "In principle, there are two ways of dealing with relief explosions and the underlying economic and social dislocations which they reflect," Frances Fox Piven, professor of political science at Boston University, and Richard A. Cloward, professor of social work at Columbia, wrote in their book "Regulating the Poor: The Functions of Public Welfare," published in 1971. "One is by reforms in economic policy that would lead to full employment at decent wages, and the other is by relief reforms. If jobs were created on a large scale, whether by public or private investments, and if the wages paid were adequate, many A.F.D.C. mothers would immediately take jobs."

A federal jobs program would undoubtedly mean a large-scale effort—one that would dwarf the programs passed during the New Deal era. This could be accomplished through public-works projects or it could be accomplished through "reindustrial-



ization," a notion in vogue today—investing public money in useful public and private industries. A common assumption runs through both: if there were an adequate number of jobs, members of the underclass would readily take them. There is some evidence to support this view. To cite one example, in September of last year at least twenty-six thousand two hundred mostly unemployed men and women in Baltimore rushed to get job applications when they learned of seventy-five entry-level job openings with the Social Security Administration. Some of the job seekers waited in line for three hours to get applications for jobs that paid seven thousand to eleven and a half thousand dollars a year.

To combat youth unemployment, which is officially reported at about forty per cent for blacks and twenty-five per cent for Hispanics, a variety of wholesale ideas are offered. Franklin Thomas, the president of the Ford Foundation, endorses compulsory national service of some kind for every young person, male or female. Some of the young people would be drafted into the military, others into public-works projects. "It seems to me that one of the things that are right in front of us for the fourteen-to-twenty-three-year-old group is to rethink the idea of national service, particularly the voluntary armed forces," Thomas told me. "Instead of treating it as a dumping ground, think of it as a source of national honor. For a youngster growing up in the South Bronx, it would provide self-discipline, provide education, provide the certainty of expectations—you've got to get up at a certain time, perform certain chores, achieve certain things." Teen-agers could perform public-service tasks in an expanded Jobs Corps, says Eleanor Holmes Norton. "It may be that the Job Corps is more successful than many programs in the ghetto. It takes possession of the whole kid." The Job Corps, one of the many anti-poverty initiatives of the Johnson Administration, moves school dropouts from poor families away from their neighborhoods to camps, where they are taught skills. This program has had some success, but it is expensive—the Job Corps budget is about thirteen thousand dollars annually for each of forty-one thousand five hundred positions.

The most serious and sustained criticism of these wholesale efforts to assist the underclass centers on cost. Where would the money come from? At the moment, the federal deficit for

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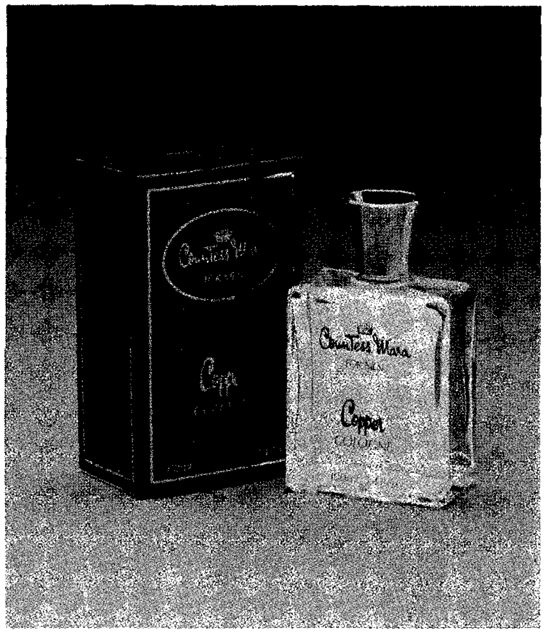

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fiscal 1982 is conservatively estimated to be about eighty billion dollars. The Reagan Administration has officially acknowledged that its pledge to achieve a balanced budget in 1984 is unattainable; and if the President's optimistic assumptions about economic growth and lowered interest rates and support from the financial community for his tax cuts prove false, the deficit will grow. That leaves too small a treasury to launch a domestic Marshall Plan. Those on the left may dispute this, noting that deficits are not the sole, or even the largest, contributor to lagging growth and rising inflation. They claim, accurately, that Japan and West Germany run proportionately larger deficits and yet enjoy expanding economies and lower rates of inflation. No matter. As long as the investment community and the rest of the public believe otherwise and endorse efforts to balance the federal budget, liberal wholesalers will remain isolated.

There is also a problem of interpretation. Contrary to the view espoused by many liberal wholesalers, a great many people do believe that federal efforts to eradicate poverty were not so timid. There is some evidence to support this argument. Beginning in the Kennedy Administration and continuing through the Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter Administrations, dozens of federal initiatives were born, including Head Start, manpower-training programs, the Job Corps, community-action agencies, subsidized housing programs, Medicaid, food stamps, the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA), hot lunches, energy supplements for the poor, subsidized legal aid. The magnitude of this growth is better understood if we consider that in the federal fiscal year beginning October 1, 1981, entitlement programs—including Social Security payments, Medicare, food stamps, and veterans' benefits—were expected to grow by fifty billion dollars. This one-year rise in spending equals nearly half the size of the entire federal budget in 1962.

These expenditures add to the problem of deficits. In fiscal year 1981, about fifteen per cent of the federal budget—almost a hundred billion dollars—went for interest payments. This sum is eight times what the federal government spent for food stamps in 1981, and was more than it spent for education, nutrition, and medical programs combined.

Faced with these facts, a liberal may

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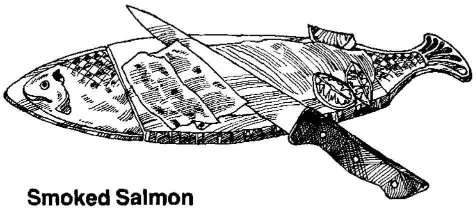

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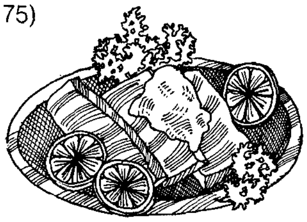

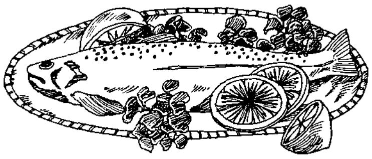

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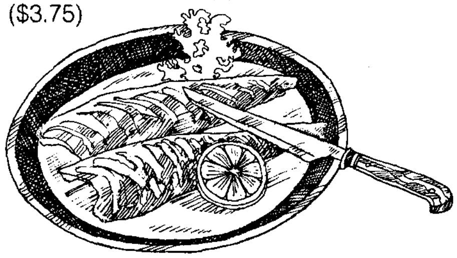

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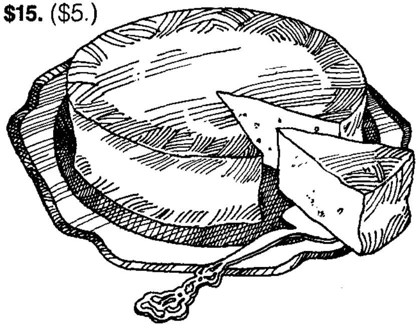

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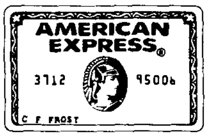

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respond that money to finance a war on poverty can be found by cutting the military budget and "reordering national priorities." But this response ignores still another reality: the voters, as the 1980 elections showed, favor larger, not smaller, military expenditures. And most public officials agree with them, believing that American military strength has dangerously atrophied.

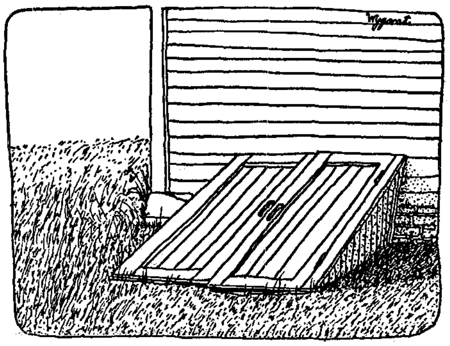
If we could set aside the question of scarce financial resources, we still could achieve no consensus, because many on the left as well as on the right believe that some wholesale ideas can be harmful. A guaranteed income or overgenerous welfare payments, for example, are opposed by Kenneth Clark, who favors a domestic Marshall Plan. Clark told me that he had objected to Moynihan's proposed Family Assistance Plan. "I thought it would reinforce dependency," he said. "Every individual needs some sense of personal achievement. I would not oppose a guaranteed annual income if it was tied to achievement."

Even Moynihan has subsequently backed off his proposal. "Our proposition was that a condition that was normal and universal would not have the effect of creating dependency," he said in an interview. "Experiments have cast doubt on this." He cited federal pilot programs in Seattle and Denver which suggested that a guaranteed income reduced initiative, reduced hours worked, encouraged family dissolution, and increased dependency. "Current research, as I understand it, says it creates more problems than it solves," Moynihan told me. Martin Anderson summed up the opposition to these welfare changes when he wrote, "Radical welfare reform or any variety of a guaranteed income is politically impossible," because no "plan can be devised that will simultaneously yield minimum levels of welfare benefits, financial incentives to work, and an over-all cost to the taxpayers that are politically acceptable." A guaranteed job is thought to have many of the same defects. The federalization of welfare costs is unlikely in the near future, since an opposite course was advocated by the 1980 Republican Party platform and by Ronald Reagan.

Well-meaning advocates of the large-scale approach tend to ignore the stubborn reality of the underclass—a reality brought home by the M.D.R.C. experience. The M.D.R.C. found, in one of its other experimental programs, known as Youth Incentive Entitlement Pilot Projects, that even the promise of a guaranteed job did not guarantee that every young person would want to work. Some young people preferred to hustle. Some of those listed as unemployed were in fact earning a living in the underground economy. The notion that a job equals less drug use and less crime is dismissed as naïve; the M.D.R.C. found, for instance, that a guaranteed job for a year in supported work did not reduce drug use—though it did reduce crime. But crime is caused by more than just unemployment. For the career criminal, crime becomes a way of life—a calculated business decision. The necklace snatcher earns more on the streets than he could on the assembly line. Leon Harris, a former stickup man in the Wildcat program, said he used to think that the cost of punishment paled in comparison to the profits.

Supply-side conservatives suggest generous tax cuts, rather than major government spending, as a means of engendering economic opportunity. Slashing taxes and reducing government spending and government borrowing and government regulations, they say, will allow the market to perform its miracles and free the nation from the cannibalizing effects of liberal doctrine. "Jimmy Carter is not the major problem," Ronald Reagan told the annual convention of the National Urban League in August of 1980. He went on:

> The philosophy he believes in and the policies he promotes are. Replace him with someone more competent, but who believes in the same philosophy, and things won't get much better. The problem is, that economic philosophy is based on the mistaken belief that for some people to benefit, others must suffer. We are told the following: that people must lose their jobs; that to help the cities, we must increase taxes on other areas of the country; that to find more jobs for blacks, we must deny jobs to non-blacks. . . . There is a better answer. We must get the economy moving again. Instead of fighting over who gets the last piece of a shrinking economic pie,



let's help America produce a bigger pie so that everyone will have a chance to be better off.

George Gilder, an intellectual favorite of President Reagan's, goes a step further, arguing that most government programs aimed at the poor achieve the opposite effect from that intended. In his book "Wealth and Poverty," published earlier this year, Gilder writes:

> When government gives welfare, unemployment payments, and public-service jobs in quantities that deter productive work, and when it raises taxes on profitable enterprise to pay for them, demand declines. In fact, nearly all the programs that are advocated by economists to promote equality and combat poverty—and are often rationalized in terms of stimulating consumption—in actuality reduce demand by undermining the production from which all real demand derives. . . . Government cannot significantly affect real aggregate demand through policies of taxing and spending—taking money from one man and giving it to another, whether in government or out. All this shifting of wealth is a zero sum game and the net effect on incomes is usually zero, or even negative.

Consistent with these ideas, President Reagan induced Congress this year to impose four hundred and seventy-five billion dollars in federal budget cuts over the next five years, and to cut taxes over that period by seven hundred and fifty billion dollars. Reagan, too, believes in redistributing income—the assumption being that the new wealth generated by his economic programs will eventually provide jobs and opportunities for the poor. This philosophy is now supported by a number of black and Hispanic leaders, among the most prominent of whom is Thomas Sowell, at Stanford University. In December of last year, shortly after Reagan's election, Sowell and nearly a score of other black social scientists, journalists, and corporate executives were invited to attend a Black Alternatives Conference in San Francisco sponsored by the Institute for Contemporary Studies, a nonprofit public-policy research organization. "It is clear to most sensitive people that the old dependency-encouraging approaches to social policy have failed," read a statement of the conference's purpose which was circulated to participants. "Unfortunately, great numbers of those programs, often involving dead-end jobs and other forms of handouts, remain on the books, subsidizing a major portion of the old civil-rights black and Latino leadership class, which the media and others take 'to speak for blacks and Lati-

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nos.' . . . Reagan's election creates an opportunity, if seized, to make a whole new start—to fashion a whole new approach to the race problem, developing new approaches and policies."

In general, those who favor the large-scale approach, both on the left and the right, tend not to distinguish between the poor and the underclass. Both assume that their prescription, whether it is for a resurgent free-enterprise system or a large increase in government spending, will reach all those in need. One of the few targeted approaches endorsed by President Reagan and some other supply-siders is a bill that was introduced in June of 1980 and again in June of this year by Representative Jack Kemp, a Buffalo Republican, and Representative Robert Garcia, a South Bronx Democrat. Under the bill, the federal government would designate certain depressed areas as "enterprise zones." Each year for three years, it would select, from a list of proposed sites, ten to twenty-five, both rural and urban. In these areas, the government would reduce certain business and individual taxes and in return businesses would be required to hire forty per cent of their new employees from workers eligible for CETA benefits. When Kemp introduced this bill for the first time, he told the House:

> Today a segment of our population is trapped in a cycle—a poverty trap which has no beginning and no end. Without government help, some forty-three million Americans—twenty per cent of the population—would be classified as poor. Why has this percentage remained the same for the past dozen years, despite creation of millions of new jobs and rising nominal wages?

Kemp's answer is consistent with his economic philosophy: "A person today who gives up welfare or unemployment benefits to take a job that provides scarcely more, if any, in after-tax income than those benefits provide is just not being realistic. But that is exactly what we ask of our inner-city poor. . . . I would make the case that the poor are motivated by exactly the same things as all other people: incentives, rewards, jobs that bring dignity, not despair." Similarly, Kemp argues that entrepreneurs flee the high taxes and other disadvantages of aging cities. The enterprise zones are supposed to supply the missing economic incentives for both poor people and entrepreneurs.

To avoid the problems of the welfare system and also its huge bureaucratic cost, some conservatives have endorsed the idea of a negative income tax. This idea, which was first proposed in 1962 by the economist Milton Friedman and was later embraced in principle by a number of conservatives and liberals, including Richard Nixon and George McGovern, is fairly simple. Basically, the negative income tax would use the tax system to reward work. Because of graduated income-tax rates, the poor whose incomes fluctuate from year to year wind up paying higher taxes than those who earn the same amount over time from steady employment. The negative income tax would remove this deterrent to working by requiring that the worker pay taxes in a good year but that in a bad year the government pay taxes to the worker. And for those citizens who did not work welfare payments and other government income supports would be replaced by one direct federal subsidy, similar to a guaranteed income. At worst, money would be saved by providing those on welfare with a direct cash grant and eliminating a costly middleman. At best, there would be a financial incentive for people to get away from welfare, because their taxes would drop as they worked. Of course, as was true of the Family Assistance Plan proposed by the Nixon Administration, there would be fierce disagreement about whether the income-cutoff eligibility level was adequate. Public-employee unions would protest the necessary layoff of social workers. And taxpayers and public officials would resist the idea of a permanent dole for those who did not work.

Traditional conservatives and conservative wholesalers usually agree that the minimum wage serves as a deterrent to hiring the poor. The minimum wage (now three dollars and thirty-five cents an hour) "prices people out of the market," Thomas Sowell says, adding, "I imagine that we could absorb every unemployed person as domestics or babysitters" if it were suspended. This belief is shared by the economist Walter Williams, who, like Sowell, has been influenced by Milton Friedman. As a start, they would lower the minimum wage for young people. Sowell proposes a rate of two dollars an hour for those under twenty. As a Presidential candidate, Reagan endorsed a lower minimum wage for young people, without specifying a rate. Because the idea was strenuously opposed by organized labor and because he was unwilling to risk losing support for his budget and tax-cut proposals, the President decided in

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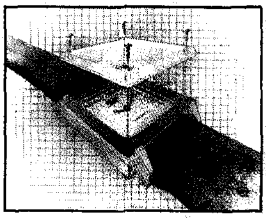

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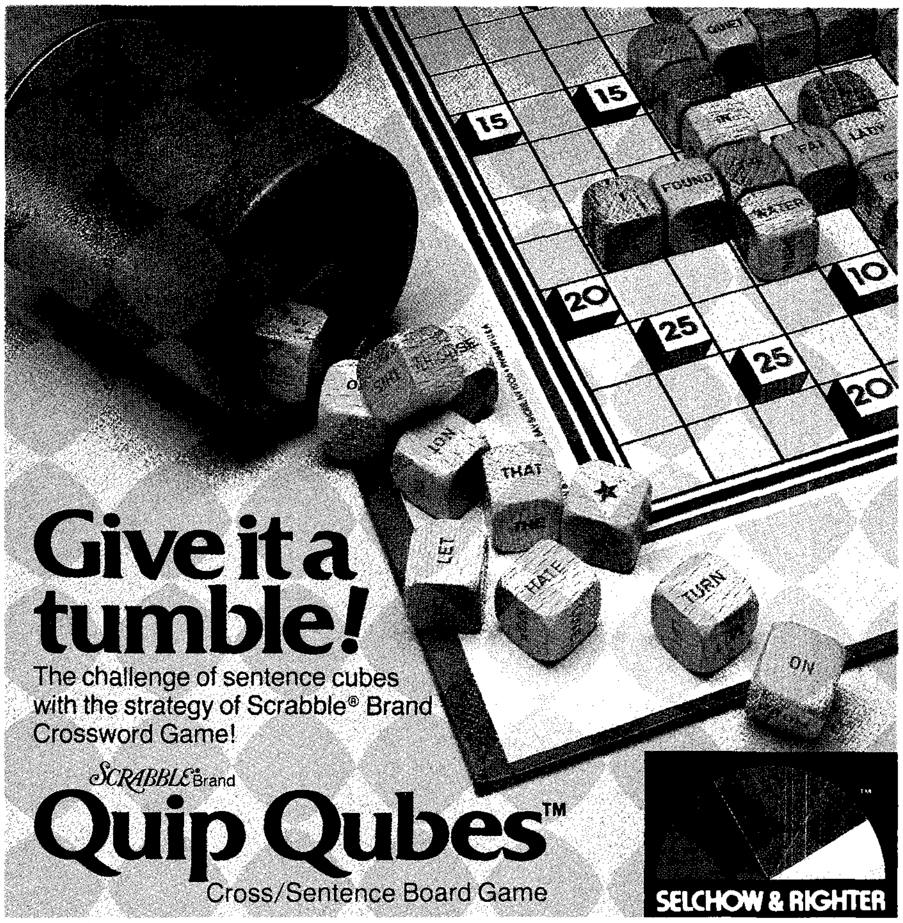

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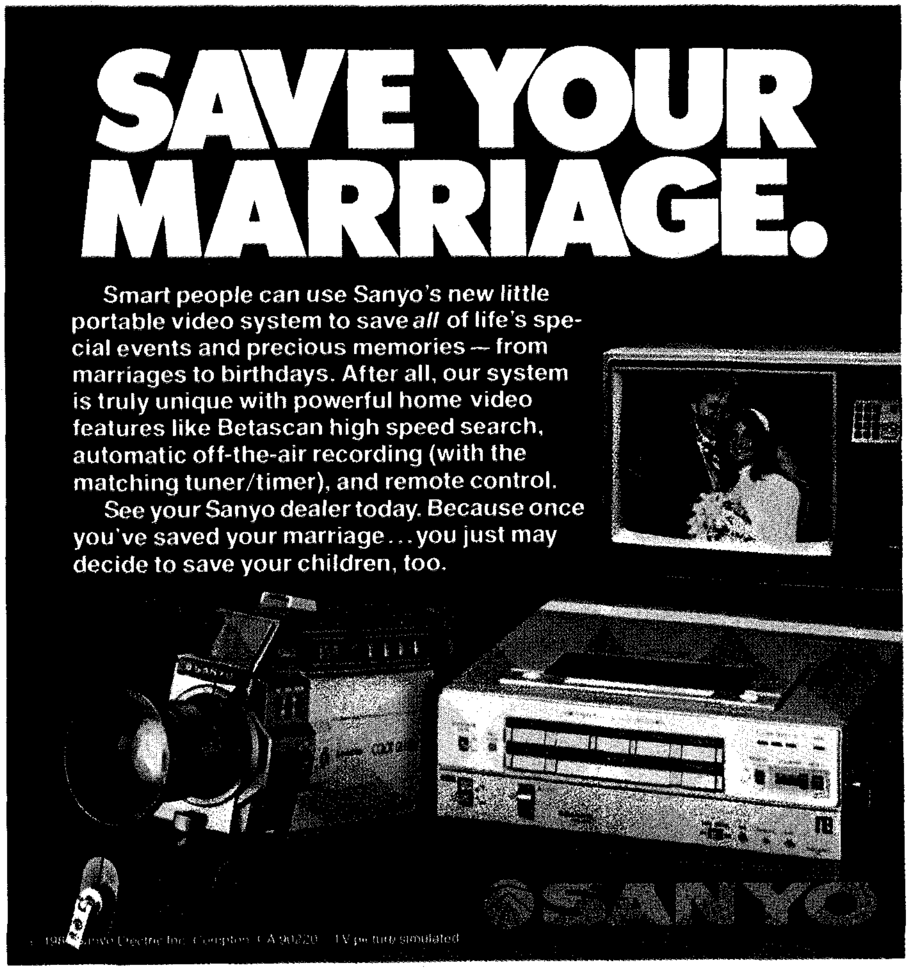

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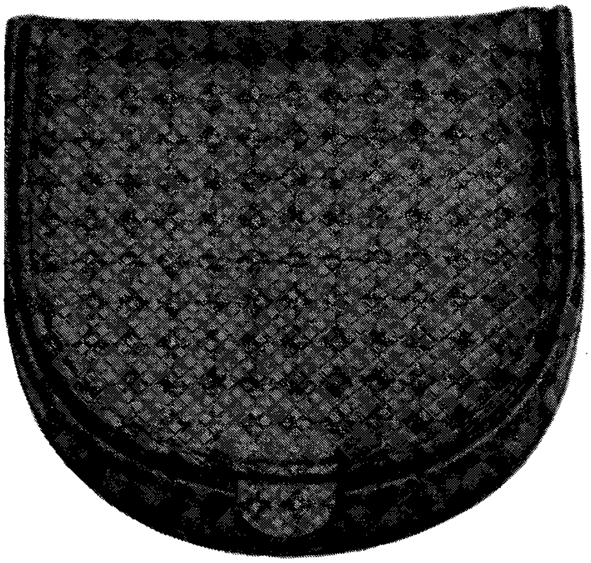
March of this year to postpone sending a specific legislative proposal to Capitol Hill.

Unknown to many of its advocates, such a sub-minimum wage has already been tested in the M.D.R.C.'s Youth Incentive Entitlement Projects. The M.D.R.C. estimated in 1977 that forty-five and three-tenths per cent of those who were then enrolled in the program and working in the private sector were at or below the minimum wage. There are two ways by which government could reach this goal without actually lowering the wage. It could decide, as the M.D.R.C. Entitlement Project did in some cases, to subsidize the difference between the actual minimum wage and the wage paid by private industry or, as Dan J. Smith, a management consultant and a member of the California State Commission for Economic Development, suggested at the Black Alternatives Conference, it could offer business a "youth-employment tax credit" to bridge the difference.

But the M.D.R.C.'s actual experience with a lower wage, its president, William Grinker, says, suggests that "any evidence we have does not indicate that lowering the minimum wage would significantly affect this youth population." When the M.D.R.C.'s Youth Incentive Entitlement Project offered a total wage subsidy, only one in ten private employers accepted it. "So what the hell difference would it make with a ghetto kid who can't hook up with the labor market and whom private employers don't want if the minimum wage is two eighty-five or three thirty-five an hour?" Grinker says. He foresees another practical problem: lowering the wage for school dropouts would worsen matters. "They have to make enough to live," he says. "How can they live on two eighty-five an hour? If you make the wage less, they'll be less interested."

While those on the left and the right who advocate the large-scale approach usually disagree about the causes of persistent poverty and about how to eradicate it, they do share one assumption: that the root of the problem is economic. Offer a government job or a guaranteed income, those on the left say, and alienation, crime, family dissolution, discrimination, and welfare dependency will decline. Offer economic incentives to business and the poor, those on the right say, and cities will be rebuilt. Representative Kemp is a member in good standing of the so-called new right. He is also an



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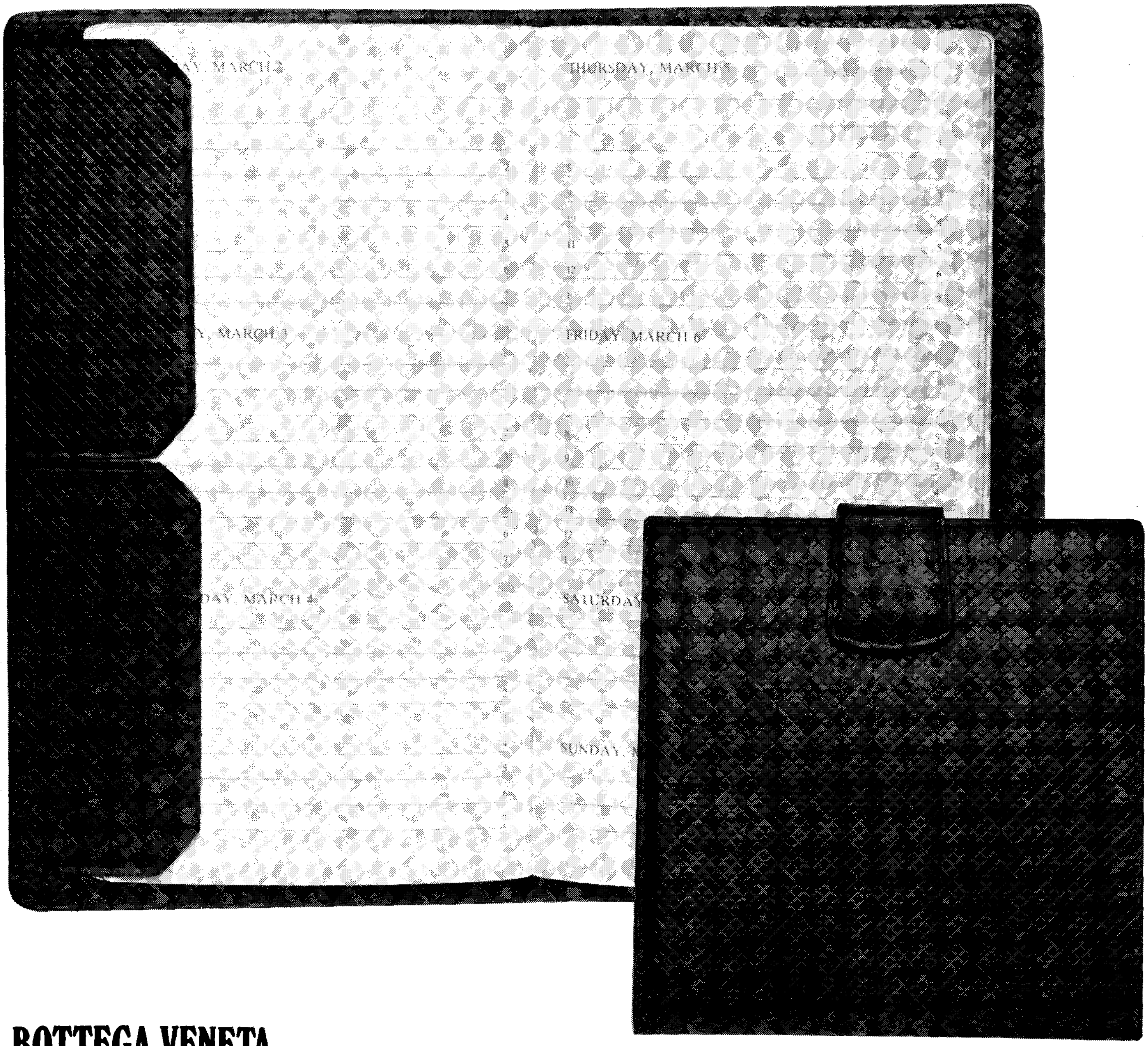
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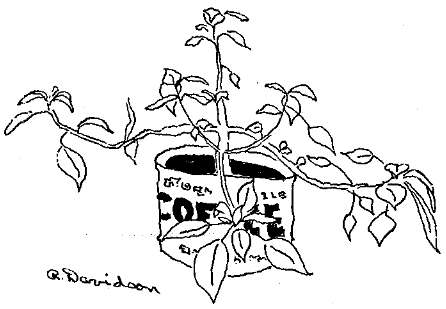
economic determinist. "Seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of the social problems of the country are being caused by the shrinking of the economy," he said to me not long ago. "I've changed. I was brought up as a Calvinist. I used to think that people create their own environment and that blaming the 'environment' was not much of an excuse. I now realize that crime and social problems, to a larger extent than I thought, result from economic problems. If you ain't got no boots, it's tough to lift yourself up by your bootstraps."

Generally speaking, the old left and the new right play down or sometimes do not know about the kinds of vexatious behavioral habits that have haunted the M.D.R.C.'s experiments with the underclass. "There's no program on earth that's going to take this kind of group and within a year or two, no matter what the program, turn their world around," Grinker says. Take President Reagan's economic quick fix—the one he presented to the 1981 convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People as a better alternative for the poor than government-funded programs. Under his own economic assumptions, this plan would create three million new jobs by 1986, in addition to the ten million new jobs already expected. These three million new jobs represent growth. But they would not be nearly enough for the entire underclass. More important, they do not represent opportunity for people without job skills or the social skills and habits of knowing how to get up on time, how to look for a job, how to act in an interview.

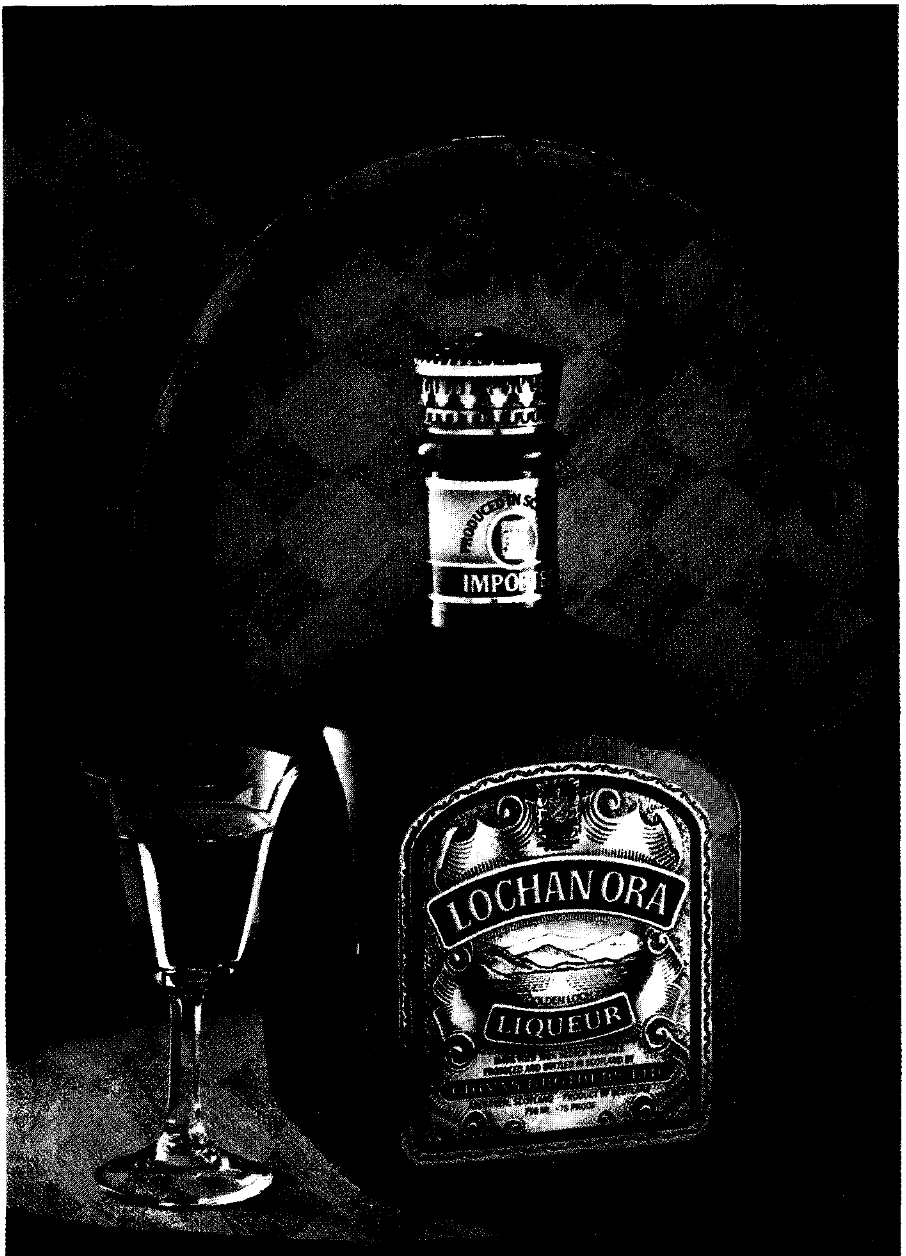
Beyond all the talk about programs, there is the question of whether some members of the underclass are even reachable. Former Bronx Representative Herman Badillo guesses that perhaps two per cent of the people in the underclass are beyond hope—so twisted and hostile that no program, no amount of compassion, no economic incentives can reach them. But, just as many traditional conservatives err on the side of caution, Badillo and other liberals want to err on the side of trying. "Because you can't reach two per cent doesn't mean you don't go after the ninety-eight per cent," he says. Is it, however, only two per cent of the underclass who can't be reached? Dr. Hugo M. Morales, the medical director of the Bronx Mental Health Center, suspects that a majority of the underclass may be unreachable. He divides the underclass into those who are passive and "traumatized" and those who are "anti-social" and lack a "strong superego"—who "have no conscience, no remorse, no guilt." He includes "hustlers" in the latter group. Of this group, Morales says, "The damage is already done in many of these cases, and no matter how much we spend I don't think we'll do much. The key is prevention."

There are many ideas about prevention. If crumbling families are the seedbed of the underclass, the Harvard political scientist Edward Banfield has asked, how can society not take the child away from the destructive influence of its mother? "The child should be taken from its lower-class parents at a very early age and brought up by people whose culture is normal," Banfield suggested in his book "The Unheavenly City," published in 1970. However, Banfield recognized that taking a child from its parents might not be advisable; such a practice smacks of totalitarianism to many Americans, and it assumes that children born to single lower-class mothers are destined to become criminals or a burden on society. Another variant of Banfield's idea is for government to intercede by preventing many of these births. In a 1967 essay that could prove embarrassing to a Democrat striving to replenish his "liberal" credentials, Daniel Patrick Moynihan suggested that the abolition of mass welfare dependency might require "a sharp curtailment of the freedom now by and large enjoyed by low-income groups to produce children they cannot support." China, to control a population that is pushing one billion, has been debating compulsory birth control. Proponents of the idea there urge laws to prevent "imbeciles, lunatics, hemophiliacs, and those who are color blind or carry hereditary diseases" from having children.

Less drastic approaches to shoring up the family have been proposed. Martin Anderson has supported a requirement that absent fathers provide child support—a move that he believes



would lower welfare costs. To strengthen family ties, President Reagan urged Congress in May of this year to consider the income of step-parents, for the first time, in calculating a child's need for welfare benefits and to strive to collect alimony and child support from absent fathers. To break the cycle of dependency and to reduce the ten million eight hundred thousand people on the A.F.D.C. rolls in 1980, wholesalers on the right have urged a crackdown on many recipients of welfare. Thomas Sowell says he would prohibit welfare for all but those in "distress"—the old, the sick, the infirm. In "Wealth and Poverty," George Gilder, who takes exception to the "fake" reforms proposed by liberals and conservatives alike, wrote, "Neither side is willing to tolerate fraud, both sides advocate largely fraudulent work requirements, and neither side understands the need to permit a gradual lowering of the real worth of benefits." To purge the welfare rolls, he would simply lower or freeze benefits. Adam Walinsky, the former chief legislative aide to the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, agrees that benefits, particularly in many Northern states, should not be permitted to rise, as they did in New York in 1981. But he believes that the welfare rolls must be purged in another way. "I absolutely believe it is outrageous and totally immoral not to require work in exchange for every dollar of welfare given out," he told me. He would exclude the sick and the infirm, but "work" would include "going to class and getting an education," he said. "It would be like the Israeli Army, which was used as an assimilation device. You don't go to class, you don't eat." What of the five hundred and sixty thousand teen-agers who became mothers in 1979? Walinsky (who drafted a well-received speech on the underclass given at a meeting of the N.A.A.C.P. in 1978 by Senator Edward Kennedy) said that he would provide day care, "but not in the sense of paying white teachers to come in at twenty-five thousand dollars a year." Recipients could work four days and rotate as babysitters the fifth day, he said. Was he not being callous? "I'd say the callousness is really on the part of those, whatever the nobility of their sentiments, who want to allow the present situation to continue," he told me not long ago. "The fact is—to take a simple example—if you're the parent or someone with any feeling for the lives these kids lead, you know



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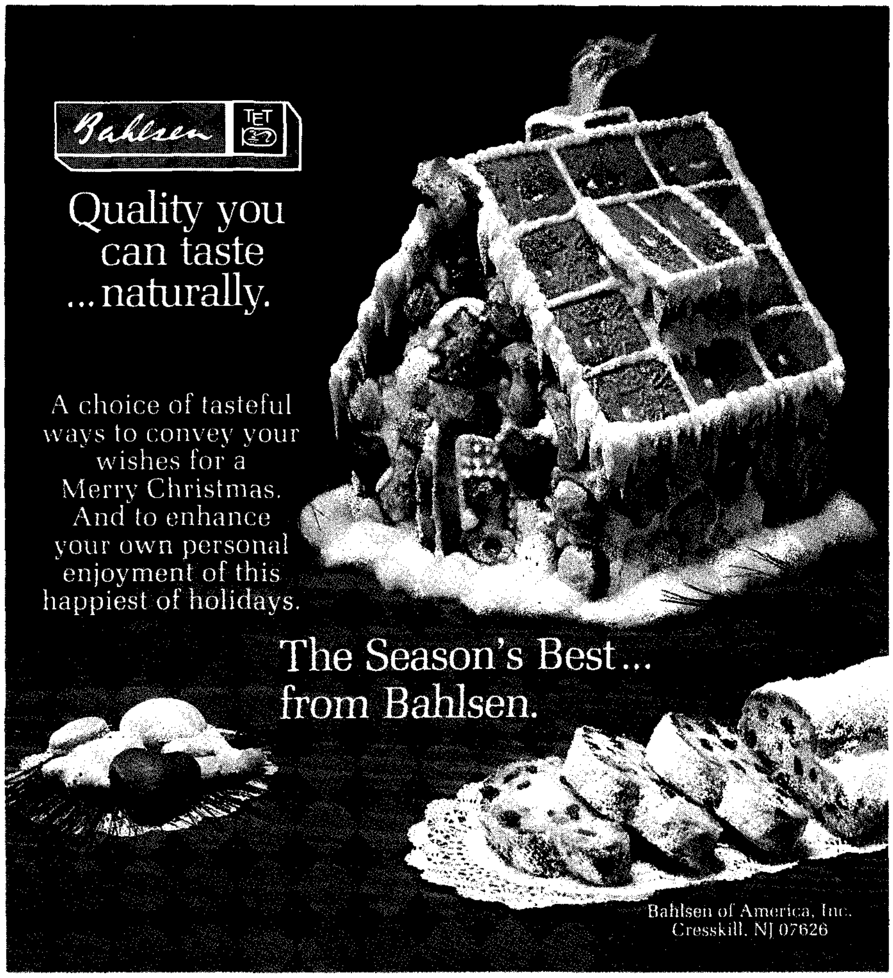
they have to be disciplined and taught. And they've got to be taught the same lessons we teach our kids. Imagine my teaching my kid that it's all right to sit around on his ass, not to go to school, not to work, to get a girl pregnant!"

This fall, President Reagan proposed a series of actions to reduce welfare dependency. He urged Congress to count in-kind benefits such as food stamps in calculating whether an individual or a family was poor. Congressional conferees ultimately agreed to eliminate six billion dollars in food-stamp benefits over the next three years. In all, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand households would lose their food-stamp benefits and one million four hundred thousand families would have them reduced. The President also moved to eliminate three hundred thousand CETA jobs, on the ground that these were "make-work" jobs. (Included in this cut were CETA funds that provided work for the M.D.R.C.'s supported workers.) A.F.D.C. funds are to be cut by a billion dollars in fiscal year 1982, and this will remove four hundred and eight thousand families, or more than ten per cent, from the welfare rolls and lower the benefits of two hundred and seventy-nine thousand families; about three-quarters of a billion dollars more is to be cut in each of the succeeding four years. The federal Medicaid contribution, which would have amounted to sixteen and a half billion dollars in 1981, is to be reduced by a billion dollars for 1982, by two billion for 1983, by three billion for 1984, by four billion for 1985, and by five billion for 1986. Housing subsidies, unemployment-insurance benefits, energy-assistance supplements, subsidies for school meals, loans for college students, aid for elementary and secondary schools, training funds, and free legal assistance are to be reduced.

"These cuts sound like enormous sums—and they are—until one considers the overwhelming size of the total budget," Reagan said in a budget message to Congress on March 10, 1981. "Even with these cuts, the 1982 budget will total $695.3 billion, an increase of 6.1 per cent over 1981." A prime reason for this increase is military spending, with Reagan proposing to more than double the Defense Department budget—to three hundred and sixty-eight billion dollars—by 1986. In arguing for his proposals, the President said that he was preserving the nation's existing "social safety net," and that those "who rely on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government for their very existence" would continue to be protected. However, a study by the Congressional Budget Office, which was able to evaluate the impact of only about a third of Reagan's proposed cuts, found that nearly half of all low-income families would lose spendable income if the plan was enacted, and that forty-one per cent of all families with incomes of less than half the official poverty threshold would suffer losses. A study by the University of Chicago's Center for the Study of Welfare Policy found that a federal formula change proposed by Reagan would have the severest impact on low-paid workers eligible for welfare, and so would unintentionally discourage people from working. For example, according to the study, in March of this year a working woman on welfare in New York State with two children had a disposable income of seven hundred and fifty-four dollars a month. This contrasted with five hundred and forty-two dollars available to a nonworking mother—a difference of two hundred and twelve dollars. If the Reagan changes were put into effect, the study concluded, the disposable income of the working mother would be reduced to five hundred and fifty-five dollars a month and that of the nonworking mother to five hundred and eighteen dollars—a difference of only thirty-seven dollars. "We already have a disincentive problem, but this would worsen it," Edwin L. Dale, Jr., an official spokesman for the Office of Management and Budget, told David E. Rosenbaum, of the *Times*. Unavoidably, the Reagan Administration ran into reality, and that reality, glimpsed by previous Administrations, is that welfare is like a seesaw: remove benefits and suffering goes up; add benefits and dependency goes up. Democratic Administrations have tended to worry more about the sufferers, so they have treated welfare as an income-supplement program; Republicans tend to worry more about the ill effects of dependency, so they treat welfare as a safety net (though, apparently, an imperfect one).

WHILE both liberals and conservatives who favor the large-scale approach are optimistic that their proposals can solve the problem of the underclass, subscribers to the laissez-faire approach are profoundly pessimistic about the idea that any government intervention can transform the underclass. Many of these conservatives are lineal descendants of Thomas

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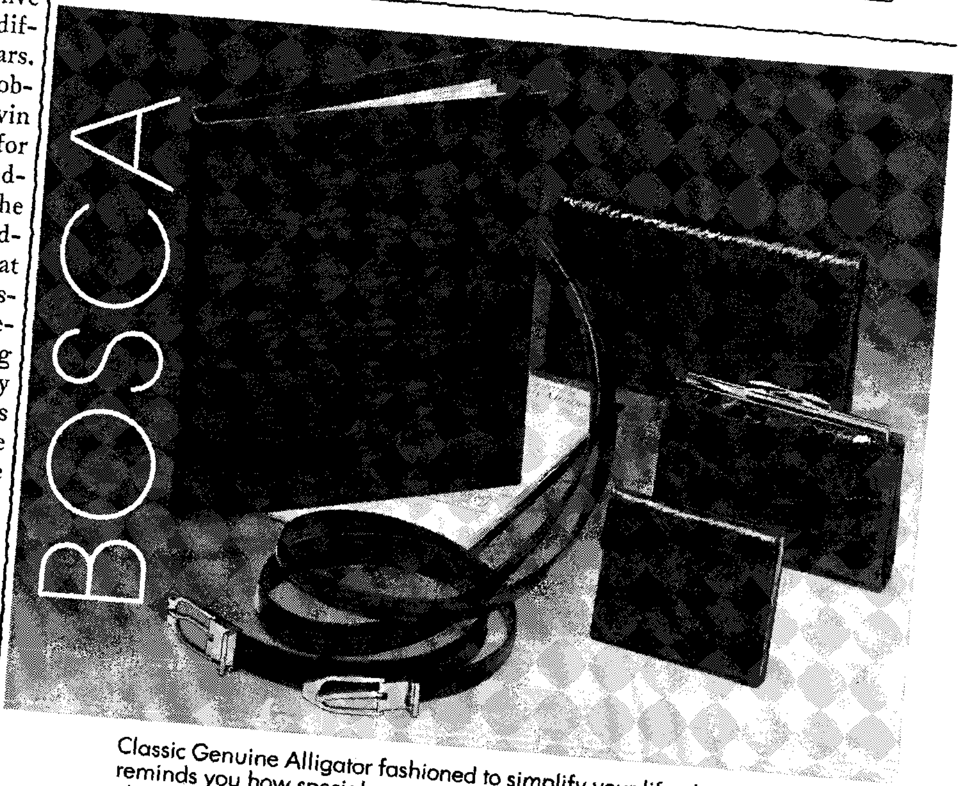

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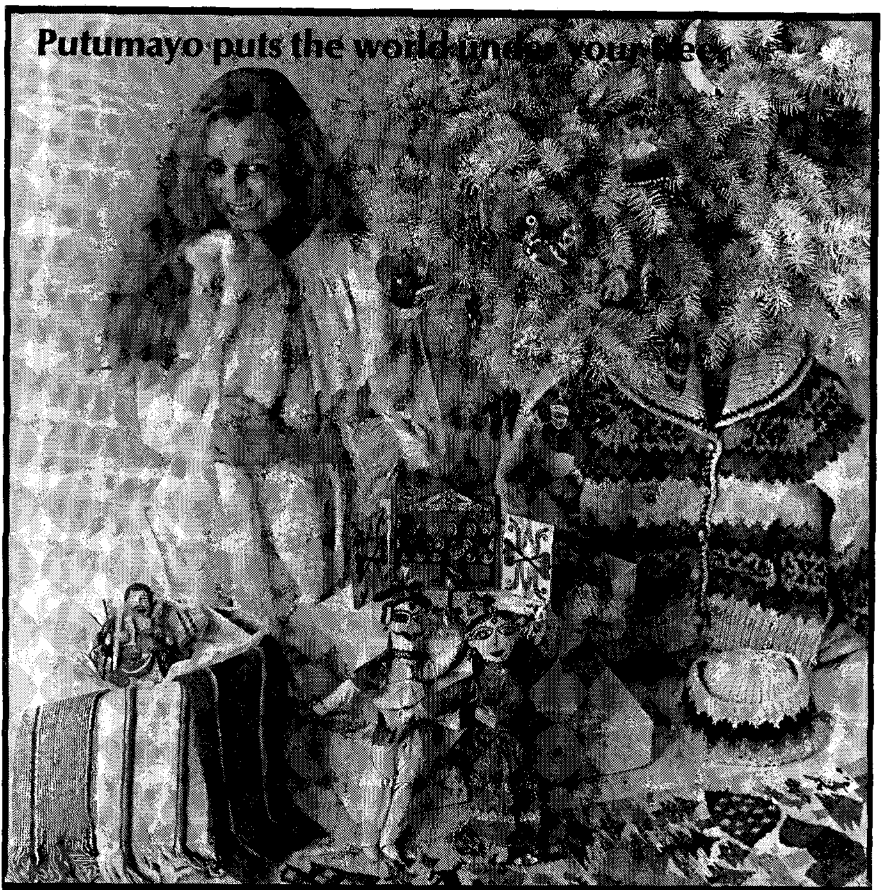
Malthus, who argued in the eighteenth century that poverty and distress were unavoidable and often unalterable. Whether black or white, Hispanic or Asian, these people say, some segment of every population is infected by "lower class" behavior or a "culture of poverty," for which there is no known cure. Their position is outlined by Edward Banfield in "The Unheavenly City":

> So long as the city contains a sizable lower class, nothing basic can be done about its most serious problems. Good jobs may be offered to all, but some will remain chronically unemployed. Slums may be demolished, but if the housing that replaces them is occupied by the lower class it will shortly be turned into new slums. Welfare payments may be doubled or tripled and a negative income tax instituted, but some persons will continue to live in squalor and misery. New schools may be built, new curricula devised, and the teacher-pupil ratio cut in half, but if the children who attend these schools come from lower-class homes, they will be turned into blackboard jungles, and those who graduate or drop out from them will, in most cases, be functionally illiterate. The streets may be filled with armies of policemen, but violent crime and civil disorder will decrease very little. If, however, the lower class were to disappear—if, say, its members were overnight to acquire the attitudes, motivations, and habits of the working class—the most serious and intractable problems of the city would all disappear with it.

Although Banfield does discuss large-scale measures to reduce and police the underclass, he believes that these measures are either unfeasible or unacceptable. Besides, he says, many ideas would only perpetuate what the sociologist Robert K. Merton, of Columbia, has called a "reign of error." Like Banfield, Thomas Sowell advocates several large-scale measures, particularly in regard to a market economy and ways of policing the underclass. However, Sowell, too, remains pessimistic, cautioning that every ethnic group transmits different traditions and different cultures, which, he says, affect the group's current behavior. "It may be unsettling to American ideology to believe that a man's current performance in a factory or classroom is related to how his ancestors lived thousands of miles from here and hundreds of years ago," Sowell wrote in his book "Race and Economics," published in 1975, and he goes on to say that we are witnessing "an intergenerational *relay* race," with some ethnic groups starting farther back and therefore taking longer to catch up.

Sowell recites similar historical differences to explain why the underclass



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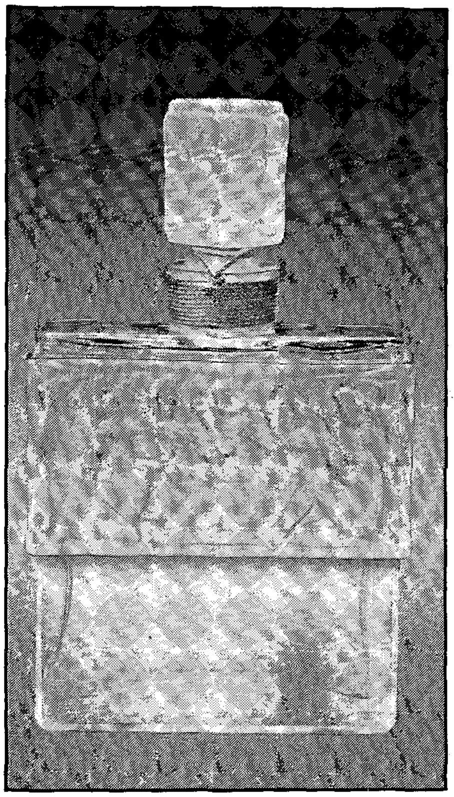

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includes a large number of native American blacks but not of West Indian blacks. If racism is the cause, he asks, why do West Indians generally get ahead of American blacks and earn incomes comparable to those earned by white Americans? Both groups endured slavery, enforced illiteracy, the brutal destruction of family life. "Yet a hundred years later, the West Indian in the United States is not only more prosperous and better educated, but also has a much more stable and patriarchal family life," Sowell writes. He traces the reasons back to the different histories of the two groups. Under American slavery, blacks were rarely permitted to grow their own food. They were taught to be dependent on their masters. With no commercial supply of food in the islands, West Indians farmed or starved. In the American South, blacks were in the minority. This was not the case in the West Indies. There, because whites made up just ten per cent of the population, slaveowners had to permit some economic autonomy and self-sufficiency. They also had less control over slave escapes and slave rebellions. Thus, Sowell concludes, "the West Indian setting permitted and fostered more self-reliance, more economic experience, and more defiance of whites." American blacks start behind because slavery undermined their self-reliance, Sowell says, and their new-found freedom suffered a further jolt with the mass migration of blacks from the rural South to the urban North.

According to Sowell, many Puerto Ricans experienced the same fate, moving, as they did, from a rural setting to an urban one. Unlike nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century immigrants, the new immigrants flocked to cities that were losing entry-level jobs. Lacking skills, language, and confidence, he says, these new immigrants could not compete for white-collar positions. What was available was welfare, which only reinforced dependency. There is no good solution except patience, Sowell says. Government attempts to buy cures will not attain the desired ends.

Perhaps the greatest dilemma in attempts to raise ethnic minority income is that those methods which have historically proved successful—self-reliance, work skills, education, business experience—are all slow developing, while those methods which are more direct and immediate—job quotas, charity, subsidies, preferential treatment—tend to undermine self-reliance and pride of achievement in the long

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run. If the history of American ethnic groups shows anything, it is how large a role has been played by attitudes—and particularly attitudes of self-reliance.

Again, it would be a misrepresentation of the position of Sowell, Banfield, and other proponents of laissez-faire to suggest that they offer no policy recommendations except patience. Banfield has enumerated a variety of policies that might be effective. Sowell endorses President Reagan's emphasis on tax cuts to promote economic growth and reduce unemployment, favors a minimum wage of two dollars an hour for young people and a work requirement for most welfare recipients, and says that one of the crucial things President Reagan can do is appoint law-and-order justices to the Supreme Court. "You keep putting people on there from the turn-'em-loose category and the due-process types, and violence will be much cheaper, and we'll have more of it," he adds. However, their basic argument—and that of many traditional conservatives who favor drastic cuts in social-welfare spending—is that many people are beyond hope of redemption, and that society should beware of cures and concentrate on quarantining the patient. Some people must be written off, with the government adopting what amounts to a triage policy, carefully directing remedial efforts only toward non-"lower class" people, who have a realistic chance of justifying the social investment. In the spring of 1980, Sowell said to me, "We should shift concern toward people who are trying to do the right and decent thing, and make sure they don't lose. Stop kidding yourself that we can solve all problems. There are people whose problems we can't solve, but we can stop them from causing problems." To attempt to rebuild devastated areas like the South Bronx and the South Side of Chicago is, in his view, insane. As long as the underclass remains there in substantial numbers, new buildings will be burned, just as the old ones were. Assuming limited resources, government must concentrate on the doable, not the desirable. Sowell and Banfield have a pessimistic view of the doable.

Liberal critics usually dismiss this policy as "planned shrinkage," because it assumes that market forces will work their will without government interference and that the population of ghettos will dwindle as people search for job opportunities. Som say we should encourage people t move where the jobs have moved. President Carter's Commission for a National Agenda for the Eighties urge the federal government to step bac and stop trying to stem the decline o aging cities. "Contrary to conventional wisdom, cities are not permanent, the commission said in its report, published in January of this year. "Thei strength is related to their ability t reflect change rather than to fend i off. . . . Growth and declin are integral parts of the sam dynamic process in urban life When the federal governmen steps in to try to alter thes dynamics, it generates a floo of demands that may sap th initiative of urban government because of the expectation of continuing support."

President-elect Reagan's urban affairs task force proposed a simila hands-off approach with regard t housing. This task force, headed b Mayor Pete Wilson, of San Diego said that the federal governmen should withhold housing grants fron any city that had rent-control laws Only if government gets out of th way and encourages the private secto will housing for the poor be built, according to this view. As President Reagan has not taken a position on th proposal. But his Administration ha endorsed a basically laissez-faire approach to birth control and out-of wedlock births. Within days of assuming office, Secretary of Health and Human Services Richard S. Schweike declared that his department shoul not be promoting sex education an that doctors treating poor, unmarried teen-agers under the Medicai program should not be allowed t prescribe contraceptives. Sex education, he maintained, was primarily th responsibility of parents, and he reiterated his support of a constitutional amendment—also supported b Reagan—to make most abortions illegal.

Proponents of these policies might not concur with the notion that some or all of them represent a laissez-faire approach. To encourage poor people to move where there are real employment opportunities, for example, shifts government attention away from assisting "places" to assisting "people," they would say; the goal is not to help New York and Detroit maintain their populations but to help poor people find jobs. Eliminating rent control is

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defended as a positive step—not a negative one—since it would induce private developers to build housing. Generally, however, these policies leave the poor to the fate of the marketplace, their own ambitions, and their own free will, and reject the notion that government intervention helps. Or as President Reagan declared in his Inaugural Address, "Government is not the solution to our problem; government is the problem."

The Reagan Administration seems to think that the federal government's role is not to help people escape poverty or to supplement the income of the working poor but, rather, to provide a safety net for the "truly needy," and Administration officials have a narrow definition of the "truly needy." The basic tenet behind this policy, as the President said, is that "government is the problem." His message is that self-help, not government help, offers salvation. And, of course, this process takes time. Some poor people will succeed; many will fail. Realism dictates that one should be surprised by the successes, and not by the failures. The underclass is retarded, in the view of conservatives, not primarily because its members are poor or are victims of racism or economic inequality but because of their own attitudes and values. James Q. Wilson, a professor of government at Harvard, does not believe that any attempt to address the causes of crime will work, because crime is "almost invariably 'caused' by factors that cannot be changed easily or at all." In his book "Thinking About Crime," published in 1975, he goes on:

> This is because human behavior ultimately derives from human volition—tastes, attitudes, values, and so on—and these aspects of volition in turn are either formed entirely by choice or are the product of biological or social processes that we cannot or will not change.
>
> It is the failure to understand this point that leads statesman and citizen alike to commit the causal fallacy—to assume that no problem is adequately addressed unless its causes are eliminated. The preamble to the UNESCO charter illustrates it: "Since wars begin in the minds of men it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed." The one thing we cannot easily do, if we can do it at all, is change, by plan and systematically, the minds of men.

This emphasis on values is not the exclusive concern of conservatives. If the President of the United States asked him for a suggestion to assist the underclass, says Howard Smith, the Wildcat training center's life-skills

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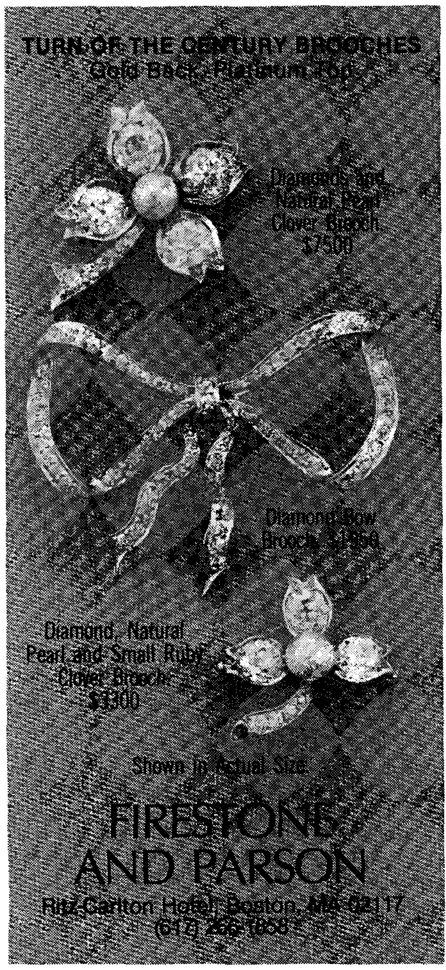
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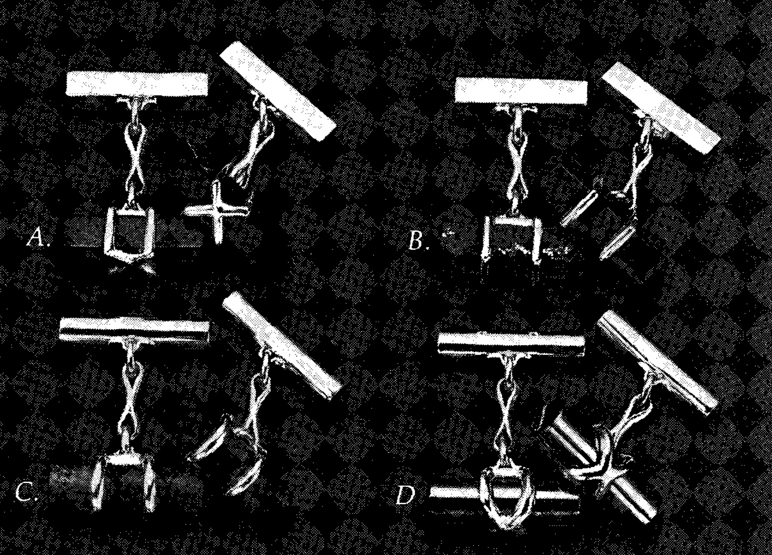
acher, who does believe in govern- ent intervention, his first priority ould be "a program that would teach orals or ethics." Smith told me, "I e that as far more effective than umping millions of dollars. That's hat Johnson's Great Society did by umping all that money into teaching arketable skills.' A lot of those peo- e got those marketable skills and ey're still out there. Skills are impor- nt. An ability to read and write is portant. But ethics is key."

A growing number of those on the ft accept the importance of self-help, encouraging the right attitudes. he argument on this question occurs er emphasis. Marian Wright delman, president of the Children's efense Fund, charges that Jesse ckson and others who preach self- lp are "playing a simplistic game, ggesting it is solely up to the parents d the kids" to reform themselves. arents obviously do have a role, and do children. But one should not derplay the role of society, of rac- m, of forces beyond the individual. ossessing self-esteem may not help a en-age mother who is forced to leave hool and have a baby, and who must ay home to care for it. Self-esteem is metimes not possible in a child hose life is consumed by an economic ruggle, whose father is unemployed is not at home, who has few suc- ssful people to emulate. A healthy lf-esteem may be retarded by uncar- g teachers who assume that black or ispanic children cannot learn.

Those who assert that federal social- elfare programs should assist only e aged and infirm, as Martin Ander- n, George Gilder, and others do, run e risk, it is said, of letting an abstract eology shove aside the experiences of al people. People like William Block, e quiet, soft-spoken Wildcat student ho had just been released from pris- n, would not be supported by wel- re, even though such people, like him, ight struggle to find a job and be rned down because of their records. imilarly, people like Pearl Dawson, a Vildcat student who had been depen- ent on welfare, would be taken off the elfare rolls—even though such peo- le, like her, might need a training- nd-counselling program to help them vercome deep insecurities and become roductive members of society. People re to help themselves, even though eople like a number of those in the Vildcat class might have no idea how get through an interview, dress for ork, or participate in society. Re-



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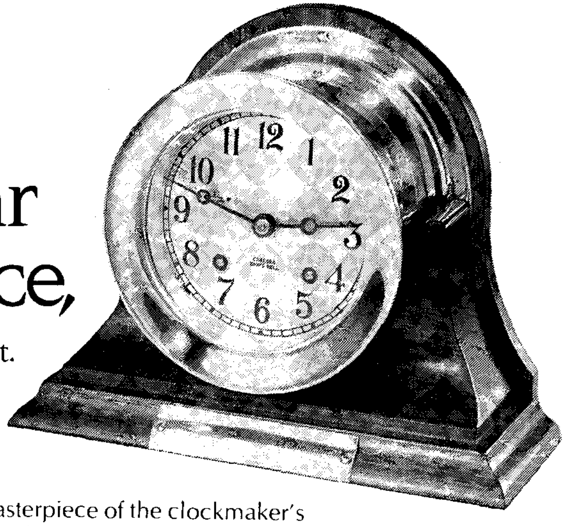

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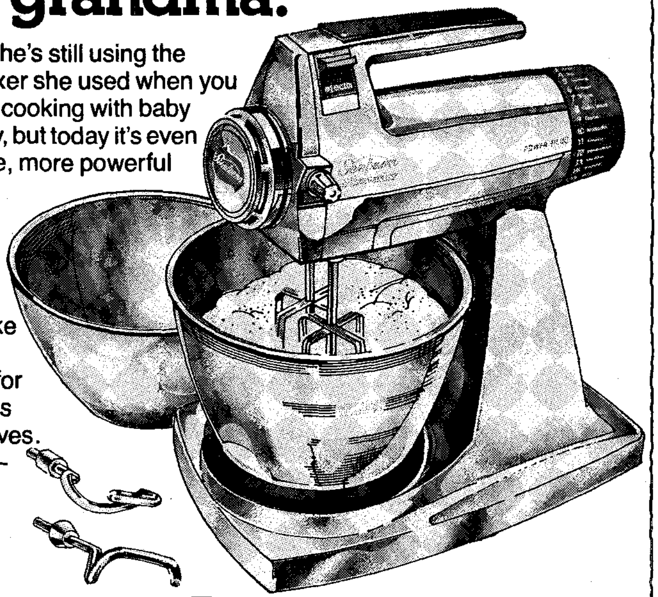

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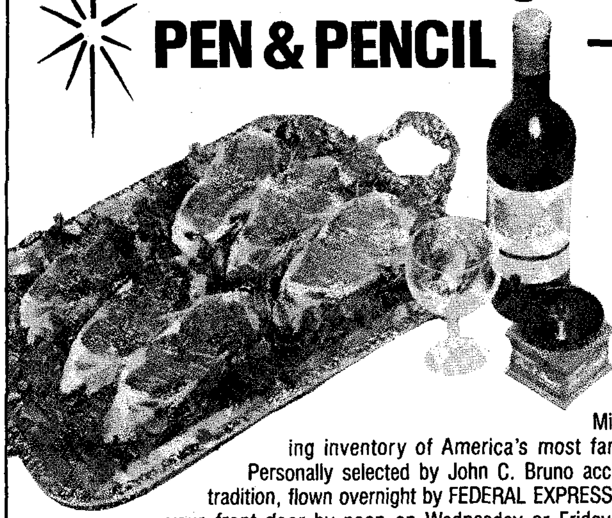

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sponding to the free-market theorie propounded at the 1980 Black Alternatives Conference, Bernard Anderson, of the M.D.R.C., told the audience, "A comment made by the lat President Kennedy says that 'a risin tide lifts all boats.' That's true, but le us not forget that a rising tide does nc do a thing for shipwrecks at the bottom of the sea."

Liberals turn the practicality argument around and charge that peopl like Sowell and Banfield are the impractical ones. If the government doe not rebuild a ghetto like the Sout Bronx, says Herman Badillo, society i encouraging the members of the underclass who live there to move int other neighborhoods. Without hope he says, people will become more hostile, not less. Try to quarantine ther and there will not be enough police enough armies, enough jails to contai them. Encourage members of the underclass to move to the Sun Belt, as th Commission for a National Agend for the Eighties urged, and they wil still be without the skills and the experience to get good jobs. Robert C Embry, Jr., and Marshall Kaplan, officials in the Department of Housin and Urban Development in the Carte Administration, noted in an articl they wrote for the Op-Ed page o the *Times* that "merely to go wit the market tide, as the commissio suggests, would reflect prematur submission to the new conventiona wisdom that the cities' decline is immutable and that the government i impotent."

In fact, critics of laissez-faire believe there is ample evidence that government does perform. "It is the bi lie that federal and social program don't work," Vernon Jordan said afte Reagan's election, thus shifting hi emphasis to defend rather than attac government efforts. "In fact, they d work. Food stamps have just abou *wiped out hunger in America.*" Las year, food stamps stood between hunger and about twenty million Americans. Head Start helps three hundred and seventy-five thousand preschool children and prevents late scholastic failure, a recent Carnegi Corporation-sponsored study suggested. Since 1959, Social Security ha helped to more than halve povert among the elderly, reducing it from 3 per cent to 15.7 per cent. Automotiv safety regulations have saved lives. I just one year, the Voting Rights Ac of 1965 doubled the number of black registered to vote in five Deep South states. Government has succeeded in outlawing child labor, relieving pollution, providing low-cost home mortgages, constructing roads, subways, dams. Supported work led to productive jobs for a third of those who enrolled. Ironically, in making the argument that the war on poverty has been "won" Martin Anderson implicitly acknowledges that this was accomplished by the federal government's income-transfer programs—programs that President Reagan wants to reduce or eliminate.

BETWEEN the optimists and the pessimists are the skeptics: too optimistic to accept the laissez-faire theory and too pessimistic to embrace large-scale government solutions. Usually, in the eyes of those who take this "retail" approach to social programs an issue has at least four sides. These people worry about trade-offs and "zero sum" solutions—about how to increase government spending without also increasing inflation, how to improve welfare benefits without also encouraging dependency, how to crack down on muggers without also doing violence to the Constitution. Though they are wary of grandiose rhetoric, they do wish to communicate hope. They believe in government intervention but oppose big government; they think that the underclass has behavioral deficiencies but also income deficiencies; they think that racism can be a cause of social problems but also a crutch. They do not believe that more money or more compassion or more commitment or more brains alone will solve the problem—yet they believe that all are sometimes necessary.

"If we reduce this problem by one or two per cent a year, that's a lot," says Mitchell Sviridoff, a former Ford Foundation vice-president, who helped devise the supported-work experiment. Proponents of large-scale solutions would dismiss such small progress as mere tinkering. But Robert Schrank, a radical in the thirties, a union leader, plant manager, and public official who is now with the Ford Foundation, says, "The assumption that there is a single answer to a complex question is the Fascist solution. I mean, the Soviet Union has one answer to a lot of problems. It's called labor camps. One of the major lessons of the sixties is 'Watch out for quick answers.' You create real social upheaval with promises that can't be fulfilled."

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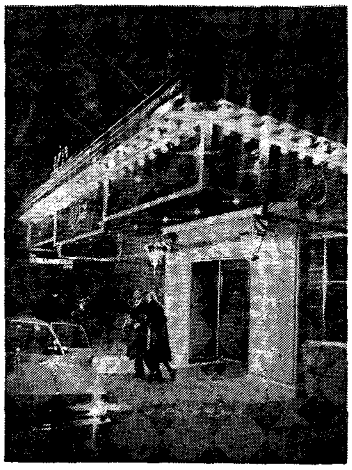

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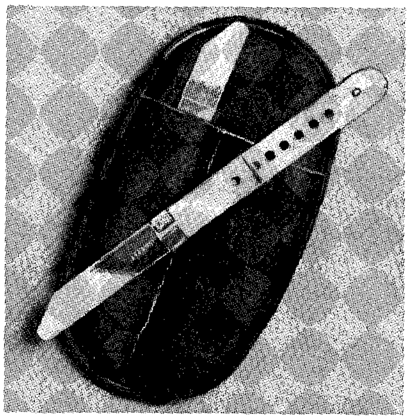

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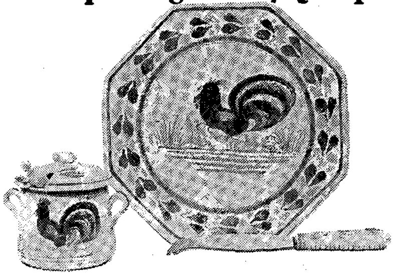

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cracy. Giant youth-incentive programs were almost uniformly slower to recruit eligible youths and to find them jobs than smaller programs were. "The basic fights of the eighties will be resource fights," says Marian Wright Edelman. "The tradition we come from in the civil-rights movement of addressing big issues won't work now. Today, most of our victories you just don't hear about." Instead of general goals, Mrs. Edelman said shortly before the election of Reagan, she now sets specific ones. "If we get a hundred million dollars each year for Head Start, in ten years we'll have a billion-dollar program. You aren't going to grandstand or preach your way through children's issues in the eighties. It's hard, challenging, and not exciting stuff. But that's the way you change things in this country."

Increasingly, these people have been shifting their attention from government programs to community-based self-help programs—from government institutions to business and to philanthropic institutions. Franklin Thomas, in his second annual report as president of the Ford Foundation, published in 1980, wrote:

> The nation would be better served in the years ahead if the private sector assumed a fuller role in the redress of social problems. My agreement is not based on ideological worries concerning the evils of the encroaching federal presence. Given the colossal scale of societal problems, I don't think that very much can be accomplished without the resources and legal powers of government. Government is not the enemy. But it is too often an ineffective manager of programs and deliverer of services.

Thomas went on to hail the American corporation as "the economic engine of our society"—a thought that was once alien to many Keynesians, who assumed that the government made the economy work, and so was the primary engine for social change. In this sense, and in their advocacy of expanded philanthropy and volunteer work, Thomas and other retailers share some common ground with President Reagan. They disagree over whether the private sector can make up for holes left by Reagan's budget reductions, and over the importance of government help.

Thomas draws certain lessons from ten years he spent as president of the Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, a much-acclaimed self-help organization. It worked, he says, because it had government as a partner and also forged a partnership with the private sector; because it was small;

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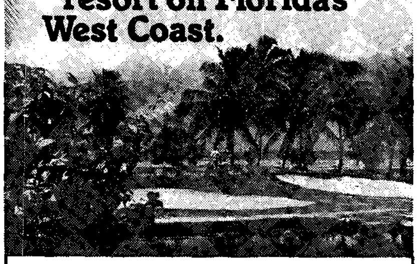

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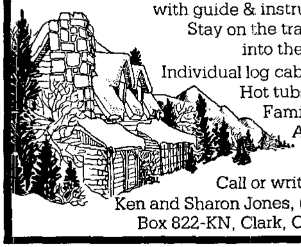

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and because it pounded away at developing such values as pride and independence in addition to providing a good work experience. With a small budget supplied by government and private sources, the corporation began by recruiting youths to fix up the exteriors of buildings—paint façades, gates, fences—one block at a time. If there was no block association, families were encouraged to form one. After sixty per cent of the families on a block had done so, there was a one-time fee of twenty-five dollars per building for the exterior-repair service, and at the same time each family had to commit itself to an equivalent program of interior repair and to using local labor in achieving it. Local residents now had an investment in those buildings, a reason for pride. The young people received green uniforms and jackets, learned to paint, and learned something of masonry repair, ironwork repair, and carpentry.

Thomas and the community corporation were criticized by both the left and the right. Thomas recalls, "Critics said of the corporation's program, 'It's cosmetic. It doesn't get to the root of the problems. The buildings will be destroyed. It doesn't have any long-term job potential for the kids.' But what about the kids? They had enormous pride. We said to every youngster, 'We're not going to make a painter or a carpenter out of you. What you'll get is a work experience. You'll learn a skill that will be with you the rest of your life. But the main thing is to get in the habit of coming to work on time, being prepared for the job, taking supervision, and seeing a product. To see improved conditions as a result of your labor. You'll know it.' For an awful lot of kids, this was their first successful work experience." Over ten years, the community corporation reclaimed entire blocks; induced banks and other lenders to invest twenty-four million dollars in mortgage loans to local buyers of small homes and twenty-nine million to renovate and construct apartment houses; cleared the path for a thirteen-million-dollar manufacturing plant and a six-and-a-half-million-dollar shopping center; and helped to obtain twenty million in loans to small businesses. In view of the fact that Bedford-Stuyvesant has three hundred thousand residents and an area of more than five square miles, the community corporation's effort is perhaps comparable to filling a lake with pebbles a handful at a time. But Thomas, among others,

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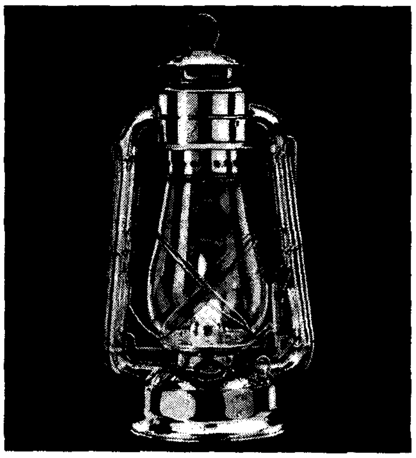

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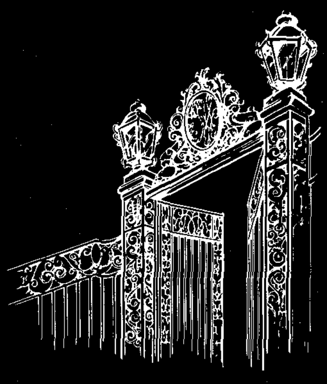

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Pride, faith, self-confidence, ambition, a desire for learning, and the intervention of a caring person emerge as major themes in the comments of many poor and underclass people who now lead successful lives. These values were the foundations of the M.D.R.C.'s supported-work experiment. The program provided jobs, training, and counselling. Painstakingly, the program tried to rebuild the self-confidence of those enrolled, wean them from their anxieties, hostilities, and bad habits. As national programs go, this was a relatively meagre effort—it cost eighty-two million dollars over the first five years, or one-seventh of one per cent of the manpower-training money spent by the federal government since 1962. But people like William Grinker favor a slow approach. After learning that supported work succeeded best with welfare mothers and ex-addicts, the M.D.R.C. recommended expansion of the program for these target groups and further experimentation to test how the program might work with other hard-to-reach groups, such as the mentally retarded. Pilot programs, not audacious federal efforts, were recommended to help reduce youth unemployment, dropping out of school, truancy, and the isolation of teen-age mothers.

Critics on both the left and the right are united in dismissing incremental solutions as too timid. That the underclass should exist is an outrage, according to many on the left; the underclass represents a clear and present danger to society, according to many on the right.

Those on the right usually favor across-the-board budget cuts. They focus more on aggregate costs than on individuals. To engage in piecemeal cuts as opposed to wholesale ones, they fear, is to risk getting sandbagged by swarms of special-interest groups, as President Carter's targeted budget-cutting proposals were. But to insist that Congress vote one budget-cutting package up or down, as President Reagan did, overlooks programs like supported work, which have saved people's lives.

The strengths—and weaknesses—of the retail approach are displayed when we come to one of the central problems of the underclass: how to strengthen families. "To reach them, you have to reach them early," Eleanor Holmes Norton says of the children. "That means getting involved

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in the family situation, and that's tough in a private society." Patricia Roberts Harris wants to walk the fine line between offering support to teenage mothers and dictating how a single mother should live. Child-care services are recommended by some, whether in the form of a major federally funded day-care program, of public subsidies to relatives or friends to serve as child caretakers, or of encouraging voluntary babysitting services. The goal is to free the mother from the home, so she can get a job and escape welfare dependency. For example, it is seen as self-defeating for President Reagan to propose "workfare" for eight hundred thousand adult A.F.D.C. recipients without providing some form of care for the children of these people.

Supported work was a program that recognized the horrors of dependency and also the importance of government help. It was not a large-scale government program but was run by local, community-based organizations. Funds came from private as well as government sources. There were standards to be met, and rigorous cost accounting, and the kind of research that conservatives have long clamored for. But underlying this structure was a belief that the federal government had a role to play and that some members of the underclass could be helped.

Thus, in the long run, programs that reduce dependency and unemployment constitute one method of stabilizing families. Another is preventing the birth of unwanted babies. Poor women, both because they cannot afford private abortions and because they are not as aware of or knowledgeable about birth-control methods, don't have real freedom of choice. Either the government must pay for their abortions and promote the dissemination of birth-control information or society is likely to have more unwanted, hostile children and dependent mothers.

Where the left and the right might agree is in recognizing that government policies have an impact on family stability. Last year, the Family Impact Seminar at George Washington University found that in 1976 there were two hundred and seventy federal programs that could affect family life, sometimes adversely. In a paper prepared at the Urban Institute, the economists Maurice MacDonald and Isabel V. Sawhill singled out the tax and welfare systems as

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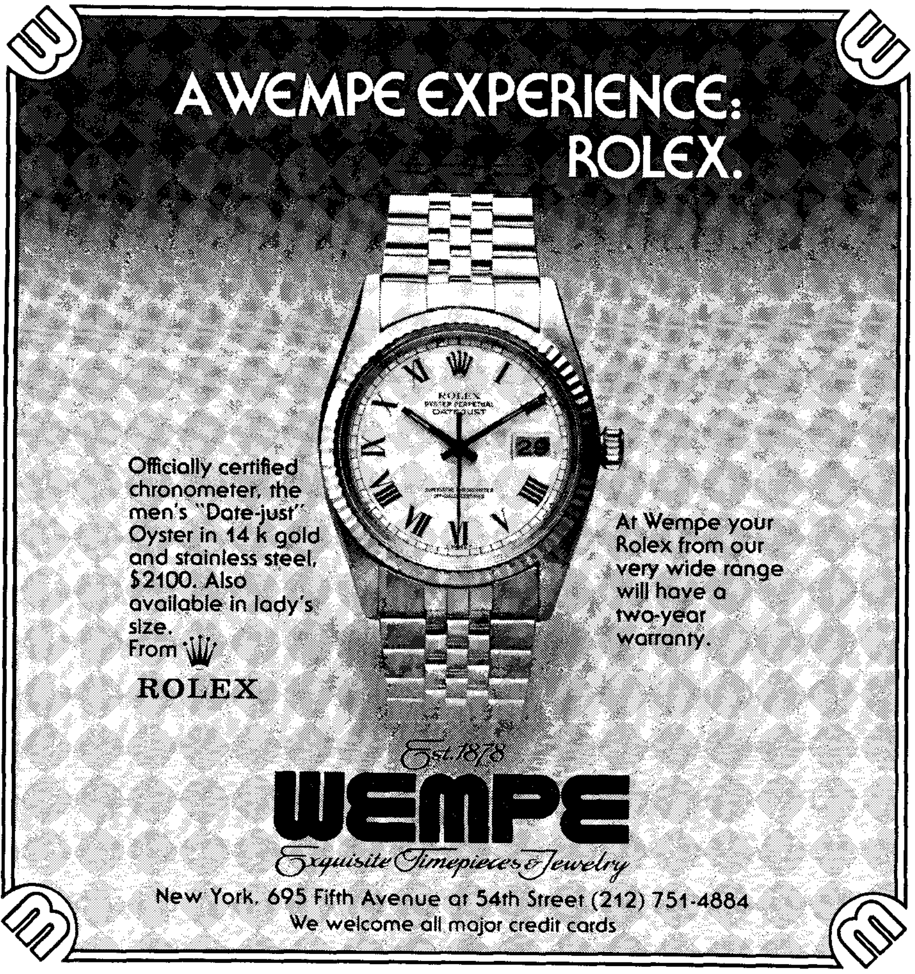
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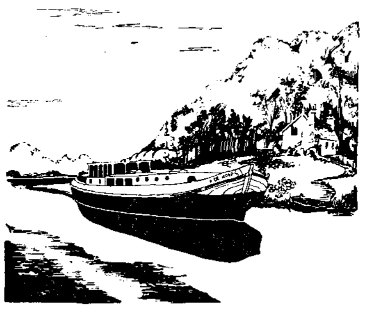

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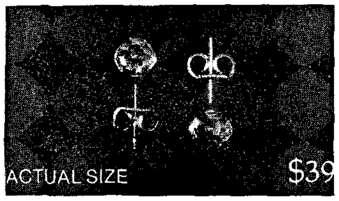

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"primary family disincentives." For instance, they wrote, taxes go down and welfare payments go up as the number of children increases, and so people are encouraged to have more children. "At the same time, marriage and resource sharing among adults is discouraged," because "two-parent families are categorically denied welfare benefits available to similarly situated one-parent families." If a mother on welfare lives with an employed male or in an extended-family situation where someone in the household works, her benefits are usually reduced. And until next year, when a change in the tax law becomes effective, if a husband and a wife are both wage earners they generally find themselves paying higher taxes than an unmarried couple with the same earnings.

MacDonald and Sawhill, however, saw several sides to the complex issue of the effect of the welfare system on the family. For the most part, they noted, this policy of penalizing marriage was not "irrational." They said:

> It represents a compromise with other objectives, especially equity. While neutrality requires that the tax or transfer system not influence family behavior, equity requires that individuals in similar circumstances receive similar treatment—more specifically that taxes and transfers be adjusted for the different economic "needs" of different households or families. Thus, children increase family "needs" and are considered deserving of support, but this necessitates rewarding adults for producing more of them, giving a strong pronatalist bias to policy. In addition, the per-capita economic needs of smaller units are generally considered to be greater than those of larger units because of the presumed economies of scale which come from resource sharing. This leads to a benefit schedule which . . . [creates] incentives for household fragmentation.

The dilemmas are real. The government saves money when families live together, but the individuals within the families lose money. Such trade-offs and sacrifices are usually ignored or challenged by wholesalers of the right or the left; they are of constant concern of those who favor the retail approach. Sometimes the government has to choose between saving money and encouraging family fragmentation. And, more fundamentally, it has to choose between the conflicting goals of providing an adequate level of welfare support and preserving incentives for work.

In truth, most retailers have no comprehensive cure for the problem of family dissolution. Their proposals do not get at the core of the problem. They assume that there is no

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ick solution. They embrace day-care nters or a surrogate-mother program d then worry that such expedients ill supplant the role of the parent. hey favor abortion and then worry out morality. They want the government involved but are concerned out privacy. They usually end up dearing merely that family dissolution, d its role in creating an underclass, ies out for public attention and bate.

Retail ideas are also advanced for licing the relatively small number of olent criminals. One example is the ew York City Police Department's elony Augmentation Program, which as designed to track career criminals d make sure that when apprehended ey do not receive low bail, plea-rgain the charge down to a misdeeanor, or get away with a light jail ntence. New York City Police Commissioner Robert McGuire recently nounced that the pilot program was ing expanded, and that a hundred d seventy additional detectives would assigned to track and gather intellince on six thousand violent career iminals. New York State has had a milar program since 1978, and rough September of 1980 the state sposed of nine hundred and twenty-ne cases and had a conviction rate of .6 per cent.

THOSE who propose incremental solutions find the concept known targeting to be an extremely comlling one. Deeply aware of limited sources, limited government capacies, and the limits of people, they lvocate a limited, focussed approach social problem-solving rather than a oad, comprehensive effort. If the feboat will hold only twenty people, ou can't save eighty. A retailer would y that it is better to guarantee the fety of twenty than to risk all. Inead of advocating general programs r blacks and Hispanics and the poor, many civil-rights organizations and eir allies do, they are more likely to rget the underclass separately.

People differ over whom to target. t the community level, choices are lready being made. Some public-housg sites strictly limit the number of elfare recipients or screen out those ey consider undesirable. "We don't efuse them," Lillie Howard, the tennt manager of Montgomery Gardens, Jersey City, told me. "We just take omebody else over them." Robert ill, of the Urban League, says that if e were forced to choose what group

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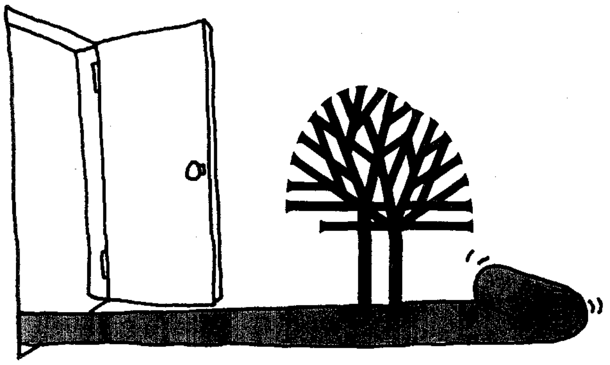

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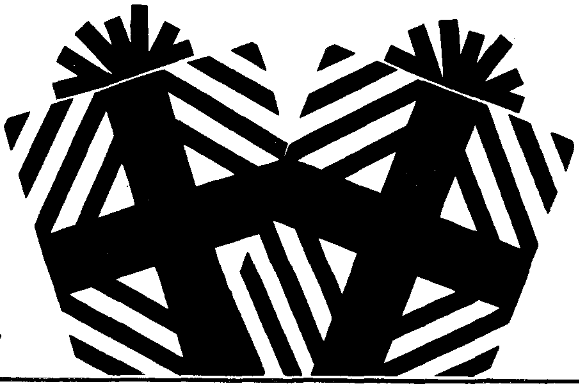

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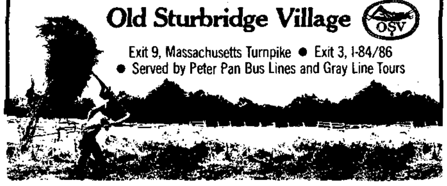

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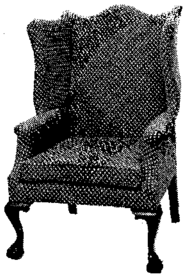

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to target, he would take aim at "female-headed families," which, in his view, are the main cause of the underclass. Marian Wright Edelman, of the Children's Defense Fund, would aim at youths, seeking to break the cycle of poverty there.

Targeting can take many forms. Representative Clarence Brown, a Republican from Ohio, has introduced legislation to target subsidies to businesses that train hard-to-employ people for actual jobs. President Carter's urban policy was designed to target "distressed communities in declining areas and regions," and to provide more federal assistance to those cities most in need. Affirmative-action programs are among the more controversial forms of targeting. "One way to overcome unequal history and a discriminatory present is through affirmative-action programs that will provide measurable goals and timetables to effectively help bring black people into the mainstream of American life," Vernon Jordan has said. Over the last two decades, affirmative-action "goals" have become the policy of the federal government and of many state and local governments. Businesses and contractors have been screened to determine whether they hire or seek to hire minorities, schools have been inspected for "racial balance," and police departments have been attacked for "biassed" examinations—all in the hope of righting past wrongs and expanding equality of opportunity.

But President Reagan and others oppose affirmative action as a hidden quota system. To penalize a firm for hiring ten minority employees instead of fifteen makes the fifteen not just a target but a quota, they claim. Unavoidably, better-qualified people will be passed over because they are the wrong race or sex, and the races and the sexes will be further polarized. Affirmative action, like busing, is seen by a number of blacks as a patronizing policy. "I don't want it for me," says Charles V. Hamilton, Wallace S. Sayre Professor of Government at Columbia, and the co-author, with Stokely Carmichael, of "Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America," published in 1967. Hamilton recalls attending a conference at which affirmative action was discussed. He told the conference that officials at Boston College, where his daughter was studying, assumed that she needed special "minority aid." Informally, those attending the conference were polled on the issue. Almost all of

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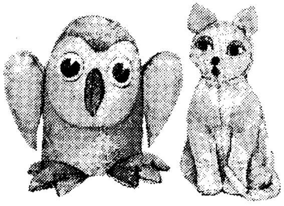

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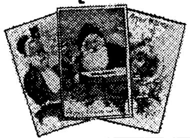

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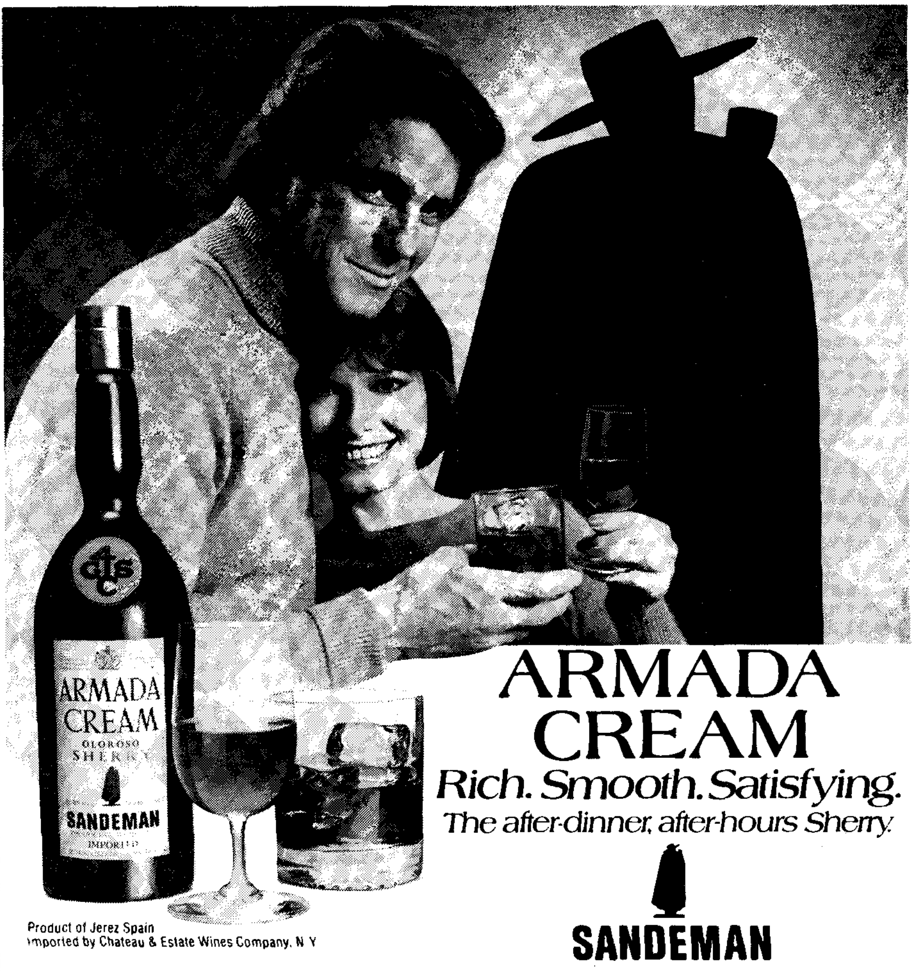
Hamilton's black and Hispanic colleagues said they opposed such special aid for themselves or their children, because their financial situations made it unnecessary. Most of his white colleagues favored it, saying that the legacy of racism was a burden for Hamilton's daughter and for all blacks. "I said, 'That's a lot of nonsense!' " Hamilton told me. "At some point, we have to assume responsibility for our own situation—in spite of racism." His daughter was offended, and she defiantly told the college officials, "I'm not one of your needy 'minority students!' " Hamilton beamed with pride at her defiance—a defiance not unlike that of sixties black-power advocates. "I saw it at Yale, where I taught a few semesters ago," he went on. "The regular students there wanted to be distinguished from the special-admissions students. They wanted it known that they were not 'special-treatment' students." Nevertheless, Hamilton does believe that equal opportunity is denied to blacks because of their race. His daughter, unlike many others, has the financial wherewithal to reject assistance, but he fears that his opposition to affirmative action could be used by foes of black advancement. "My very good friends will accuse me of blaming the victim," he says. "I understand that. It's a dilemma. I don't quite know how to deal with it. If I could talk to blacks and not be heard by whites, I'd say something different. And vice versa. When I am talking only to black students, I talk about assuming responsibility for yourself, but if I'm with a wider audience I know I'll be accused of blaming the victim."

Hamilton's dilemma deserves broader acknowledgment and discussion. Both quotas and affirmative action can be degrading to the black or Hispanic beneficiary and also an affront to the innocent white. But while affirmative action can represent a form of discrimination, it need not become a quota system. A mayor who decides he wants to hire a black police chief or a Hispanic woman to head his city's housing agency or a handicapped person to work with the handicapped is not imposing a quota—unless, of course, one assumes there are no qualified blacks, Hispanic women, or handicapped individuals. President Reagan surely did not think he was imposing a quota when he insisted on appointing a woman to the Supreme Court.

President Reagan and supply-side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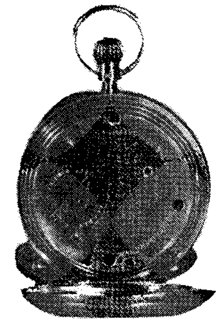

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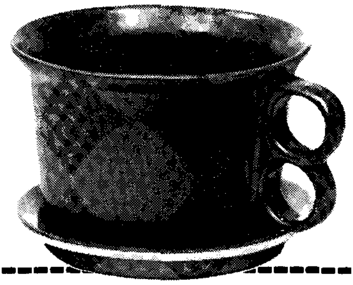

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conservatives like George Gilder stress the central importance of faith in restoring America's economic growth. An investor needs faith that his money will earn money, or he will not invest; without faith a smart entrepreneur will not borrow to expand; a citizen will not save without faith that inflation will not wipe him out. Helping restore this faith is a legitimate and important function of government. So is giving America's minority population faith.

One of the few subjects about which there is a consensus is the need for further research on the underclass. "Despite the growth of the social-research industry, policy is still essentially designed according to gut feelings or the need for a political issue," Garth L. Mangum and Stephen F. Seninger wrote in their 1978 book, "Coming of Age in the Ghetto." In its final report on the five-year supported-work experiment, the M.D.R.C. concluded, "The full exploitation of the findings of this extensive research effort is constrained by the dearth of adequate information from most of the other federally financed manpower programs operated since 1962." An impressive attribute of the M.D.R.C. was its commitment to research—to discovering what works and what doesn't, and when and why. The M.D.R.C. test-marketed ideas and programs, not slogans. Unlike most program managers, its people sought to determine and assess facts, not collect stray anecdotes.

But there are never enough facts. For example, one area requiring facts is the medical and biological causes of the existence of an underclass—as opposed to the economic, sociological, and psychological causes. A team of scientists at Yale has uncovered evidence that especially violent delinquent boys are more likely than less aggressive delinquents to suffer not just psychological disorders but certain neurological symptoms—blackout spells, falling, and other indications of psychomotor epilepsy. Although one of the authors said that scientific knowledge of delinquency was "primitive," this Yale study—"Violent Juvenile Delinquents," written in 1979—reported that 81.8 per cent of the more violent delinquent youngsters had symptoms of paranoia, as opposed to only 16.7 per cent of the less violent boys. The Yale team expressed hope that some of the random violence that seems to distinguish the underclass could be modified with medical treat-

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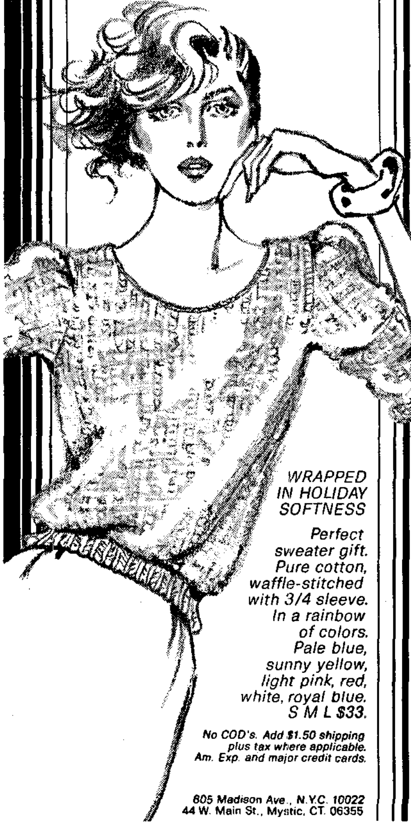

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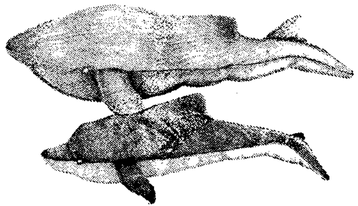

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ment: "Programs designed to diminish violence which focus primarily on socioeconomic and psychological factors are likely to be unsuccessful if they ignore the medical problems (e.g., psychotic symptoms, neurological impairment) that contribute so strongly to the expression of violence."

Finally, the M.D.R.C. approach to the underclass assumes complexity. "Textbooks don't give you a sense of the complexity of this population," says Charles Knapp, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Labor for employment and training in the Carter Administration. "The programs have to be intensive, and we have to be willing to experience a certain failure rate." Lumping all CETA programs together as a failure, the Reagan Administration eliminated funding for all the programs, including the supported-work program. This action ignores contentions by M.D.R.C. officials that in judging programs for the underclass a different definition of success must be applied. "Success is in the eye of the beholder," says William Grinker. "Some people might think that supported work is a success if, for example, the number of people on welfare rolls is reduced by ten per cent, and these people work rather than collect welfare. On the other hand, if it costs more to do this, other people will say it is not worth the expense. It's how you define success, and in the end it has to do with values."

—KEN AULETTA

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

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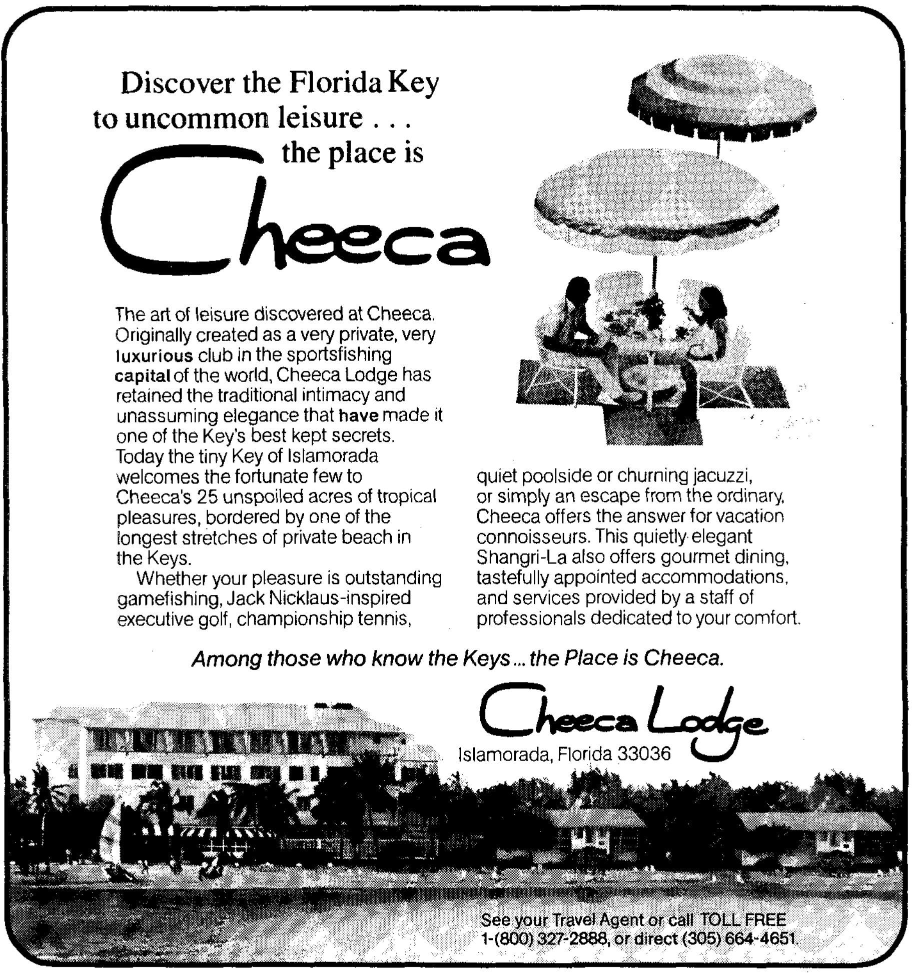
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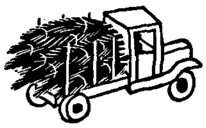
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

THIS year, St. Nick to our wondering eyes may appear in a hand-loomed red mohair suit with collar and cuffs hand-knitted of one hundred per cent wool, leaning against a pile of calico pillows (polyester-filled), with a couple of basketweave throws and a handmade quilt over his knees, his miniature distressed-wood sleigh pulled by eight tiny reindeer covered with horse blankets (Irish), and his toy bag of fake patchwork filled with handcrafted objects. If the merchants have their way, that is. It's called The Country Look, and The Country Look is creeping in wherever it can get a foothold. Its pervasive influence can be detected in every shop except the Museum of Modern Art gift shop. The Country Look—or The Look, as it's sometimes called—is the creation of interior decorators, and has very little to do with how most houses in the country look. Real country houses are a mixture of make-do, windfalls, and Sears, Roebuck. They evolve over a period of years—at least one generation. The Country Corners of the department stores, as well as innumerable smaller shops, are designed to enable the customer to produce The Look instantly, and if the customers don't watch out entire houses will be in danger of going under from an excess of gingham.



America Hurrah, Thos. K. Woodard, and Kelter-Malcé got there first, with the real thing. They are still flourishing, and are well supplied with old rag rugs, quilts, linens, pillows, throws, baskets, pottery, and old furniture, and they even have a few weathervanes. These are the items that form the basis of The Country Look, from which, along with the spurious, a number of good things have sprung. Used in moderation, some of these offspring can be effective, and often cost less than their antique counterparts. Rugs, for example—rag rugs and canvas floor mats. Conran's, 160 East 54th Street, has what it calls rag durries, four by six feet, in agreeable shades of blue, camel, gold, or green, for $69 apiece. Among the best buys in town are the rugs at a new shop called Mabel's, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th). They come in a wide choice of solid colors, are handwoven of acrylic and cotton, and are stitched with inconspicuous colored threads, which form the fringes. They can be put in the washing machine; $30 each. This shop also carries hand-stencilled canvas floor mats. They incline to checkerboard squares with overly pink piggies running around the edge, but the day we were there we also saw an unwhimsical gray mat with roses and a dark-green border, approximately six by four feet, for $200. Prices run from $75 to $350, and the shop will make mats to order if it's technically possible. Another new shop, the Collectors Choice, 63 Thompson Street, is major-league. It will hand-braid rugs of extraordinary quality and looks for $37 per square foot. The rugs are all-wool, and are colorfast and mothproof. There is a choice of over two hundred solid colors, and also tweeds (for texture), and the rugs, which may be oval, circular, or heart-shaped, come in traditional or contemporary patterns. These people also make traditional handwoven wool runners and handwoven linen runners to adorn one's floors. The wool runners are $18 per square foot; the linen runners—called Venetian Runners—are $20 per square foot, and perfectly beautiful. The colors are melting; the runners look like enormous strips of heavy ribbon. They have a highly sophisticated simplicity that is not at all deceiving—no one is going to think that a Venetian Runner was bought at a tag sale. They come in sizes up to forty-eight inches wide, and the panels could be stitched together to form an area rug. The shop will also do upholstery yardage, in a slightly lighter-weight wool, forty-eight inches wide, for $60 a linear yard. The woven rugs can be bought off the rack, but the braided ones are all made to order, with a six-week delivery date. They are worth waiting for.

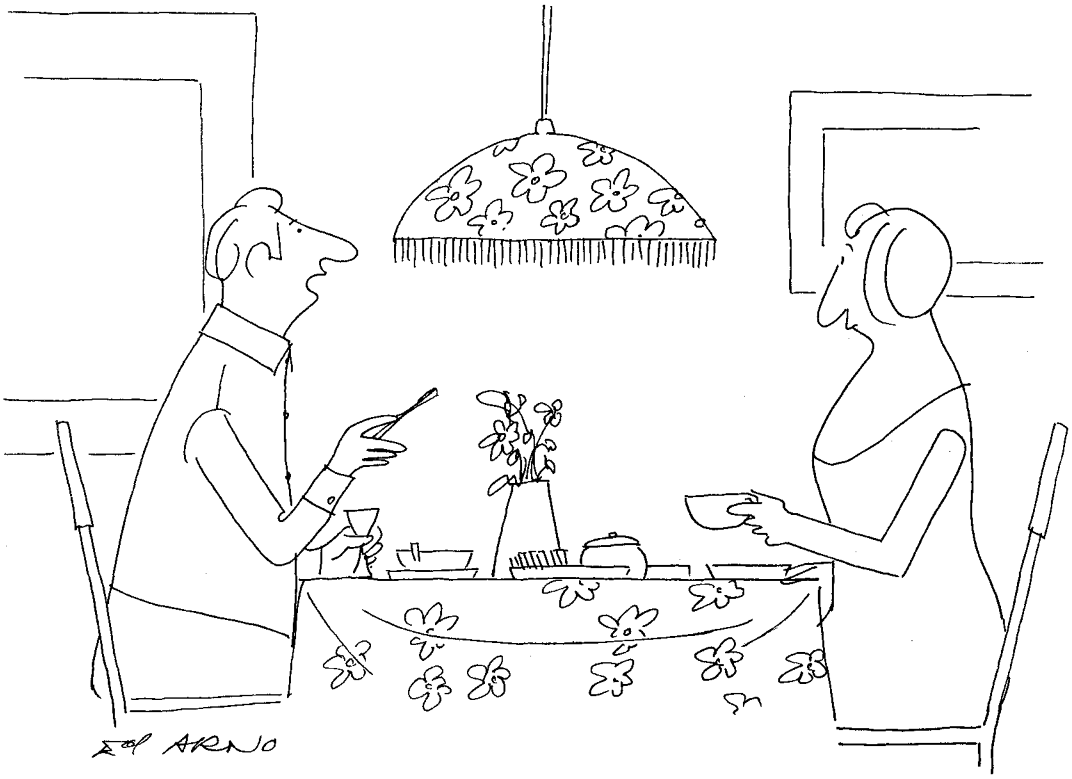
Lord & Taylor has opened a ninth-floor boutique—called Clouds, for some reason—that has unusually good-looking quilts and napkins made of coarse Indian cottons. The colors are faded Indian blues, reds, browns, and khakis. There are small geometrics and flowers, but the patterns tend toward squiggles, hen tracks, crosses, and tiny, inexpertly drawn amoebas with a dot in the middle. They are designed in England and made in India, and the general effect is uncrisp, unhackneyed, and restful. A quilt five by seven feet is $175; napkins are $2.50 each. Chelsea Passage, at Barney's, 111 Seventh Avenue (17th), has slightly larger napkins of Indian cotton, in checks and windowpanes, for $4 each; French Jacquard napkins, in a soft mauve, blue, or rose, are $6.50 each. Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, 484 Broome Street, a new gift store with a discriminating eye, has large Jacquard napkins, twenty-four inches square, in gray, blue, rose, seafoam green, and white, for $8.50 each, and white damask ones, with just a satin band, for $3.25. Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), carries somewhat more elaborate white Jacquard napkins, twenty-four inches square, for $6 and $10. This year, Cherchez is selling pure-linen dish towelling, eighteen inches wide, for $2.50 a yard. Strips of this towelling sewn together would make a good tablecloth. Matching napkins are $3 each. Cherchez has its usual supply of Victorian pillow shams, costing from $25, for a baby-pillow sham, to $250, for a pair of European squares. Thos. K. Woodard, 835 Madison Avenue (69th), apparently came upon a treasure trove of extra-large European pillow shams, which it is selling for between $175 and $250 a pair. Bloomingdale's Irish-linen sheets, straight from the old country, may be the biggest bargain around. They come in white and in the most beautiful blue or pink, and cost $180 a pair for the twin size, $240 for the queen. Cases are $29 each. For those who have always longed to use a quilt as a tablecloth, Made in America, 1234 Madison Avenue (89th), a shop that opened last spring and deals in antique Americana, sells old quilt tops, approximately five by six feet, for between $75 and $150. It also has small pillows covered in pieces of old quilts for as little as $7 for a four-inch square—a present for someone who feels that a little quilt goes a long way. (Most decorative pillows are stuffed with polyester these days. They are called "accents," and are not for comfort. People throughout the land are to be found removing accents from behind their backs before settling down on the sofa.)

To judge by the number of throws

to be bought in this city, the stores anticipate an enormous increase in nap taking on the part of the general public, and are prepared to accommodate it. Most of the throws are strictly wool—alpaca, mohair, or sheep. Saks has about the most extensive, and least scratchy, collection, in solid colors and tartans, to suit any room in the house. Brushed-wool throws from Scotland, in solid colors or tartans, and basket-weave checks from the Three Weavers (who weave in Texas) are $65; soft throws from Western Maine Weavers are $180. Larger, heavier throws—blankets, really—with fringe, and made of wool, mohair, and a little nylon, also cost $180. Barney's Chelsea Passage has manly alpaca throws in earth tones, for $190, and Bloomingdale's has gone all out and provided some handwoven wool bedspreads from Ireland with pillow shams to match. They come in light or dark misty colors, and a twin-size spread costs from $160 to $185; the pillow shams are from $35 to $55. The Irish do blues and browns well. Bloomingdale's also has some wool throws from Ireland, for between $65 and $100, some of which are less itchy than others, and a number of which will *never* show the dirt. The most cheerful blanket around, on the other hand, is probably an Irish-wool blanket, with fringe, in a glorious red; $70 at Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th).

Even though we're all tripping over baskets wherever we go (most of them made for looks rather than strength), it is still almost impossible to find a trug—a fine-looking basket that the British have been using for centuries to carry their flowers and vegetables in. Trugs, which are made of strips of wood, have a rounded bottom that rests on two runners, and a strong handle that curves around the bottom. And they last. Brookstone, in Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458, stocks them: a nineteen-inch size is $21; a twenty-seven-inch, $26; the set, $43. L. L. Bean, in Freeport, Maine 04033, sells a picnic basket, twenty-one by ten by eleven inches, with a hinged cover, that is exactly the right size for carrying one of those insulated bags that people take on picnics or lug to and from the country on weekends with the Friday-night supper or the Sunday leftovers. The basket is practical—it supports the bottom and sides of the insulated bag, so that the contents don't tip or get squashed—and it looks good, too; $21. Fitted picnic baskets are very much in evidence in the stores this year. They're stylish, but the trouble with them is that picnics have changed and the designs of the baskets haven't. If the menu includes anything more elaborate than soup, sandwiches, and coffee, there are never enough containers of the right size. An old-fashioned laundry basket, which everything can be dumped into and covered with a picnic cloth, is much more satisfactory; $16 at Macy's (and it has a nice creak). Bloomingdale's has a few enormous willow hampers from Guess Where. They are the size of a small trunk, and the lids are attached with leather hinges—they look as though they should be heaved on top of a Dublin-bound stagecoach. Here and now, they could be used to hold an impressive amount of firewood; they cost from $100 to $285.

The potterymakers seem to have been working overtime this year. There is an abundance of earthenware and faience, some of it factory-made, some of it handmade, and much of it attractive as well as useful. Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has handsome stoneware baking dishes from Monmouth, Illinois, for under $20; they're unglazed bisque on the outside and glazed cobalt blue on the inside. The Robinson-Ransbottom Pottery Company, in Roseville, Ohio, has produced some glazed off-white stoneware pitchers and bowls with two deep-blue bands around the rim. A pitcher ten inches high is $18; the bowls, which run from four to fifteen inches in diameter, cost from $4.50 to $28 at Dean & DeLuca. (Manhattan Ad Hoc and Johnny Jupiter, 385 Bleecker Street, also carry some of this stoneware.) Spongeware bowls, in brown or blue, are $8 to $15. An Italian spongeware bowl, thirteen inches in diameter, is $12 at Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th), and is hard to beat. Dean & DeLuca has one of those butter crocks designed to keep butter at the right temperature. You put the butter in the lid, then invert the lid into the cold water in the bottom half. It's white, with pale-blue lines; $16.50. The majolica plates here are that deep mustard and dirty green so greatly admired by majolica lovers but not to everyone's taste. They have the *English* Country Look, and a dinner plate is $9.50. The *French* Country Look is growing ever more popular, and La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue



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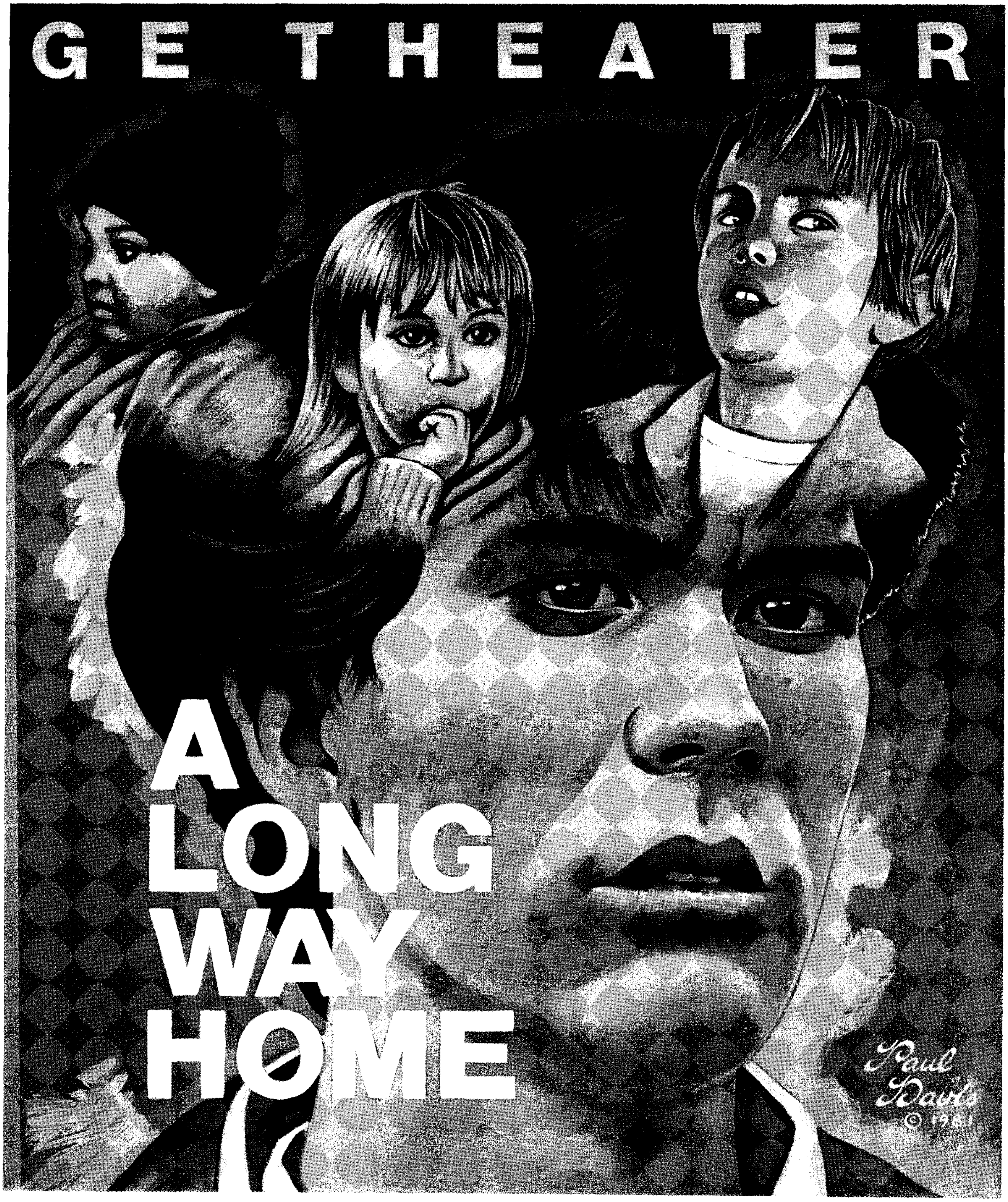
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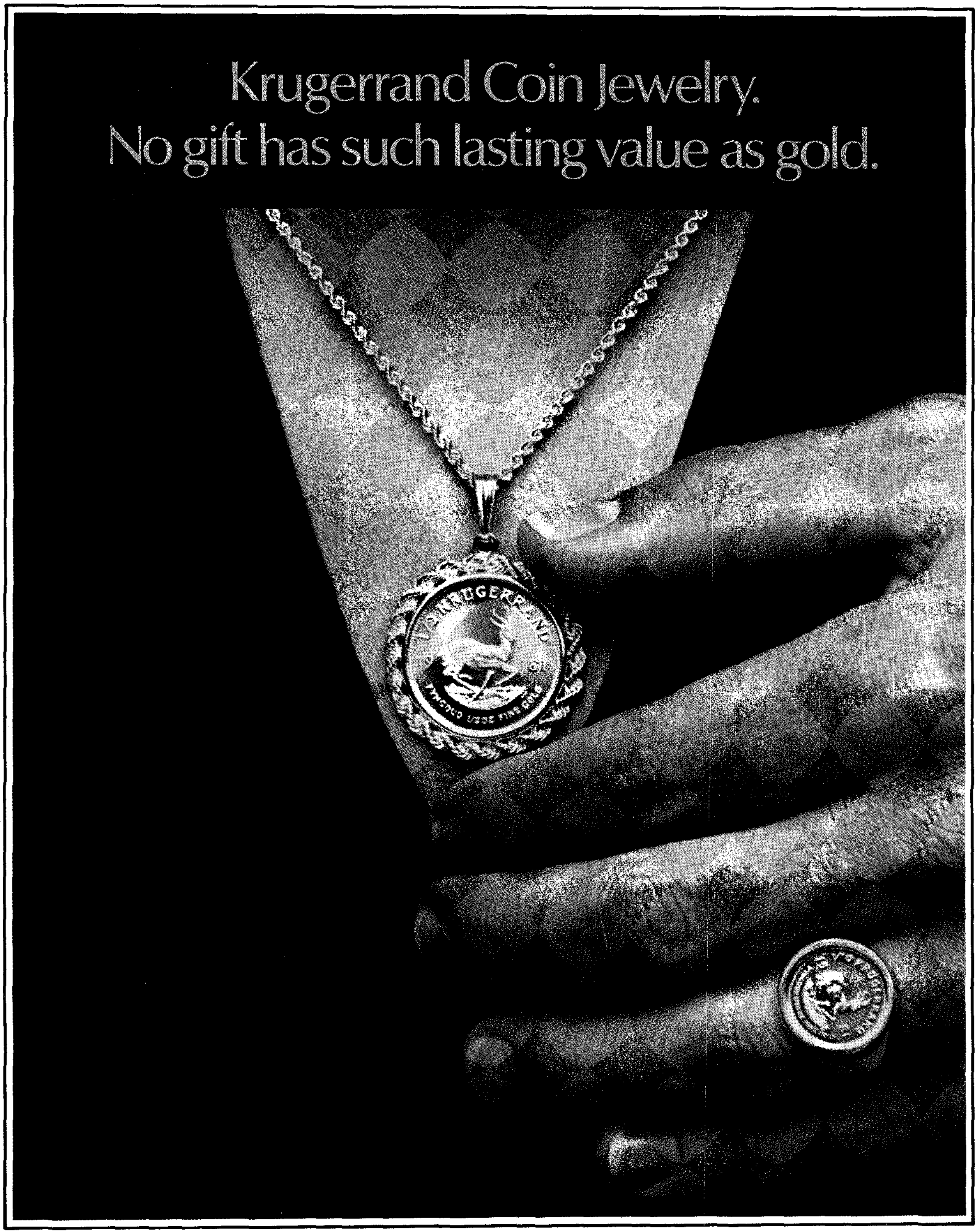
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(72nd), has a pleasing assortment of dessert plates—fruits, tarts, medicinal herbs, and a series entitled "Un Mariage à La Campagne." Eight medicinal-herb plates, for example, each one bearing a legend *en français*, cost $105. Barney's Chelsea Passage has pretty Moustiers dinner plates—off-white, with a few tasteful flowers around the edge—starting at $20 apiece. In the long run, perhaps the most satisfactory of all would be the line of pottery at St. Rémy, 156 East 64th Street—a shop that specializes in French Provincial products. This pottery is white, with a small, pale-blue cornflower in the center, and the chances of growing tired of it are lessened by its simplicity. A dinner plate is $18; a radish dish, which would make a nice present all by itself, is $29. The nineteen-twenties Russian Look is represented at the Museum of Modern Art gift shop by a reproduction of a two-cup porcelain teapot designed by the Russian Suprematist Nikolai Suetin. The original was manufactured by the Petrograd Porcelain Factory in 1923; the copy was made in Portugal by Mottahedah. It is white, with rust, black, and gray geometrics applied in an artfully haphazard manner, and it isn't going to match *anything* (with the exception of its mate, one of the original coffeepots, which was sold at Sotheby's earlier this month for $5,500). The teapot costs $50, and is a winner. The next step is to proceed to one of the many Bazaars—Lexington, Broadway, Third Street, to mention a few—where one can put together a nine-piece breakfast set, in a white that matches the white of the teapot, for $21.70. Or one can fill in with white Limoges, from Mayhew, 509 Park Avenue (60th), for $187.

d. ehrenberg

If none of the pottery around suits, a trip to Clayworks, 332 East 9th Street, is in order. This establishment is owned by three women who throw pots in the back of the store and sell pots in the front. There is no middleman, and their things are therefore cheaper than other handmade pottery. They work with three different clays—porcelain and two kinds of stoneware—and everything is lead-free and rugged enough for the dishwasher. Recently, the three women have been experimenting with a wide range of glazes, to obtain an exceptional depth and luminosity. Each of the partners has her special interest, not instantly apparent to the untutored eye. But there is a variety in the work displayed which *is* apparent. They make things to be used, rather than merely for show, and much of their work has a homely, comforting quality. A chubby *café-au-lait* mug, in turquoise, pale green, and cream, is $6, and feels good in the hand. A fat, round stoneware teapot with an unobjectionable kitten snoozing on the spout is $35. A teapot without a kitten, in a sort of teal-blue-with-green, is $27. The women will do things to order—only after Christmas, though, and it takes three or four weeks. At Christmastime, they bring out ceramic decorations for the tree—animals, angels, snowmen—for $2 and $3 each. Candleholders, which can later be used as little vases, are $5. Mugs are from $5 to $10; jugs and small, covered jars are from $7 to $10. The women try to have bright colors for the Christmas trade. Clayworks is open from 12 to 6 on Saturdays and Sundays, and someone is usually there potting in the afternoons during the week, but it's best to call. Telephone: 677-8311.

The old pine furniture that is such a fundamental ingredient of The Country Look is for the most part overpriced and badly refinished. It's stripped and varnished, with the result that it looks raw. Anyone interested in buying nineteenth-century pine furniture would do well to visit Better Times Antiques, 500 Amsterdam Avenue (84th). The selection is good, and the refinishing is better (wax and oil instead of polyurethane) and the prices lower than we've found them in other places. A six-foot pine dining table that would seat eight—ten in a pinch—is only $695, because bits of the pine have been replaced. A chest of drawers is $495. A simple pine drop-leaf table with two drawers is $395. A cupboard for hanging clothes in, with two panelled doors, bracket feet, and adorable wooden hooks, is $850. This is a serious, unpretentious store, and a pleasure to go into.

THE one room in the house that usually achieves the *real* country look—willy-nilly—is the kitchen, and we therefore intend to mention the useful, rather than the purely decora-

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tive, kitchenware available this year. Dean & DeLuca and Manhattan Ad Hoc both carry soufflé dishes and saucepans made of laboratory glass. They're an improvement on the dishes of several years ago, which had a high mortality rate. This laboratory glass is flameproof as well as ovenproof. A one-quart soufflé dish is $10.75, a two-quart saucepan is $35, a small ramekin (at Manhattan Ad Hoc only) is $6.75. Dean & DeLuca has red or blue enamelled stockpots, heavier than the old graniteware, and more cheerful. A nine-quart pot is $50. A bakestone, sixteen inches in diameter, for bread, is $18.50. (A bakestone heats evenly, like a brick oven, and therefore produces a much crustier crust.) Dean & DeLuca has gone in for molds in a big way this year. Individual ice-cream molds are $18.50; elephant molds are $34; basket molds run from $40 to $55. There are also chefs, swans, clowns, and ducks. A gold-plated coffee filter that fits over a mug is $8.50. It eliminates the need for a paper filter, and it can be used indefinitely. It really works. There is also one the size of the No. 4 Melitta filter; $17.50. A stainless-steel clip for recipes is $7.50, and an oversize but light aluminum blending fork is $2. Manhattan Ad Hoc now carries a commercial, no-nonsense Waring Blendor. It has a single speed (professionals prefer it that way), a heavy-duty motor, two containers (one of stainless steel, the other of glass), and a six-foot grounded cord, and is built to *last*. The spinach soup may hit the ceiling if the container is filled more than halfway, but for doing hard jobs fast (such as crushing ice or lobster shells) it is a godsend. It also looks good; $110. Zabar's has aluminum teakettles with heavy bottoms; they're from Norway, and they come in three sizes. The half-litre kettle, which is exactly the right size for making a cup of coffee or tea, is $14.95. Zabar's also has this year's gimmick, the Tuna Turner, for $9. The Tuna Turner is designed to mix a tuna-fish salad (or a shrimp or lobster or chicken salad), and in operation resembles one of those revolving subway exits with intermeshing bars. The Tuna Turner is for children. The trouble with it is that it creates a uniform texture, and who, having spent six million dollars on lump crabmeat, wants that? Grownups would be better off with the aforementioned blending fork. St. Rémy has "vinylized fabric," looking very much like French Provincial oilcloth no

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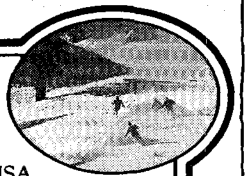
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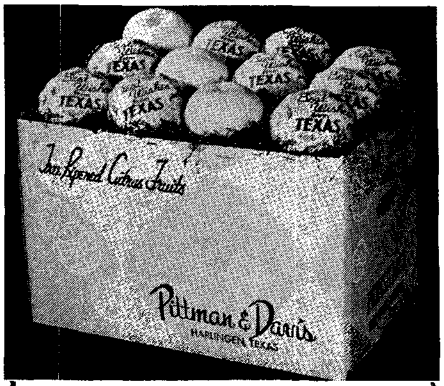
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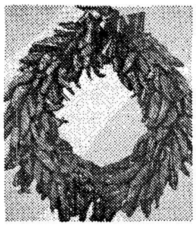
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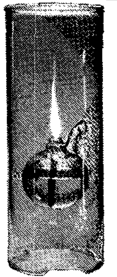
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matter what it's called, to jolly up the kitchen. It's fifty-six inches wide, and is most attractive; $32 a yard.

The Lee Bailey Shop at Henri Bendel has something called a water broiler, which would be of interest to anyone whose stove is practically in the living room or anyone who objects to the smell of greasy smoke. It's a stainless-steel pan, twelve inches in diameter, with a grill over it. You put a cup of water in the bottom, put the meat on the grill, and then put the whole thing under the broiler or in the oven. The drippings fall into the water, so there's no smoke; since stainless steel is a poor conductor, the water doesn't boil and steam the meat. It's $45. A bottle brush for very large bottles, pitchers, or vases is $10, and would be particularly handy for cleaning out a container in which flowers have been kept a touch too long. Glass beer mugs that can be put on a direct flame, so you can warm your beer, are $6.50 each. An ingenious little electronic wonder called an Eggrite guarantees perfectly cooked eggs—soft, medium, or hard. It's a piece of plastic the shape of an egg cut in half lengthwise; it boils along with the eggs and gradually changes color as the eggs cook, indicating the degree of doneness. It turns out a perfect soft-boiled egg every time, which is more than many of us can do once a year; $7. (You can get it at Macy's, too.) A mushroom brush, in a small crate, with a brochure entitled "Cooking with Mushrooms," is $5. A mushroom brush is a complexion brush for mushrooms, and makes a certain amount of sense, because mushrooms have delicate skin. A dual Airpot, for hot and cold liquids, holds a quart and a half on each side, and costs $70. Good for picnics, as is the wine-cooler bag with a plastic container in the middle, which you must remember to fill with water and freeze and put back in the bag between your two bottles of wine; $45.

TAKE a giant step and direct your feet to a shop called Sointu, 20 East 69th Street, which is run by a one-man band named Kipp Trafton. Mr. Trafton is interested in three things: modern classics, such as one finds at the Museum of Modern Art gift shop; unusual designs and gift items from Europe; and the promotion of American designers and craftsmen. What he's done is to skim off the cream of things small enough to be displayed in his shop, which is about the

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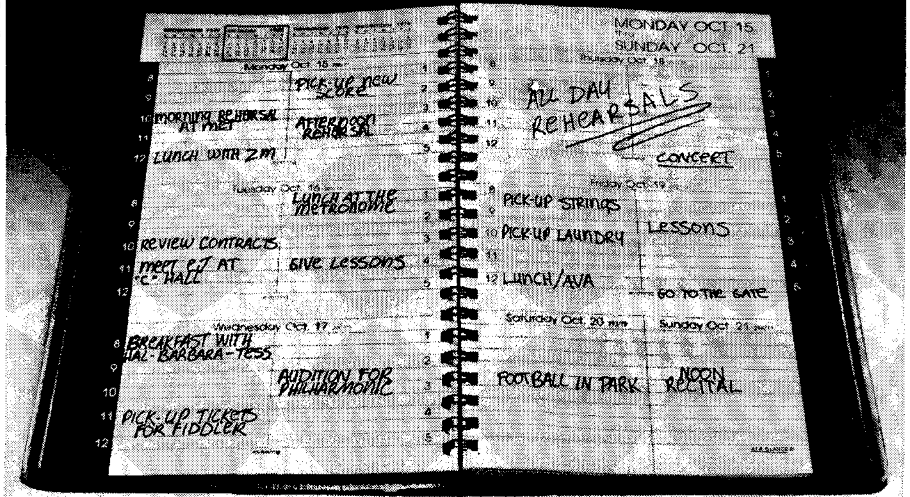
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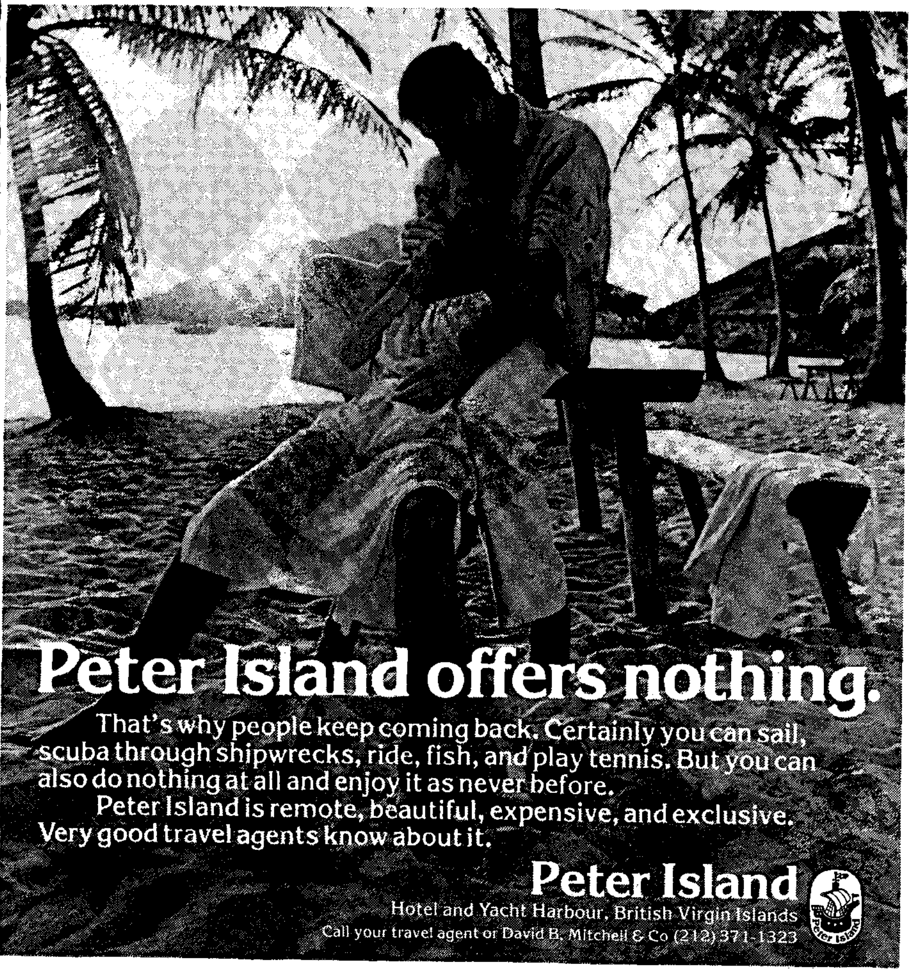

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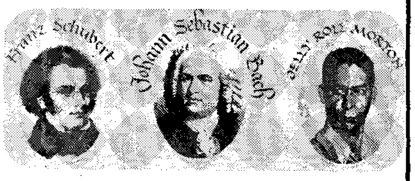

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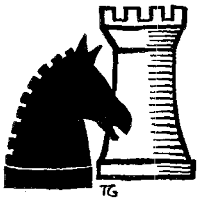
size of a walk-in closet. The smaller items are in glass cases, and although his shop looks more like a museum than like a store, it is not off-putting. He has the Alessi stainless-steel six-cup espresso-maker with the new handle that does not burn the hand; $65. An elegant stainless-steel watering can is $76. There is stainless-steel cutlery, including a handsome cheese knife ($18), and a lovely stainless-steel *saucière* with a black composition handle ($38). There are glasses of hand-blown crystal, from Austria, of which the sherry glass is particularly beautiful; $38. Some glasses from Finland have straight sides and a flared lip; the large Old-Fashioned glasses are $36 for a set of four. Beer mugs with two rings around their middle are $28 a pair; *don't* put these over a flame. Kyoto dinner dishes, of melamine plastic, come in black, rust, or sand, and are extremely smart. They all fit together in the Japanese manner. A twelve-inch dinner plate is $8.50; the serving bowl is $15; a place setting is about $25. (These are also to be found at Barney's Chelsea Passage.) There is a Danish salt-and-pepper set that looks like a pair of croquet balls with a black enamelled ring on top of each. When the ring is twisted, the salt or pepper is released. These come in beech or teak, and they are simple and solid; $34 each. Hand-turned wooden lampshades from Vermont, thirty inches in diameter, come in eighteen woods, with all the fittings, including the bulb, and are designed to be hung in a very large room—perhaps a loft or a barn. They're $165 in oak, maple, or cherry, $260 in more exotic woods, such as zebrawood or purpleheart. Linen and cotton floor runners, woven by a woman in Massachusetts, can be ordered in any width up to five feet and in any length. There are over forty colors to choose from; $24 per square foot. A handsome black clock, twelve inches in diameter, with white minute hands and a red second hand, was given the nod of approval by the British Design Centre, even though the clock hasn't any numbers on it and costs $100. A beautifully designed toy called the Mercury Maze is also from England. It is made of black and silver plastic, and the point of the exercise is to get the blob of mercury *in its entirety* into the center of the maze; $15. It must be a treat to run a small shop stocked only with what one likes.



Both the Museum of Modern Art and Ambienti, 792 Madison Avenue (67th), have the Tizio high-intensity lamp—a striking black metal construction (it's from Italy) that resembles a crane more than anything else. It's forty-four inches high over all, and could be put either on the floor, as a reading lamp, or on a desk. There are touches of red at the joints, and a red switch button; $390. George Kovacs, 831 Madison Avenue (69th), has a very slender brass floor lamp with a mini spot and a round mini brass shade. Appropriately named Olive Oyl, it's $89 ($79 in chrome). The desk version of this lamp is $75 in brass, $65 in chrome, and is, of course, named Swee'Pea. Kovacs has a heavy-duty plant spotlight, in matte black, with a spike that sticks into the soil, to light up your tulip tree; $50. A lighter-weight model is green and costs $25. A twenty-two-inch-high polyethylene light bulb, with a silver or yellow base, to illuminate a loft or a child's room is $39.50.

Tiffany has barrel-shaped bar glasses, available only in sets of four, for $14. Highball and Old-Fashioned glasses designed by Elsa Peretti are $14 each. They are very thin, and have a fragile, spare beauty. A crystal footed bowl ten inches in diameter is $30. La Cuisinière has a footed glass bowl ten inches across for $20. Both these bowls are a good size and weight. Bloomingdale's has some heavy, unadorned, and well-proportioned glasses from—yes—Ireland; the water goblet and the wineglass are $20 each, and the sherry glass is $15. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a water goblet in the Blackberry pattern, which is good-looking, as, indeed, all their goblets are; $42.50 a pair. Hand-rolled glass marbles are to be found at Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Madison Avenue (68th), for $6, $10, $15, and $45, depending on the size. Each comes with a little washer for a stand, and there is a leather pouch for those who wish to have their marbles with them at all times; $4.50.

A store called Plastic Works! (formerly Canal Street Plastic Supply Company), 2107 Broadway (73rd), has, among hundreds of items (none of them glass), a picnic service for six, each place setting a different color. Two large bowls form the container, and there is a plastic carrying strap; $22. An insulated wine cooler is $36. The store does custom furniture, which means cutting acrylic to size, and custom frames. Specialties are sandwich frames and box frames. For a sandwich frame, two pieces of acrylic are cut and holes are made for the screws; the store provides the screws and the mounts on the back as well. A frame two by three feet costs about $32. A box frame the same size, with wood for the back, is $60.

STATIONERY and art-supply stores are a convenient source of presents, and smell good—like the first day of school. Kroll, 145 East 54th Street, has a postal scale that weighs mail up to sixteen ounces, for $8.75. Five-inch Fiskars scissors, for either hand, are $9.25 with points, $4.78 for the stubby ones. No. 602 Eberhard Faber Blackwing pencils—the kind with the eraser in a clip—are excellent pencils indeed, and cost $4.40 a dozen here. Four-by-six-inch Avery labels—useful for recycling postcards—are $3.90 for forty. 3M's Post-it note pads, with stickum on the back of each page, so that it can be attached to anything, start at eighty-five cents. A ten-foot tape rule is $3.25. A machine that dampens and dispenses heavy tape for sealing Christmas packages, or packages of articles left behind by guests, is $39. Menash, 2305 Broadway (83rd), has drawer units made of polystyrene, for organizing one's desk. Their design is based on the valid premise that six shallow drawers are more efficient than one deep drawer. They come either one, two, or three inches high, in widths of ten or twenty inches, and can be assembled in units of six; from $6.95 to $34.65 per drawer, depending on size. Labels in seven different colors are absolutely free. Menash also sells a remarkable chair called Balans Activ. It's Norwegian, comes in two sizes, and looks like a chair designed to accommodate the Episcopalian Slouch, but instead of a kneeling bench there is a cushion resembling a neck pillow, on which one places one's knees, and instead of the edge of the pew there is a slanted seat, with no back, on which one sits. The two parts are held together with steel tubing. It is the most therapeutic chair we have ever knelt upon—our lower-back pain disappeared instantly—and it is extraordinarily comfortable, but not inexplicably, because there are any number of anatomical reasons this chair is so accommodating, all explained in exhaustive detail in an accompanying brochure. "Alignment" is the key word. This is not exactly a

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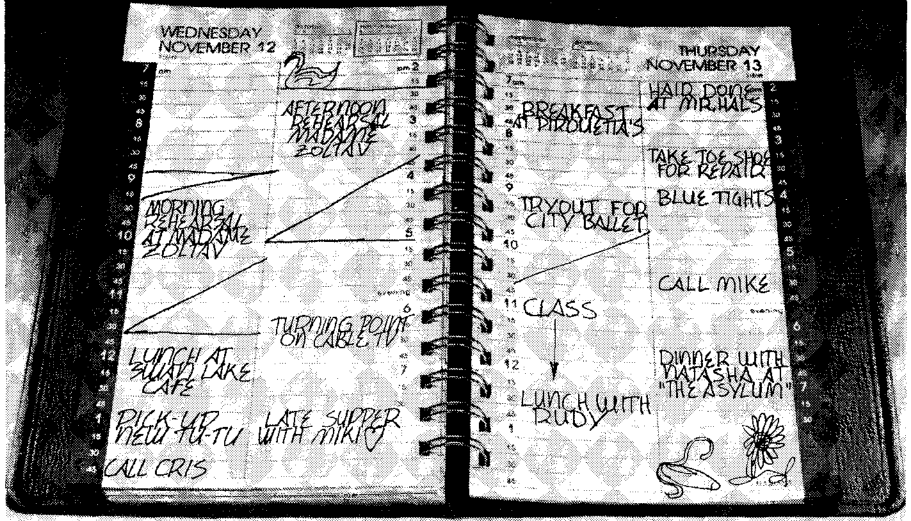
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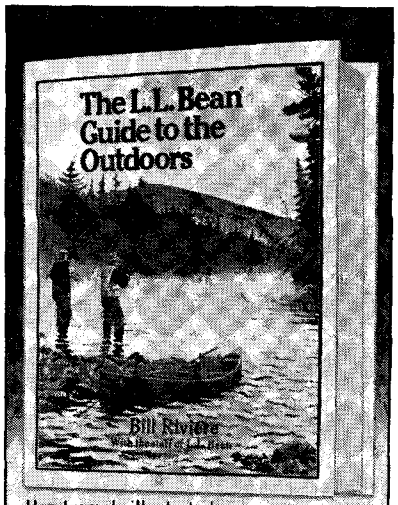
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chair to grace the living room; it is to sit on while working at a desk or counter. The catch is that the working surface should be about thirty-five inches high, and most desks are closer to thirty. One might consider raising one's desk. There is a wide choice of woven-nylon fabric covers, quite a few of them O.K. The larger model is $189; the smaller one, for those under five feet, is also $189, but you don't have to raise the desk.

THE Pottery Barn has decided to organize Christmas by price this year, starting with gifts for under $5. A bluish-white rice bowl with four blue phoenixes around the outside is $1. A twelve-foot extension cord for the phone is $4.25. Six red cocktail napkins with green edges are $5. A set of three notebooks of different sizes, covered in red, blue, or black fabric, is $4.75. *Stout* string bags, in various colors, are $5 apiece. The Pottery Barn now carries three shapes of champagne glasses—the flute, the tulip, and the flare—at $4.50 per glass. *An architectural glass brick, to be used* as a container for flowers or whatever, is $5.95. A Japanese knockoff of the Perfex pepper mill (the one with the trapdoor on the side) is $10. A simple U-shaped log rack, made of wrought-iron tubing, is fourteen inches wide and twenty-two inches high, or vice versa, and is $10. Red or white lacquer gallery trays, twelve by nineteen inches, are $16 each—$13 for an eleven-by-sixteen-inch size—and very handsome they are.

Other stores, too, have some things for under $10. Sointu sells striking matte-black ballpoint pens, with red, blue, or black plastic ends to indicate the ink color, for $1 each. An eighth-grader we know reports that the plastics are "so excellent" to chew. 1st Stop Housewares, 1025 Second Avenue (54th), has adjustable bottle insulators, called Cover-Ups, for $4. Unlike the pens, these are not items of great beauty, but they serve. Large black paper plates are $2.75 for ten at Manhattan Ad Hoc. Black plastic flatware is $2.75 for twelve knives, forks, or spoons. A two-inch flashlight, for finding a keyhole or identifying the Third Messenger, is $3.50 here; you squeeze it to turn it on. The Lee Bailey Shop has safety matches that are windproof and waterproof, for lighting the campfire, or the oven when the *kitchen window is open; $3 for two* boxes. Telephone cords that connect the receiver to the base and come in

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lengths of twelve or twenty-five feet are available all over town for around $7. They are easily attached, and would make life pleasanter for the person who is trying to talk with friends on the phone and simultaneously get dinner. A twenty-five-foot phone-to-wall cord is $8.95 at Manhattan Ad Hoc, and if you have an old-fashioned phone (pre-1977) the people here will provide a converter. This shop also has something called a lashing net, for battening down impedimenta on the luggage rack of a car; $10, and a must for anyone with children who never leave home without their lares and penates. Barney's Chelsea Passage has a wooden spindle to hold both string and tape, with a small cutting blade at the base, for $7.50. Balls of string have a way of disappearing when they're most needed, and with a spindle this would be less likely to happen. Whisk brooms and hearth brooms of considerable dash, made of natural broomcorn, are to be had at the Performer's Outlet, 222 East 85th Street, for between $6.75 and $16.50.

CREEPING up the price scale, you can find handwoven willow cheese trays everywhere, but the choice is larger at Wolfman-Gold & Good Company; from $10.75 to $27. A nest of eleven well-made bamboo trays, ranging from twelve to twenty-four inches in diameter, can be bought at this same store for $27.50. Dean & DeLuca has some triple-silver-plated serving pieces of a useful nature. A sauce ladle is $12.50, salad forks and spoons are $17.50 each, a gravy ladle is also $17.50. The Metropolitan has a pewter marrow spoon, for osso buco or Stilton cheese. It's a copy of an eighteenth-century American one, and costs $22.50. (James Robinson, 15 East 57th Street, has an eighteenth-century English silver marrow spoon for $350, if you prefer.) The Metropolitan also has a lovely pewter funnel—a copy of an eighteenth-century English one—that is three and a half inches in diameter and costs $35. Interiors, 814 Lexington Avenue (63rd), a store specializing in Japanese things of quality, has beautiful black lacquer bowls with lids and no designs; $24 for a five-inch size, $12 for one that is four and a half inches. Then, there is Sherman & Mixon, 404 Columbus Avenue (79th), which specializes in sifting attics, and anyone willing to spend twenty minutes in this store can probably find a good present. There are prints, posters, odd lots of

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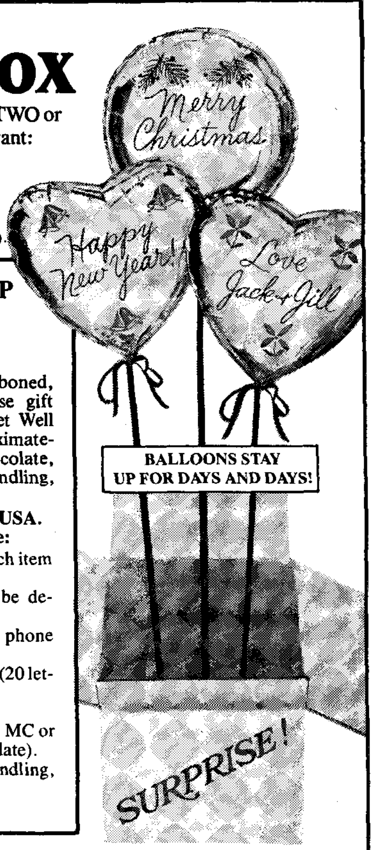
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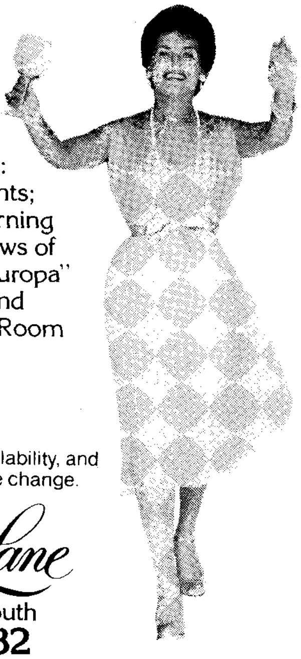

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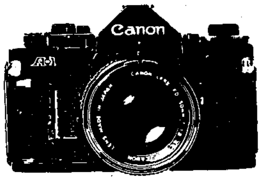

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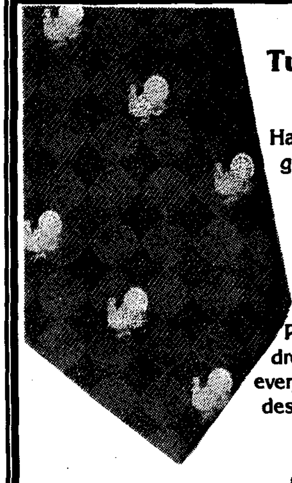

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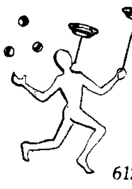

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glass and china, enamelled tin, lamps, umbrellas, jewelry, and *objets* of all kinds. Some of the things are old, some not so old. A poster of the Normandie Voyage Inaugural, 29 *mai*, 1935—a fish's-eye view of the bow of the ship—is $30. The other day, there was a fine example of Tramp Art—a whittled wooden bank—for $80; it dates from the twenties or thirties, and the craftsman who made it may have traded it for a meal. A Pittsburgh-glass pitcher, with frosted swirls, c. 1890, was $30, a wood-framed mirror $5, a King Edward VIII Coronation mug $40. Worth a side trip. A subscription to *The Old-House Journal* would be a useful present for a do-it-yourselfer living in an old house. The purpose of this illuminating magazine is to offer "educated guidance to homeowners with limited financial resources but talented hands." In clear prose, plus drawings, it tells the reader how to determine the original colors of things, how to repair a newel, how to fix old floors; twelve issues for $16, from 69A Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11217.

SUPPLY-SIDE PRESENTS: The James II Galleries, 15 East 57th Street, has an English croquet set, c. 1860, for eight, made of boxwood. It is complete, and comes in its own stand, which has handles on the sides, so the servitors can carry it (it weighs a ton). There is one slight drawback: the paint has worn off most of the balls, and something will have to be done about that if the players wish to distinguish one ball from another. It's $4,850.

Turpan Sanders, 386 West Broadway, a bouncing new store of the housewares-hardwares-High Tech variety, has a magnificent butcher-block table, three by six feet, with a stainless-steel superstructure strong enough to hold a substantial *batterie de cuisine*. There is a stainless-steel shelf underneath, ten inches off the ground, for pots or feet. This article of furniture could be used for both working and eating, and is as close to an all-purpose kitchen table as we've seen; $1,400.

Tiffany has a collection of some forty pieces of china, faience, crystal, and silver objects copied from originals in Le Musée des Arts Décoratifs, in Paris. The hand-painted faience plates were reproduced by the Quimper factory, but are not to be confused with the jolly peasant Quimper ware that you ordinarily find in shops. These plates are exuberant—exotic flowers, birds, and insects abound. A dinner plate in the Orchid pattern is $130; in the Peacock-and-Shell pattern $150. There is a soup tureen in the Marseilles Flowers pattern which is both outrageous and brilliant. Amid a profusion of hand-painted flowers, the handles of the tureen are supported by red langoustines; $580. The gilded, enamelled Blue Wave porcelain was originally commissioned by Mme. de Pompadour, who apparently expected to use it for her *petits déjeuners* with Louis XV, because she ordered breakfast cups. Tiffany says that it is doubtful whether she and the King ever ate off the original porcelain, because by the time it was produced Mme. de Pompadour had fallen out of favor. One-half of the pattern is a wave of a dazzling blue appropriately known as Bleu Celeste, which was used in Vincennes and Sèvres porcelain for many years. The other half is sprinkled with flowers. The gold has not been spared. This porcelain has a spectacular excess about it. The plates can really be used only as service plates or propped up on plate stands. Putting food on them would be like putting food on a painting: the food would make the plates look terrible, and the plates would make the food look worse. Prices run to $380 for a dinner plate, $465 for the oversize cup and saucer.

THERE are some particularly nice decorations to be had this year, some of them quite expensive and some of them quite destructible. The Metropolitan has miniature gold-plated cherubs, one and a half inches high, to be suspended from the tree, for $15 each. It also has six-inch terra-cotta cherubs—one with hands folded, the other with hands crossed—to be suspended from anything; $38.50 each, two for $75. All three cherubs are copies of ones in the museum's Christmas crèche. Altman's has Italian papier-mâché angels in flowing robes, playing more or less ancient musical instruments. They are from five to seven inches long, and though some of the faces are more doll-like than angelic, the effect is lovely from a distance; $17 and $23. The Glass Store, 1242 Madison Avenue (89th), has beautiful hand-painted egg shapes of blown glass, from Germany, for $9, $15, and $18 each. Glass icicles (American) are $3.50 each. Glass angels, birds, and candles, all Jamaican, are $5 each. Glass balls with candy stripes are $20 each. Threaded glass balls, in assorted colors, are $12 each. Bloomingdale's has hand-blown glass balls priced from $2.35 to $4.75, and clusters of glass bells for $5. The Pottery Barn has indestructible miniature ornaments, such as a small copper chocolate mold, for $2. A red-and-green knit ministocking is $2.50, and an all-wool sheep is $2.95—both from Peru. A large snow globe with Santa Claus and three pine trees is $4.50, and an eighteen-inch red-and-white striped stocking to hang by the chimney with care is $3.95. Pan American Phoenix, 153 East 53rd Street, has a straw crèche, consisting of the three principals, the three kings, and two angels, for $25. It is more successful than most representational crèches, whose figures tend to look like holy cards. A large straw angel is $1.75, and a straw bird is $1.25. A small group of colorful straw ladies and gentlemen dancing in a circle is $6.50. A ten-inch black clay candleholder in the shape of a winged angel, hands folded in prayer, is $12.50; a five-inch size is $7.50. Putumayo, 857 Lexington Avenue (65th) and 339 Columbus Avenue (76th), has its usual large and wild assortment of ethnic Christmas-tree ornaments, made of just about every material except silver or gold, for under $5 apiece. The Plaza Florist, 944 Lexington Avenue (69th), will carry handmade balsam wreaths from Vermont. They come in diameters of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty, and thirty-six inches and, undecorated, cost $15, $17.50, $20, $25, and $45, respectively. For an extra fee, Plaza will decorate them with country greens. It also has a selection of ribbons, sold by the yard. The wreaths start to come in during the first week of December. They are green, very bushy, and smell wonderful—proper Christmas wreaths.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

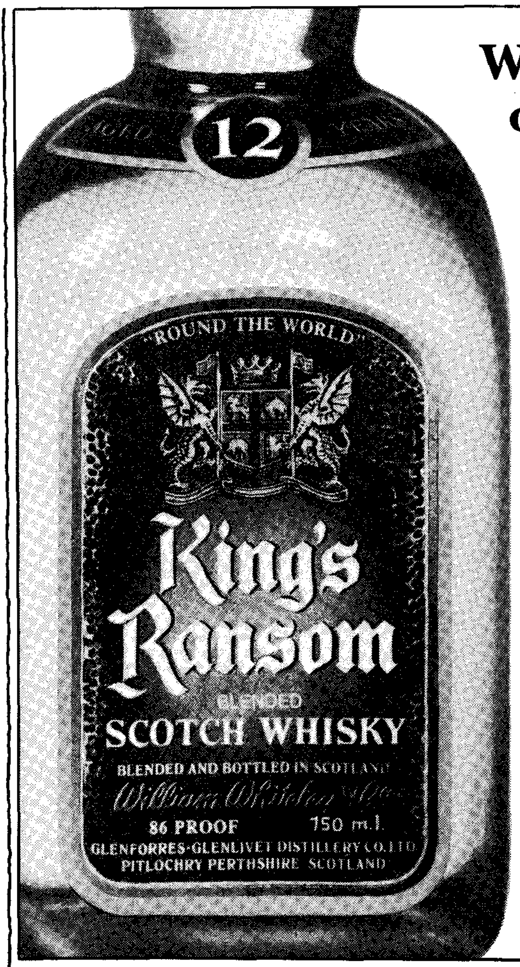
[*From the Times*]

"I see the light at the end of the tunnel," Captain Sapadin said. "I feel things will turn around here, and people will again be able to walk the streets and sit out in front of their homes—but not in the foreseeable future."

•

TEL AVIV. Oct. 16/81 (AP)-CONDUCTS FIRST ISRAELI WAGNER PERFORMANCE—Conductor Zubin Mehta leads the Israeli Philharmonic orchestra into Richard Wagner's Tristan and Isadore.—*A.P. Wirephoto caption.*

Changing the title won't help.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music in the Silence of the Night

ELLIOTT CARTER's "Night Fantasies," for piano solo, was composed in 1979-80, at the request of four American pianists who have all been notable performers of his music: Ursula Oppens, Charles Rosen, Paul Jacobs, and Gilbert Kalish. Miss Oppens played it first, at the Bath Festival, in June, 1980 (it was reviewed in these pages by Nicholas Kenyon), and returned to England that October to play it in ten other British cities: London, Brighton, Bedford, Manchester, York, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Nottingham, Leicester, and Birmingham. The Arts Council of Great Britain maintains a Contemporary Music Network to insure that at least some major performances will be more than one-time, one-audience affairs, and the BBC saw to it that everyone in Britain had a chance of hearing Carter's latest composition. (In America, it should have been, but wasn't, broadcast prominently, coast to coast.) Miss Oppens then gave the American première, in Chicago, last February, and has since played it in Tokyo and Venice. Mr. Jacobs played it in Detroit last March, and both pianists played it at the Monadnock Festival last summer. Mr. Rosen played it in Toronto in June. It reached New York at last when Mr. Jacobs played it in his recital at the 92nd Street Y on November 11th. Mr. Kalish plans to play the piece in Germany next November. Miss Oppens is billed to give the New York deuxième at her Metropolitan Museum recital on February 11th.

NIGHT fantasies! There are two famous accounts, each of them purporting to be related in the composer's own words, of the way nocturnal inspiration visited Mozart and visited Beethoven. The Mozart passage was published by J. F. Rochlitz in 1815:

> About my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent, I can really say no more than the following. . . . When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not; nor can I force them. . . . All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream.

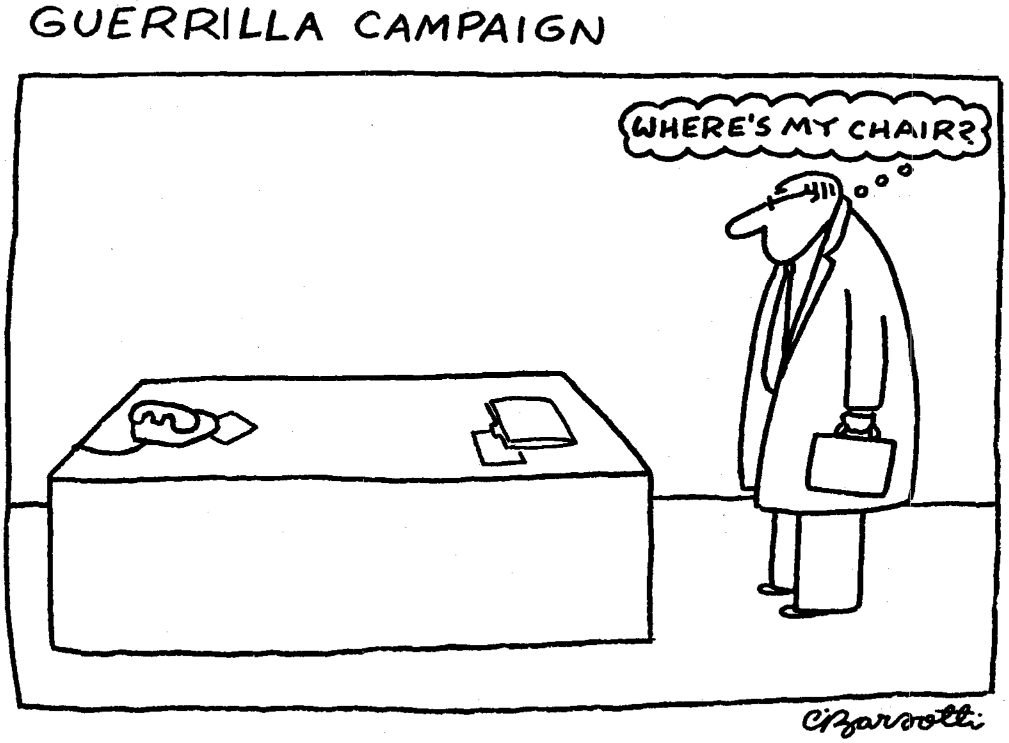
The Beethoven passage appeared in 1880 in Louis Schlösser's "Memories of Beethoven":

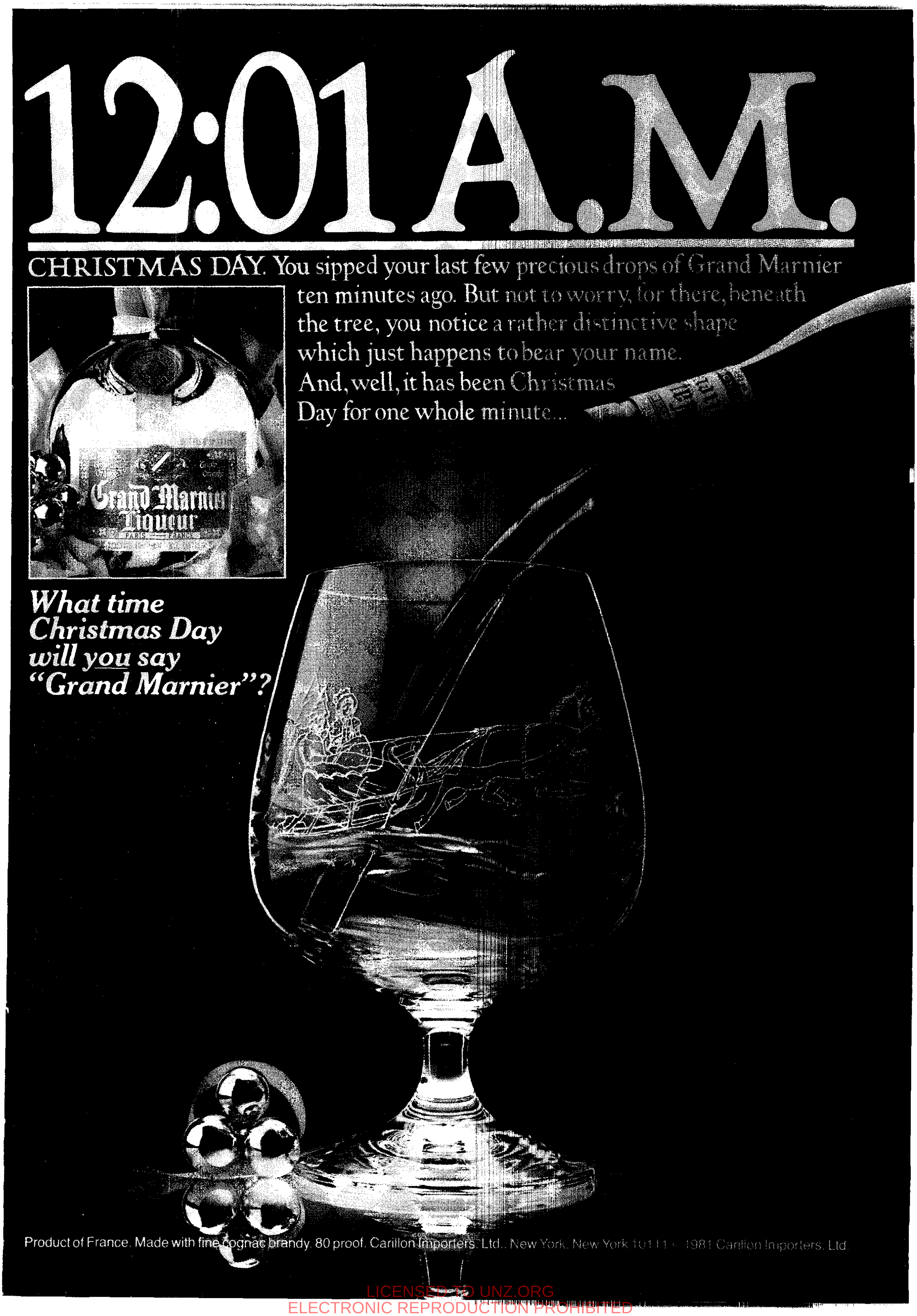
> You will ask me whence I take my ideas? That I cannot say with any degree of certainty: they come to me uninvited, directly or indirectly. I could almost grasp them in my hands, out in nature's open, in the woods during my walks, in the silence of the night, at earliest dawn. . . . They are roused by moods, which . . . are transmuted into sounds that sound, roar, and storm until at last they take shape for me as notes.

Both passages have long appealed to romantic commentators. Both, alas, have been declared to be inventions. Back in 1858, Mozart's biographer Otto Jahn decided that the remarks Rochlitz published "cannot be by Mozart" but thought that a genuine Mozart letter underlay them. William James, in 1907, still adduced them as evidence that "great thinkers have vast premonitory glimpses of schemes of relation between terms, which hardly even as verbal images enter the mind, so rapid is the whole process." The Schlösser passage has now been called into question by Maynard Solomon in the latest number of *Music & Letters*, and his demonstration that it is essentially a rewriting of Rochlitz's invented Mozart letter seems to me incontrovertible. The "alas" must stand. What Rochlitz and Schlösser wrote is reluctantly rejected. It ought to be true. Every insomniac knows those moments "during the night when I cannot sleep," "in the silence of the night, at earliest dawn," when "ideas flow best and most abundantly," and responds to the notion that a genius—a Mozart, a Beethoven, an Elliott Carter—can recapture those ideas ("take out the bag of my memory" is the phrase Rochlitz attributed to Mozart), formulate them, phrase and frame them, find notes for them, and set them down for mankind's instruction and delight.

In his song cycle "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1976), Carter made music for Elizabeth Bishop's poem "Insomnia." One thought obsessed the sleepless poet there—that of a reversed, mirror world in which "you love me"—but her poem contains the line that gives Carter's cycle its title; and "Night Fantasies," it seems to me, may have a starting point in the song and the poem. The composer has described his new work as a nocturne "suggesting the fleeting thoughts that pass through the mind during a period of wakefulness at night."

Music historians like making distinctions. There is a sense in which





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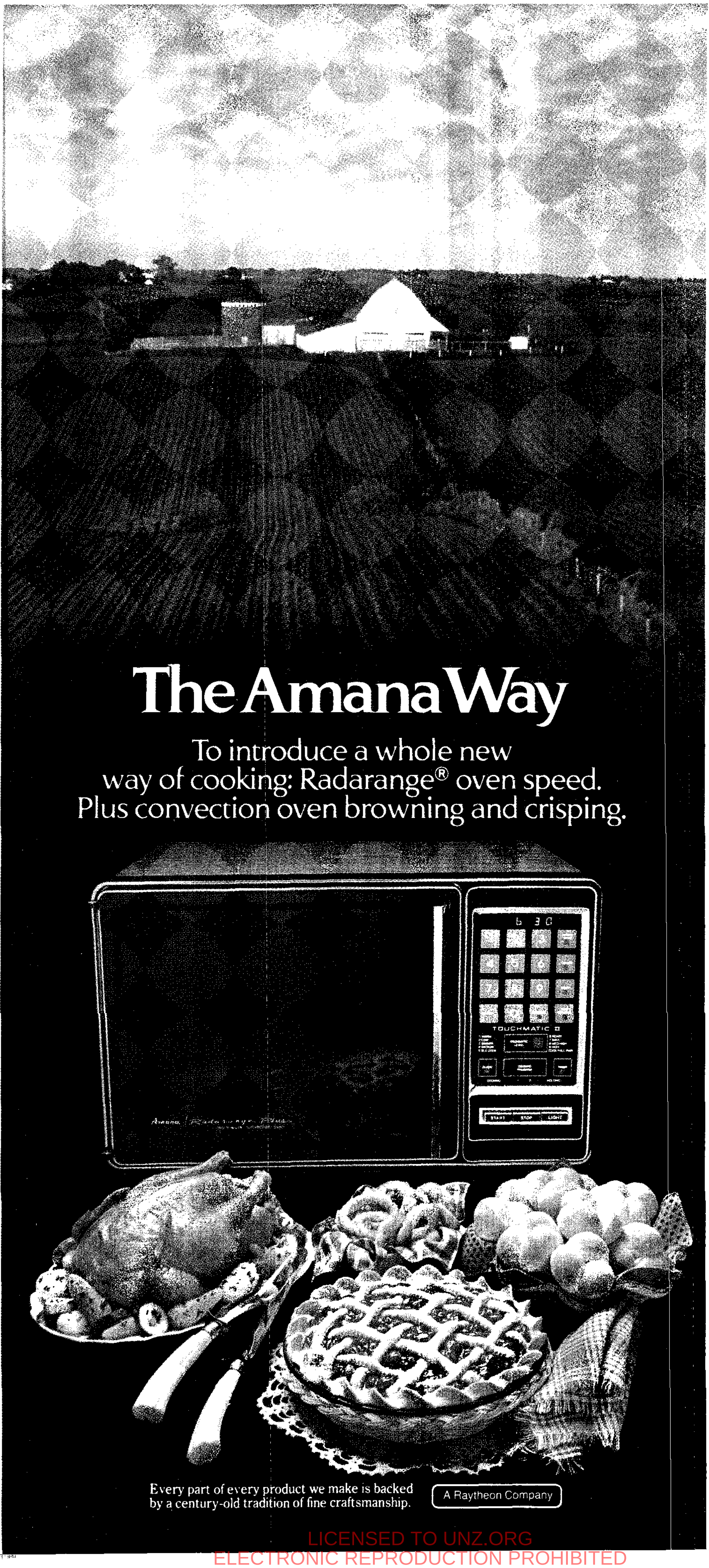

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Verdi can be categorized as a *Tagkomponist* and Wagner as a *Nachtkomponist*—despite the "transfigured night" scene in "Falstaff," when Windsor Forest glows with a mysterious, Keatsian enchantment, and the scenes in "The Ring" that should (but in modern productions seldom do) shine in the sun's full ray. Thoughts of "Tristan" color thoughts of Wagner (and, thanks to Cosima's diary, we can now share more of Wagner's dreams than those he found music for). Haydn, surely, is a "day composer," while Mozart eludes categorization, unless we project the symbolic conflicts in "The Magic Flute"—of dark forces with those of day, unruliness with limpid order—into many of his compositions. Elliott Carter is too close to us to be pigeonholed, but the light of day shines on his string quartets, on his Duo, for violin and piano, on "Syringa": skies are clear above and around them; Arizonan or Attic suns illumine their details. The dreams in his Symphony of Three Orchestras are daydreams. "Night Fantasies" is luminous, too, but with gleams, flickers, sudden patches of iridescence, or the clear, thin shine of moonlight, which can create a new world of visual values even as night thoughts can strangely distort the values of day and make unexpected things seem important. As an analogy to "Night Fantasies," the composer has suggested Schumann's "Kreisleriana." Indeed, he has called the piece "sort of a contemporary 'Kreisleriana;' " and a revealing approach to it can be made through Alfred Brendel's excitable yet cohesive new recording (on Philips) of those eight wayward, elusive Schumann fantasies. Carter's "Night Fantasies," like "Kreisleriana," contains episodes of contrasting character, but in his work the episodes run into one another, overlap, recur in fragments, reappear with altered emphases. As another analogue, Carter has cited poems of Mallarmé where (as David Schiff put it in a program note) "phrases and thoughts and images are ambiguously dovetailed, so that multiple readings are not only possible but inevitable."

CARTER'S other piece for solo piano, the Sonata, appeared in 1946—thirty-five years ago—but he has since then written extensively for the instrument: in the Double Concerto, for harpsichord and piano, the Piano Concerto, and the Duo, and also in the Concerto for Orchestra and the Symphony of Three Orchestras (the piano parts of which were first played by Mr. Jacobs). He has always sought specific inspiration in the physical, acoustical properties of the instruments he writes for. The players in his Brass Quintet play kinds of music only brass instruments can make, and trumpets, horn, and trombones further show their distinct musical characters; the Duo is—among other, more important things—a treatise on the differing natures of violin and piano. All composers, of course, endeavor to write music apt to the instruments that are to play it. Carter is special, I think, in the way his explorations of a new, personal musical language extend to incorporate facts of instrumental tone production until they become a part of that new language, both enriching and advancing it. A remark of Charles Rosen's about Schumann's piano writing which I quoted last month applies also to Carter's piano writing: "The sonority of the piano has now become a primary element of musical composition, as important as pitch or duration." Carter has a practical ear. He hears what he writes, he writes for performers, and although he makes huge demands of them, he writes music for them that is rewarding to play. And that, perhaps, does need saying, for one still hears him charged with composing paper music, dense with mathematical intricacies and unnecessarily difficult for both performers and listeners. The charge should not survive a single hearing of "Night Fantasies" as it was played by Miss Oppens (I acquired a tape of her BBC performance) or by Mr. Jacobs.

For the work is beautiful. One uses the simple epithet as one might use it of a Chopin nocturne. At the start, a series of soft, far-flung chords, tranquillo, touched in a note or sometimes two notes at a time, "sets the stage." An F on the bass staff and a C-sharp on the treble staff are recurrent—two bright fixed points in a soft-shining, mysterious firmament. Suddenly, fantastico, those two notes dance away into a brilliant, agitated dazzle, like—in Peter Grimes' simile for a sky become bewildering—"the flashing turmoil of a shoal of herring." Fantasy follows upon fantasy. Ideas are pursued, relinquished, half captured; new ideas steal in or dance in. At the center of the piece, a scherzo, capriccioso, subsides into a recitativo collerico that sounds like an attempt to formulate a grave summation. But night

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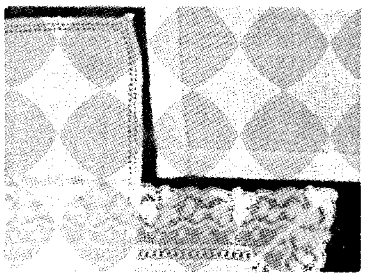

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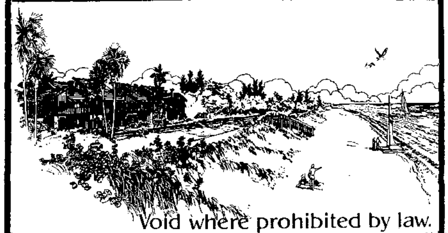

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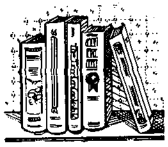

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thoughts can't be pinned down: the scherzo returns to blow the recitative away, and the fantasy procession continues.

In the Piano Sonata, Carter used the piano's resonances, overtones, and pedalled sonorities as part of the material to be composed with. In "Night Fantasies," the range of pianoforte effects is immensely expanded. The whole gamuts of pitch, touches, textures, dynamics, and pedal effects are drawn on with a master's hand. Outré devices are not employed: the pianist's fingers remain on the keyboard and don't go poking or scratching at the strings; the lid is not slammed; fists or forearms are not crashed down on clusters. Carter's instrumental writing always respects the inherent nature of the instruments he composes for, and employs the sounds they were devised best to make. He hears and uses the piano as Liszt, Chopin, Schumann heard and used it—and also Ravel, for there is a sense in which "Night Fantasies" could also be dubbed "sort of a contemporary 'Gaspard de la Nuit,' " as a virtuoso piece that tests a player's technique and taste to the utmost. But he writes music of a kind that has not been heard before. The Carter chords—part consonant, part dissonant, and wholly satisfying—the Carter harmonic sequences, the Carter *scorrevole* passages of outlines rapidly traced, the Carter sonorities, and the bewitching Carter metrics here find memorable pianistic expression. And there are melodies. Melody, it has been rightly said, is essentially vocal gesture, but the piano's "voice" has a more than human span, and so Carter's melodies range freely through the octaves.

WHILE "Night Fantasies" was being written, the composer suggested that each of the four pianists for whom it was intended would find in it passages particularly suited to his or her personality. But it would be a brave critic who dared distribute the four main expressive indications—tranquillo, fantastico, appassionato, and capriccioso—among the four executants. Puccini was once accused of tailoring his arias to fit comfortably on ten-inch or twelve-inch record sides. If Carter had made "Night Fantasies" last fifteen minutes or less, we might have had the Oppens, Kalish, Jacobs, and Rosen interpretations of it gathered on a single long-playing disc, and that would have been an enthralling document. But "Night Fantasies" lasts twenty minutes. I've heard

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Miss Oppens' tape many times now. She gives a thoughtful, lyrical, flowing performance, at once beautiful, brilliant, and coherent. I've heard Mr. Jacobs play the piece only twice—at a "preview" and at the Y recital. He gave an incisive, cogent, brilliant, very arresting performance. Now I long to hear Mr. Rosen and Mr. Kalish play it, too. And then Alfred Brendel and Maurizio Pollini. For "Night Fantasies," which no single performance can exhaust, may well be our century's next pianistic landmark after Pierre Boulez's Second Sonata. That work, which appeared in 1948, when Boulez was twenty-three, was iconoclastic—a young genius's new, defiant advance. Carter will be seventy-three next month. His "Night Fantasies" is a mature genius's advance, embracing previous piano music, explaining much of it, and saying new, beautiful things. —ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Cycle

JOHN HARBISON is a rarity among contemporary composers: he writes vocal music that is grateful to the voice, easy on the ear, and closely responsive to its texts. His "Book of Hours and Seasons," which dates from 1975, was heard in New York for the first time in a recent Carnegie Recital Hall concert. D'Anna Fortunato, who last week gave the Boston première of Harbison's "Elegiac Songs," joined the Cambridge Chamber Players, in their New York début. The cycle began, Harbison says in a program note, with the last song, Goethe's "Um Mitternacht." From this ending at midnight, it expanded backward, with Goethe's hymn to the full moon "Dem Aufgehenden Vollmond" and two further Goethe settings, which frame a central instrumental interlude in four short sections depicting the seasons. The music is diverse: the intense, hymnlike climax of the first song and the unforced serenity of the last scarcely belong to the same world as the babbling scherzo of "Immer und Überall" (based on four Eastern modes) and the precise, sharp-edged rhythms of "Mich Ängstigt des Verfangliche." Yet Harbison's acute sensitivity to harmonic movement and melodic inflection unifies the set. Miss Fortunato colored the lines beautifully, with a warm, gentle bloom that animated each note and phrase. The words were not always clear, though, and occasionally an important note—

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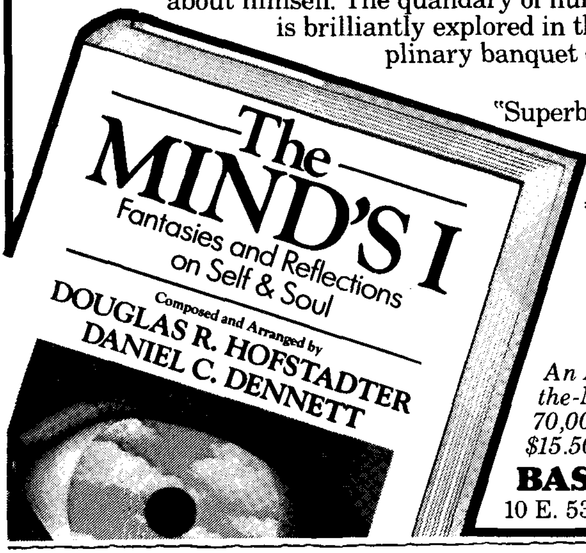

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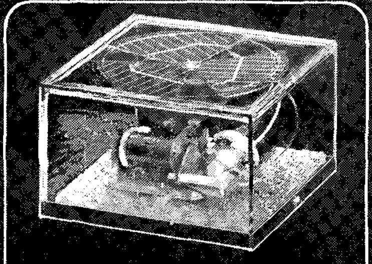

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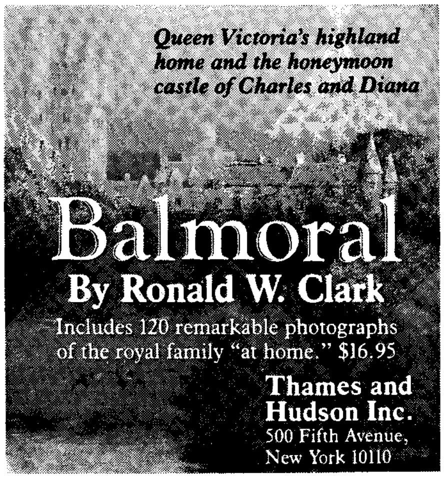

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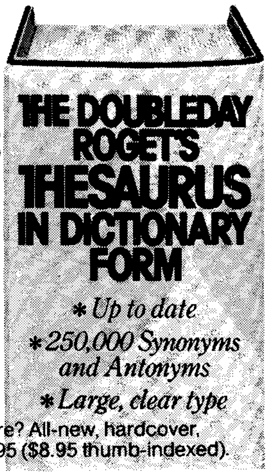

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like the Schubertian shift on the "nacht" of "Um Mitternacht"—would slip out of control. The most understanding playing came from the pianist Christopher O'Riley; flute and cello were more literal, less poetic, in their contribution to the fourth song. The tableaux of the seasons—one short-breathed and enigmatic, one a bright little jig, one a rocking idyll, one a clear vision—were crisply and characterfully done.

THERE have recently been some distinguished foreign visitors to New York's various early-music concert series. The Estonian singer Andrea von Ramm, formerly with the Studio der Frühen Musik, gave a master class, a workshop, and a concert at the Mannes College of Music, each of which provided stimulating lessons for the performer and thought-provoking challenges to the scholar. At the Cloisters, the English ensemble The Consort of Musicke—the soprano Emma Kirkby, the bass David Thomas, and the lutenist Anthony Rooley—gave a concert devoted to Renaissance and Baroque dialogues. In the Music Before 1800 series, at Corpus Christi Church, Concerto Castello played works of the seventeenth century. This unusually constituted ensemble, of cornett, trombone, violin, cello, and keyboard, draws mainly on American players who perform in Europe. Bruce Dickey, the cornett player, teaches at the Schola Cantorum in Basel, where other members studied. Mr. Dickey is a virtuoso of the highest order; he makes the cornett speak with a flexible, human voice, and his rendering of Giovanni Bassano's divisions to Thomas Crecquillon's "Frais e Gaillard" was breathtaking. Dana Maiben, the violinist, was equally agile in a Johann Schmelzer sonata and a Frescobaldi toccata but, like her colleagues, a little stiff of rhythm in the ensemble works. Schmelzer's extrovert sonata "La Carioletta" needs more flow (and a bassoon, not a cello, on the bass line, as in the splendid recording by Concentus Musicus, on Telefunken). But in two expressive balli, by Tarquinio Merula, the music danced with verve and spirit. The ensemble can be heard on the record "Affetti Musicali," in an important new didactic series called Schola Cantorum Basiliensis Documenta, on Harmonia Mundi. Mr. Dickey also plays on the most illuminating set in the same series, "Virtuoso Ornamentation Around 1600." —NICHOLAS KENYON

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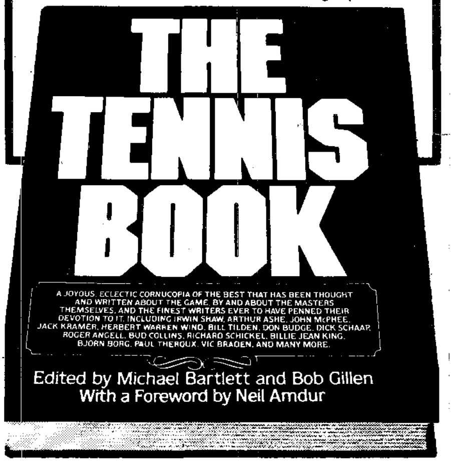

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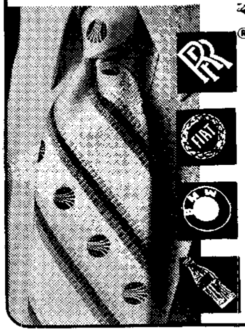

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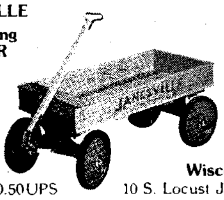

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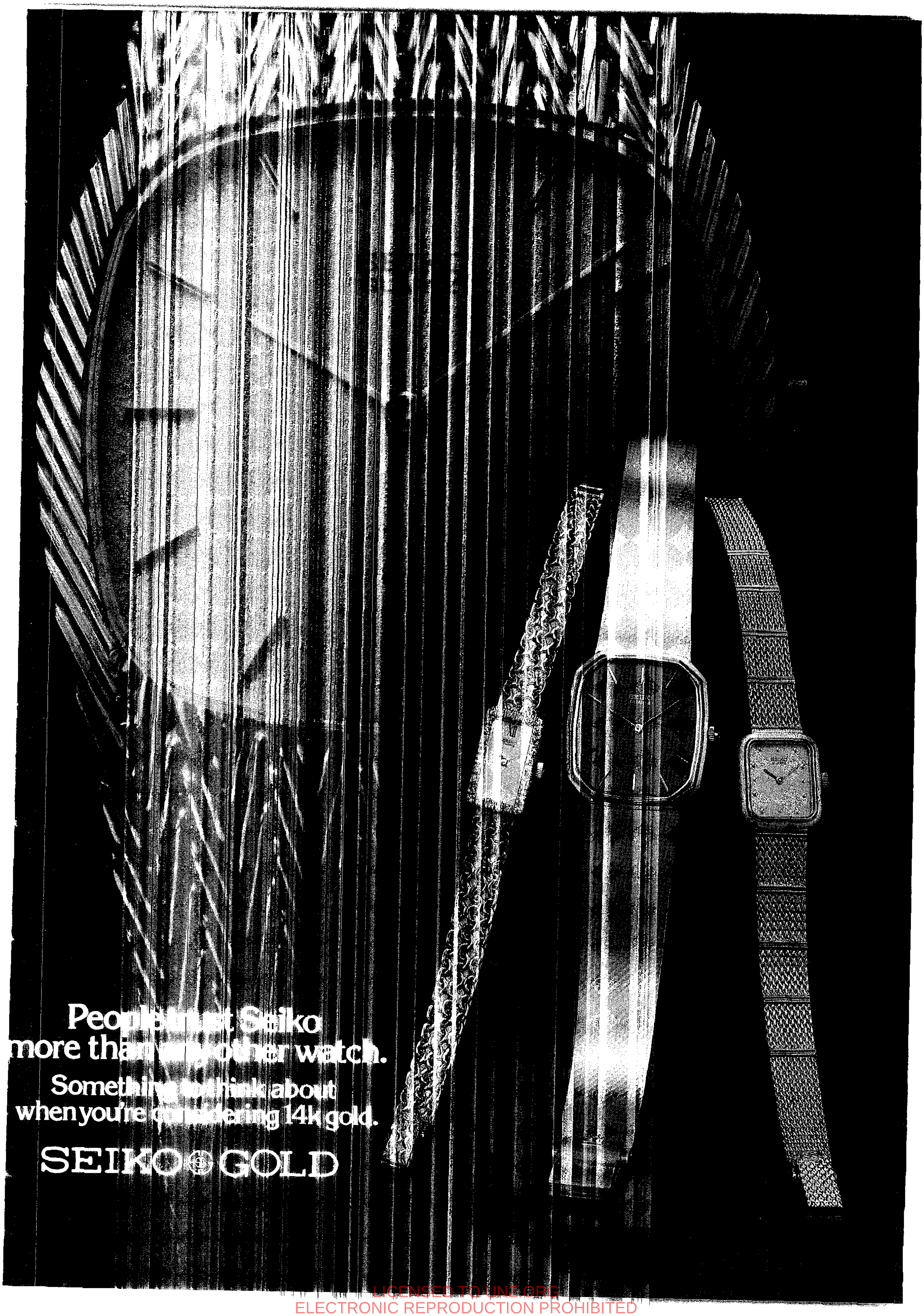
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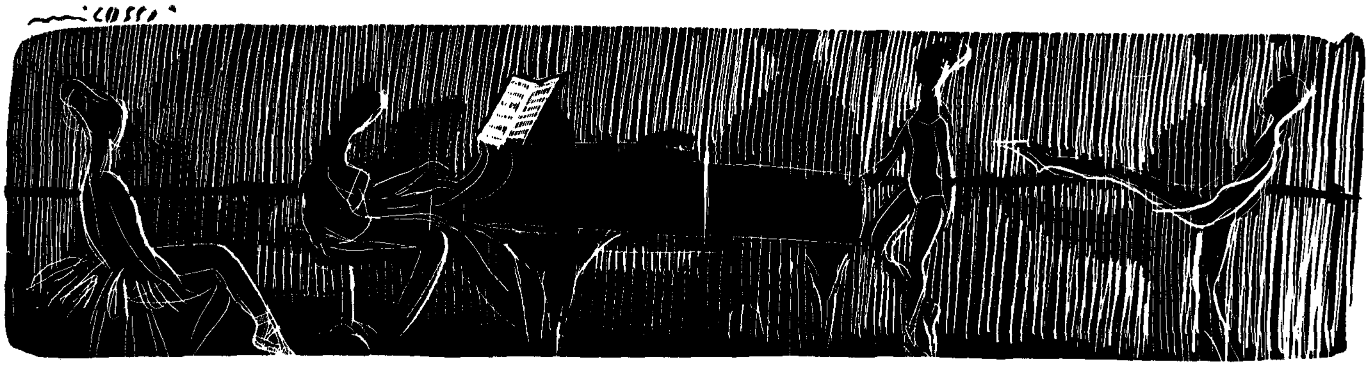
DANCING

Pilobolism

ON a hot, humid morning last summer, as the members of Pilobolus Dance Theatre were rehearsing at their studio in rural Connecticut, there was a thunderstorm, and the dancers rushed gratefully out-of-doors into the rain, throwing themselves down in the wet grass, leaping and shouting. The rain stopped, but they stayed outside all day, muddily improvising movements for a new piece of choreography, begun the day before. Yesterday, nothing they tried had worked; today, everything worked. The whole episode is commemorated in "Day Two," which I saw, along with several other excellent recent pieces, at the McCarter Theatre in Princeton, one of the stops on the company's fall tour. Pilobolus pieces customarily begin in group improvisation and are edited into shape. "Day Two" does not literally reproduce the terms in which it was created or anything of the circumstances except for the thunderstorm, which was captured on tape and is used as an overture. Every move in the piece had a spontaneous origin, but the final version is a logical development in a controlled series of metaphors. Only at the very end, after the curtain calls have begun, is there a relapse into literalism, when the dancers, who are all but nude, fling themselves one after another into fantastic body slides through puddles of water sloshed across the stage. Here is one of the giddiest events that occurred on Day Two, as the company went dripping back into the studio. The effect on a stage, coming after a piece that has already surprised us so often, is one of raw shock. It's the only possible conclusion.

Part of the shock comes from the precision of the calculation behind it. The slides are a completely unnecessary folly, yet the minute they start we know how exactly right they are and how wrong they'd have been had we been given them an instant sooner. Their unreasoning logic puts the piece into perspective, and it also puts Pilobolus into perspective. "Day Two" is one of those compositions of theirs—like "Untitled" and parts of "Monkshood's Farewell"—that mingle beauty and absurdity in the intensest degrees, so that we are constantly caught between laughter and pain. This feeling of being impaled on a perception is allied to the curiously intellectual emotion that one feels at the ballet. It seems to be the unique function of ballet style to fuse the rational and the irrational. Without being a ballet company, without claiming much in the way of a legitimate dance style, Pilobolus does something quite similar: it gives us the logic of fantasy. Because fantasy logic does not run on alternating currents, there's never a moment in the dance when we can respond in simple, clear-cut terms. The fusion generates a deeper and more complicated emotion than we can easily express. At the ballet, one keeps seeing the lyricism of mechanics, the naturalness of artifice, the spontaneity of a plan, the random schematics of what, if one could reduce poetry to philosophy, one would call empiricism. The image before us is uncommonly like the real world, so uncommonly that the resemblance seems merely accidental. The dialectical process at Pilobolus may not be as complex as the process of classical ballet (and Pilobolus hardly ever seems accidentally brilliant), but it's just as clean. When the slides begin at the end of "Day Two," they magnify one side—the crazy side—of what we've been watching to such a degree that there's nothing to do but laugh and scream. Up to this moment, the meanings in the dance had been focussed in the perceptual. The slides—it doesn't seem possible to travel thirty feet in an inch of water, yet it happens—are pure physics: a pure demonstration of the law of motion. This is factual reality, and it's the one clear-cut absurdity in the entire piece.

Pilobolus choreography has by tradition been a group effort; the name-studded choreography credits in the company's programs are invariably lists of the original casts. The method of collaboration, which was actually impractical, reflected the company's early preoccupation with itself as a performing commune with equal shares in the creative process. Although the substance of "Day Two" was group-generated, Moses Pendleton, who does not appear in the piece and who may have gained some advantage from the fact, was the editor-choreographer. As in most Pilobolus works, the material is organized in related sections, like a rock album, but it's not as bitsy as "Monkshood's Farewell" and it's a lot dancier than "Untitled." The music is by the extremely popular David Byrne and Brian Eno (excerpts from "My Life in the Bush of Ghosts," "Remain in Light," and "Another Green World"). The Byrne-Eno sound has qualities of ambiguity, dissociation, and theatricality which could easily overwhelm a dance. But except for the opening section it turns out to be the perfect kind of sound for the things that go on in "Day Two." When the dancing began, I thought it looked and felt too light. The Pilobolian birds and beasts, pecking and stalking, were deer-park creatures, and the song "Houses in Motion" has a slugging beat and a wail more appropriate to a dog pound. In the next section, the problem vanishes, never to return. Over and over, four men on their knees perform contrapuntal variations on touching their heads to the ground, then straightening up. From a crouch, they progress to an upright kneel, then to a standing pose. The changes come each time on one count, and the pro-



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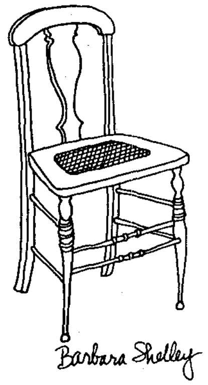
cess of bending and straightening continues unpredictably; it's like trying to follow the hammers in a piano as the music ascends in pitch. (When the dance shifts to profile, it's like a change in key.) This male quartet has the charm of an elegant vaudeville act; the clever dynamics have to have been the invention of Pendleton, who has to have seen the male quartet in Paul Taylor's "Cloven Kingdom." But Pendleton may also have been referring to the evolution of the Pilobolus company from a monklike male foursome to a sextet (emphasis on the first syllable) including two women. In "Day Two," when two women enter and break up the quartet the atmosphere immediately becomes more problematic.

At first, nothing happens: the dancers run through some quick-action mumbo-jumbo, the gestures more or less standard to Pilobolus (some of them are based on the cleaning up after the downpour); all turn into a browsing herd in the tall grass of "Shizen." After a blackout, we get to the heart of the piece and the heart of Pilobolus—those mutations and permutations in which anatomy becomes metaphysics. The girls hang from the men's bodies like infants, like succubi; changing position slowly, as if in their sleep, they turn into shameful growths. Their victims waddle desolately. In the next part, the men carry the women between them on poles, which they raise and lower like piston rods. Seated or slung on the rod, each woman rotates her body around it in ornamental poses, pedalling in air. The poles become the spokes of a turning wheel, and the wheel slows, a ponderous carrousel. The poles are braced vertically on the floor, and as the men grasp them hand over hand the women ride up on the men's arms. Through all the pole stuff (and there's much more) and the plain and fancy partnering, the object is illusion—either the imagistic kind or the mechanistic kind in which weights and balances are unthinkably displaced. Two men are crouched one over the other, their feet pressed together sole to sole. The supine man balances the other, then gradually straightens his knees; even more gradually, the other stands erect. At the climax of all this, the stage floor—actually, the marly covering it—suddenly starts to buckle and heave, and the dancers disappear. The waters rise and cover all, then subside, leaving a cluster of survivors. They turn into amphibious reptiles, then into beasts with monstrous wingspreads. In slow motion, as the lights dim out, they fly away. The great sliding scene is, of course, in the nature of an encore; it's not part of the Darwinian scenario. The slides are done standing, sitting, and sprawling; the last one is performed by Robert Faust, who spins endlessly on the tip of his spine as the curtain drops.



Faust, a powerfully built acrobat, is one of the new members of the company. I had not seen him before; nor had I seen Carol Parker, Peter Pucci, or Cynthia Quinn. They were all as pliant and as committed, physically and mentally, as the elder-generation Piloboli who were on hand, Moses Pendleton and Michael Tracy, and as Jamey Hampton, who joined the company in 1978. (Hampton, recuperating from a shoulder injury, performed two of his three roles on the program; his place in "Day Two" was taken by Daniel Ezralow, of the Paul Taylor Company.) There's a slightly different physical tone to the company these days, which comes from the beautifully stretched and seasoned dancers' bodies of Parker, Pucci, and Quinn. Faust has the muscularity of a wrestler. In "The Empty Suitor," he takes the role of the pregnant derelict, created by Jonathan Wolken. He's seedier, less debonair than Wolken, and in his long black coat he looks mountainous. When the woman pops out of his buttonhole, she seems to be his scruffy little daughter, not the fantasy mistress whom Wolken beamed his lascivious eye upon. "The Empty Suitor," with its top hats and sticks, its park bench and crumpled newspapers all compressed into Magritte-style dream imagery, is one of the few non-pastoral repertory items this country-based company owns. Michael Tracy's nightmare solo, in which he dances to "Sweet Georgia Brown" while trying to keep control of his hat, his stick, and his footing atop a flotilla of rolling tubes, stops the show.

Moses Pendleton, one of the company's founders and one of the authors of its style, has an apparently limitless capacity for orchestrating that style to suit different subjects. "Bonsai," another of his pieces, is quintessentially Pilobolian-pastoral, even though he made it originally for another company. It begins awesomely, with two men standing erect and very slowly bringing from their shoulders to the floor two women who are also standing erect. The four dancers then come together and, moving as one, create the base out of which the forms suggested by the title begin to spread and flower and change into other forms. Permutation is organic; growth is strictly controlled. Pendleton's command is such that we follow the sense of a change even when our view of it is partly inhibited by the lighting or by its taking place on the floor. Pilobolus style has fascinated a large public for ten years. The reason, I think, is that it is perfectly clear and aboveboard in the way it gets its effects. It seems to spring from a sharp-sighted vision of the natural world, and every movement is meant to be looked at; there's no filler for the eye to slip over. Pendleton, in a solo called "Momix" (which is also the name of the small offshoot company he formed last year with Alison Chase), plays with the possibilities of this highly concentrated, maximum-grip surface by deliberately improvising in front of the audience. The tone of the solo, which is done to reggae music, is usually jovial-sinister—it might be subtitled "Pendleton's Merry Pranks"—and it is very, very bitsy: all shimmies, shakes, stops, and starts. You want just one long-ball drive. At Princeton, Pendleton actually started swinging his cane like a golf club, and the transcendent moment almost happened when, too near the wings, he whacked the hell out of an interfering curtain, raising a dust storm.

The company has not played New York since 1977, which is a grievous deprivation. However, as the Princeton engagement ended, plans were being laid for a season at the ANTA Theatre around Christmas. —ARLENE CROCE

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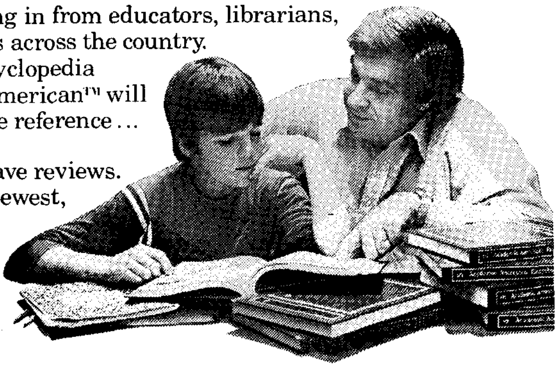

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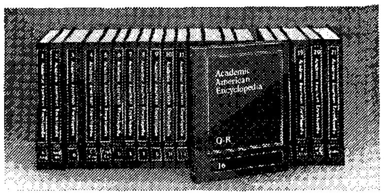

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BOOKS

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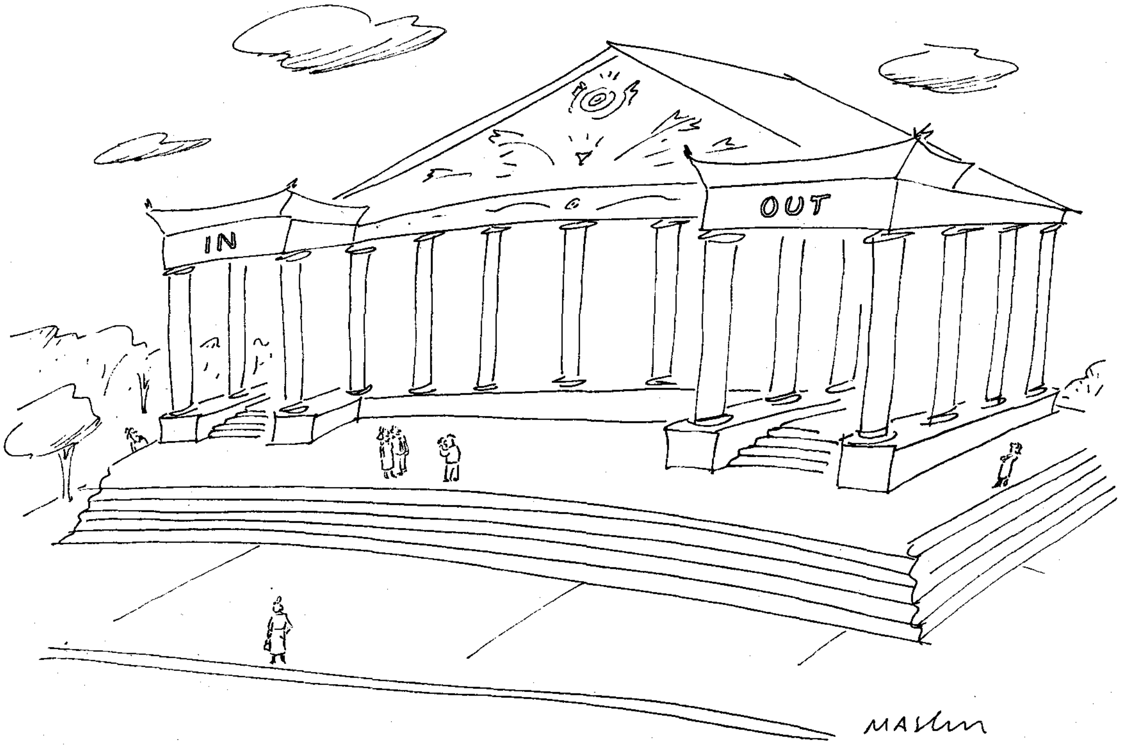
THE works of Guy Davenport, professor of English at the University of Kentucky, are not easily come by. They include three, partly overlapping, sets of translations from archaic Greek lyrics and philosophy: "Carmina Archilochi: The Fragments of Archilochos" (University of California Press, 1964), "Herakleitos and Diogenes" (Grey Fox Press, San Francisco, 1979), "Archilochos, Sappho and Alkman" (University of California Press, 1980). There are three collections of short "fictions": "Tatlin! Six Stories" (Scribners, 1974), "Da Vinci's Bicycle: Ten Stories" (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1979), and the newly published "Eclogues: Eight Stories" (North Point Press, San Francisco, 1981). Issued at the same time, and also by the North Point Press, are forty literary essays and sketches, entitled "The Geography of the Imagination." The Cambridge (England) literary magazine *Granta* (No. 4, 1981) features Guy Davenport's "Fifty-seven Views of Fujiyama." I have found that it is almost impossible to acquire three other Davenport titles: "The Intelligence of Louis Agassiz," "Flowers and Leaves," and "Cydonia Florentia."

Professor Davenport illustrates his own texts with cunning collages. He keeps bowls of sugar water in the rooms of his house so that hornets, bees, and ants will feel welcome. He writes tales with such titles as "Mesoroposthonippidon." He looks to Ezra Pound for what luminous fragments of sane perception there are left in our politics, in our sense of how art can order man's civic being. He also holds the Bolshevik Revolution to have been a necessary delirium. Professor Davenport's publications are, in fact, privacies. They guard his elusiveness like masks and thorn hedges. He has a small circle of ardent readers, foremost among them Hugh Kenner. Anecdotes crop up about the arch fastidiousness of his manner. To "review" Davenport seems a crass intrusion. But in terms of the bleak condition of our current fantasies this intrusion may be justified. The fact is that Guy Davenport is among the very few truly original, truly autonomous voices now audible in American letters. Name Guy Davenport and William Gass. There are not many others to set beside Borges, Raymond Queneau, and Calvino. Adult dreams are as hard to come by just now as Davenport's more arcane imprints.

A Davenport sentence or short paragraph (the fragment, the aphorism, as in the early Greek poets and pre-Socratic thinkers, is Davenport's core) is instantaneously recognizable. "In the morning, sipping coffee, Mr Hulme could find no proportion in th arcades, the buildings, the windows the campanile, the duomi, the typography of the newspaper, that was no perfect. The children and the old people made him sad. All ideas rise lik music from the physical." ("Eclogues.") "A delegation came of trembling splendor, Consuls of the dea they said they were. One lifted a hand Their patrician faces and beautifu feet seemed to me to be godlike, thei eyes a fidget of light." ("Da Vinci' Bicycle.") "There had been awfu rains of stars in North Americ throughout my childhood and youth For whole nights a fireworks of meteorites had hissed and sighed down th sky before I wrote my poem about th *nova* which flared before the eyes o Tycho Brahe, and I wrote my firs story about the ghost of a horse leaping from a cascade of flame just afte the Leonids had been more torrentia than men had remembered them fo centuries." ("Tatlin!") "Corelli sarabandes, good talk by the fire, the win in a huffle after sunset making humpenscrump of the waves an trees." ("Eclogues.") There would b no harm in simply using the remainde of this review to make a mosaic an montage of quotes. Let me instea transcribe one of the whole mini-chapters, welded paragraphs, that make up th "Fifty-seven Views":

> All of that again, h said. I long to see all o that again, the villages o the Pyrenees, Pau, th roads. O Lord, to smel French coffee again al mixed in with the smell o the earth, brandy, hay Some of it will hav changed, not all. Th French peasant goes o forever. I asked if indeed there was any chance, any likelihood, that he could go. His smile was a resigned irony. Who knows, he said, that Saint Anthony didn't take the streetcar into Alexandria? There hasn't been a desert father in centuries and centuries, and there's considerable confusion as to the rules of the game. He indicated a field to ou left, beyond the wood o white oak and sweetgum where we were walking, a



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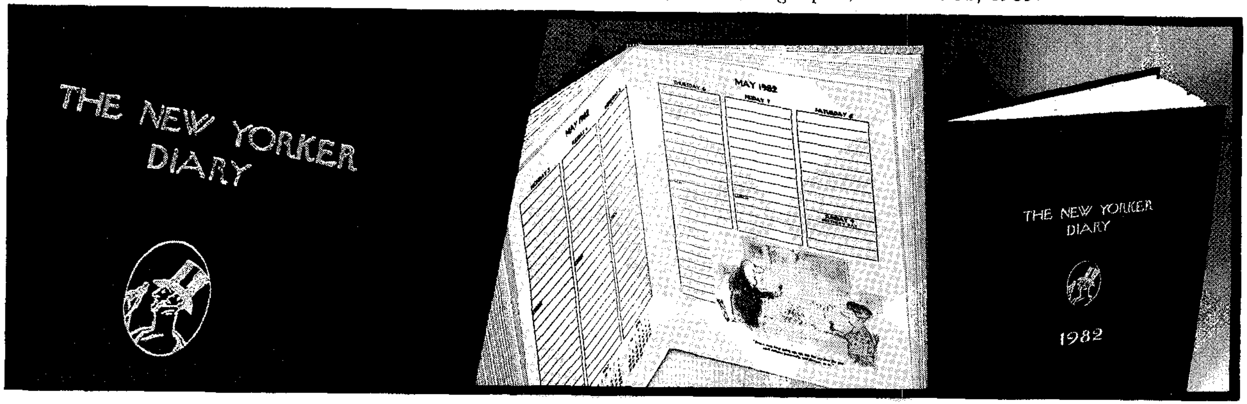

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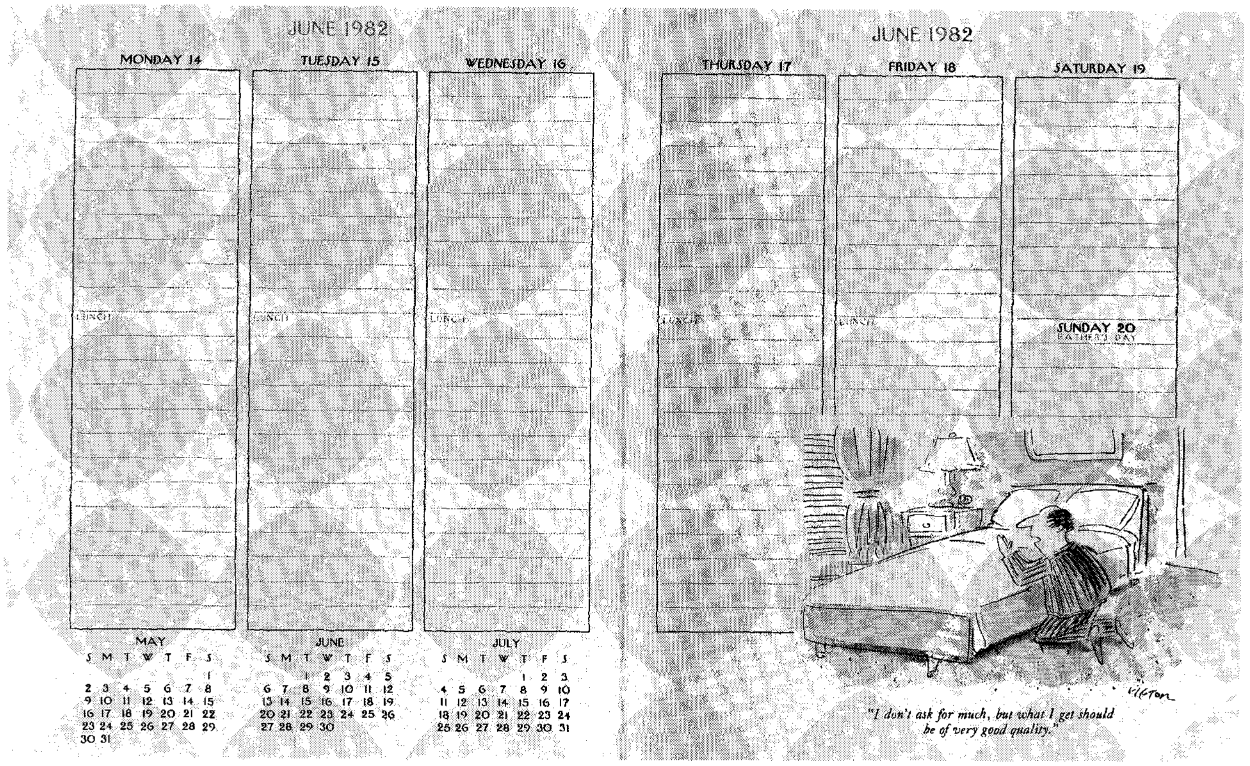

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field of wheat stubble. That's where I asked Joan Baez to take off her shoes and stockings so that I could see a woman's feet again. She was so lovely against the spring wheat. Back in the hermitage we ate goat's cheese and salted peanuts, and sipped whiskey from jelly glasses. On his table lay letters from Nicanor Parra and Marguerite Yourcenar. He held the whiskey bottle up to the cold bright Kentucky sunlight blazing through the windows. And then out to the privy, where he kicked the door with his hobnail boot, to shoo off the black snake who was usually inside. *Out! Out! You old son of a bitch! You can come back later.*

Guy Davenport is faithful to Ezra Pound's injunction that prose ought to be at least as well crafted as verse. He is a master of subtle pace. Seemingly short sentences and fragmentary phrases open, via unexpected commas, into sequences as opulent as Japanese paper blossoms dropped in clear water. Davenport's gait has the spare, funny lyricism of the music of Erik Satie. I say this with reference to the grammar. (Note the deft, whimsical uses, sometimes reminiscent of Gertrude Stein's, of the historical present.) The vocabulary, especially in recent texts, is a different matter. It is baroque, precious, crazily inventive. I take my examples from "On Some Lines of Virgil," a long montage story in "Eclogues" and, incidentally, one of the most hilarious, tenderly risqué accounts of sexual awakening in all modern literature. The reader must be ready for such finds as "gressorial," "tump," "grig," "nuchal," "daddled." He will find Davenport to be a virtuoso of opaque yet immediately suggestive verbs: "to jaunce," "to shirre cingles," or "to snoove," which rings precisely like something out of the dream dictionary of Shakespeare's Bottom.

This coruscating idiom is, of course, a part of Professor Davenport's ecstatic bookishness. He breathes open and hidden quotations, allusions, bibliographic references, mandarin puns. Even in the simple, mainly lyric examples I cited, the need for erudition presses on the reader. Mr. Hulme is T. E. Hulme, the Imagist guru and philosopher-poet who influenced Pound in London and who himself used to note the coincidence of his name with that of the great David Hume. Tycho Brahe's observation of an exploding nova is a benchmark in the history of astronomy and cosmology which directs us to a famous Chinese precedent. Arcangelo Corelli (1653-1713) is one among masters of Baroque and pre-modern music whose limpid texture and elegance were rediscovered by Pound et al. early in our century. A sarabande is a solemn dance, contrastive with the "huffle" of the wind. We want to know something of St. Anthony, in ancient patristics, and Flaubert, we want to be able to identify not only Joan Baez but Nicanor Parra and Mme. Yourcenar, so as to savor the full intent of the passage from the "Fifty-seven Views." And these are fairly routine demands compared to those which Davenport makes on the reader in what may be his finest fable, "The Death of Picasso," or in a vignette such as "Lo Splendore Della Luce a Bologna," itself a quotation with great resonances backward.

Such bookishness, such investment in the zany, esoteric lusts of learning, puts Davenport in a definite tradition. Coleridge, supremely of this breed, spoke of "library-cormorants," of men whose nerves are set to twanging by a footnote. Burton's "The Anatomy of Melancholy" often foreshadows Davenport's mosaic of allusions. They include Nabokov—witness the mad fun of his notes and index to Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin"—and Borges, haunter of the Universal Library. And here again Pound is essential to Davenport's perspective. There are numerous ways in which his parables and prose collages are a counterpart to, a garland woven around, the omnium-gatherum of Pound's "Cantos." Indeed, Pound and Davenport seem to represent a cultural omnivorousness, an attempt at making a complete inventory of the world's aesthetic-poetic loot, which is radically American.

Guy Davenport is equally American in a seemingly antithetical commitment to the informalities of the wild, to the innocence of untutored space. The campfire at nightfall, the sodden slog through the Maine woods and along a Vermont trail, the dive into the quarry pool in the slow heat of the Indiana or Kentucky summer—these are talismanic to Davenport. He rivals, he echoes Thoreau and Mark Twain in the knowing sensuality of his immersions in the American Arcadia. He sings the light rust on the Virginia hills, the dark pools of the Poconos. Shelter him for the wet night in an old mill up White Mountains way and Davenport hugs his luck: "Packrats in little white pants, and spiders, and lizards, no doubt, I said, and we will make friends with them all." ("Fifty-seven Views.")

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together a Byzantine high literacy and a profoundly American at-homeness on the earth. This interplay gives his whole work its offbeat freshness, its irreverent piety. Consider the complex but unforced shocks of sensuous-literate recognition in that invocation of Joan Baez as it plays against the austere classicism of Marguerite Yourcenar. Look at the closing moment in the passage. Nothing could be more robustly native than the shooing away of the blacksnake. But we know, and Davenport wants us to know, of the guardian snakes in antique holy places and of a very similar moment in what may be D. H. Lawrence's loveliest, most forgiving poem. The cardinal terms in Davenport are continuity and unison, the cross-weave of time and of space, of experience and of innocence, made possible by montage and collage. The bison painted in the prehistoric caves at Lascaux unconsciously rhyme with Goya's etchings of bulls and Picasso's "Guernica." All times, things, forms intertwine in arabesques of manifold oneness. Ovid tells of men turning into animals, Darwin of animals turning into men. Science and poetry must spring from the same music of mind, from the same intimation of harmony, or they are nothing. Art is simply a way of seeing precisely, as precisely as did Agassiz:

> He belongs to the spirit of Picasso and Tchelitchew, who have meditated on change as infinite variety within a form, theme variations made at the very beginning of creation, simultaneous. The ideas of nature were for Agassiz what an image is for Picasso. Genus and species are perhaps ideal forms from which nature matures all the possibilities. Time need not enter into the discussion. Snake and bird and pterodactyl all came from the same workshop, from the same *materia* available to the craftsman; they do not need to be seen as made out of each other. An artist fascinated by a structural theme made them all. ("The Geography.")

Plotinus, the great Neo-Platonist visionary, could have said this. Nearer home, it is Emerson's creed. Davenport's work is one of metamorphic unity. As if the wood were alive still in the paper of his books. ("Printed by Maple-Vail on acid-free paper," says the colophon of the North Point Press.)

It follows that there are really no differences, in tactics or panache, between Davenport's "fictions" and the literary essays now assembled for the first time. The same angular elegance, erudition, and fun are manifest in both. Professor Davenport threads

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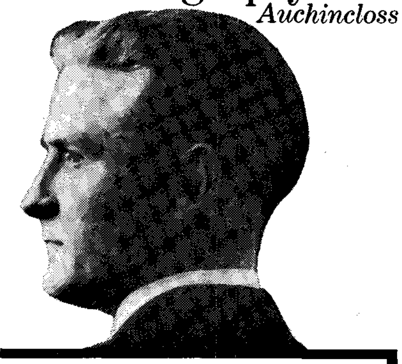

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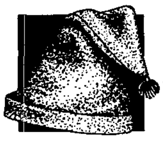

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garlands of praise and acute definition around Charles Olson, Louis Zukofsky, Marianne Moore, and Eudora Welty (this last essay being one of the finest analyses available of Miss Welty's guarded but compassionate art). The several essays on Pound are a celebration. The concise salute to Charles Ives leads to a key complaint: A pioneering study of the composer

> fell under the evil spirit that has kept Ives himself a shy ghost in American art. How long it took us to see Melville! We still have no notion of Poe's greatness. Our Whitman and our Thoreau are not Whitman and Thoreau. We have a wrong, vague, and inadequate appreciation of Stephen Foster. And the great Formalist painter Grant Wood, who in Europe would have founded a school. ("The Geography.")

Professor Davenport is illuminating on the Wittgenstein-Gertrude Stein language games and on their enactment in William Carlos Williams: "When he quotes, early in *Paterson*, a sign saying that dogs are not allowed in a park except on leashes, he wants to catch us in the Steinian-Wittgensteinian moment of seeing that, yes, the sign has a kind of purpose, but as dogs can't read, the sign exists in a sleep of reason." The covert reference to Goya is almost Davenport's signature. If this order of criticism has a fault, it is only that of generosity.

But this largesse and lightness of touch can betray Davenport. It will not do to say that Ezra Pound was driven mad by "the simple fact that the United States issues no money at all but borrows money issued by a private bank." He adds, "The hideous and obscene taxes which we pay our government are actually interest on this perpetual loan, ineradicable and unpayable." ("The Geography.") Davenport's phrasing leads one to suppose that he either sympathizes with or agrees with (or both) Pound's lunatic economics. It is this "Sisyphean economic insanity," argues Davenport, that explains Pound's views on the international fiscal conspiracies of the Jews. "Such was the geometry of his vision." As it happens, it was a vision that led to some of the more nauseating anti-Semitic and anti-American diatribes in the literature of hysteria and propaganda. Undoubtedly, the issue is a tangled one as far as Pound's personal actions and mental dispositions go. But Davenport's sprightly elegance defuses altogether what should be, to him, as to other "classic imaginations," a key question. Ezra

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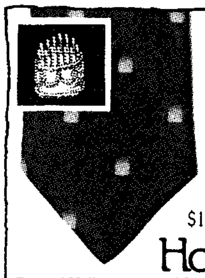

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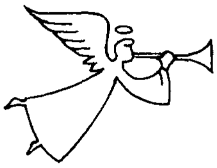

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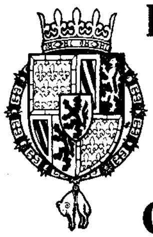

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Pound and the German philosopher Martin Heidegger are very probably the two great masters of humanism in our time. This is to say that they have spoken out with more authority, with more lyric energy than any other twentieth-century poets or thinkers against the ecological devastation, the vulgarization of personal style, the blind greed that characterize our mass-consumption polity. It is in Pound's "Cantos" and in Heidegger's metaphysical and anthropological writings that we find the great restatement of classical and Confucian ideals of civic comeliness, of humane at-homeness on what is left to us of our begrimed planet. Yet in the lives and pronouncements of both men there are significant involvements with totalitarian, Fascist inhumanity. What are the underlying connections? What is it that makes high literacy so vulnerable to the siren calls of barbarism? Davenport prefers to pass.

This is true also of a second compelling domain. The world of Davenport's *ficciones* and reflections is one of homoeroticism. "The Death of Picasso" is among the few masterpieces of homosexual sensibility after Proust. But when it comes to perceiving articulately the pressures of this eros on the very nerve centers of modern art, thought, and social consciousness, Davenport evades. It is this evasion which reduces his vignette of Wittgenstein, in this gathering of essays, and many of the Wittgenstein allusions and presences throughout his works to trivia.

These are not, I think, random lapses. Pound's aesthetics, Pound's repertoire of what matters in the health of art and of man's social condition lie at the core of Davenport's enterprise. His hermetic wit, the sharp disingenuousness of his questionings of human discourse and gesture look to Wittgenstein, just as directly as so much in archaic Greek lyric poetry looks to the riddles and metaphors of the pre-Socratics. Guy Davenport's unreadiness to come to grips with the tragic substance of either Pound or Wittgenstein, with the larger implications of their positions, suggests a central reticence. Davenport seems to shield both himself and his readers from the full, perhaps anarchic deployment of his own strengths. A certain preciousness, a courtly scruple interposes between Professor Davenport and his daemon.

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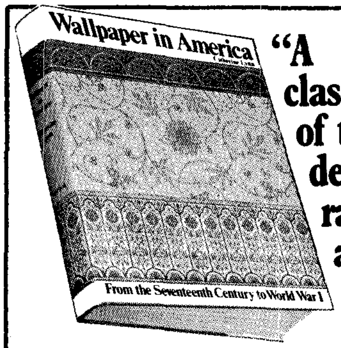

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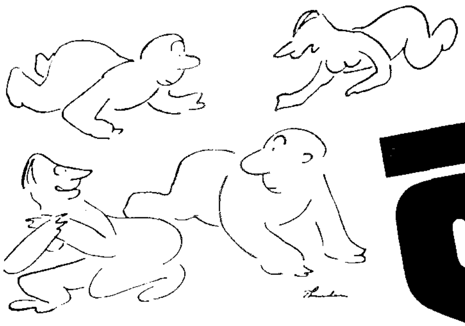

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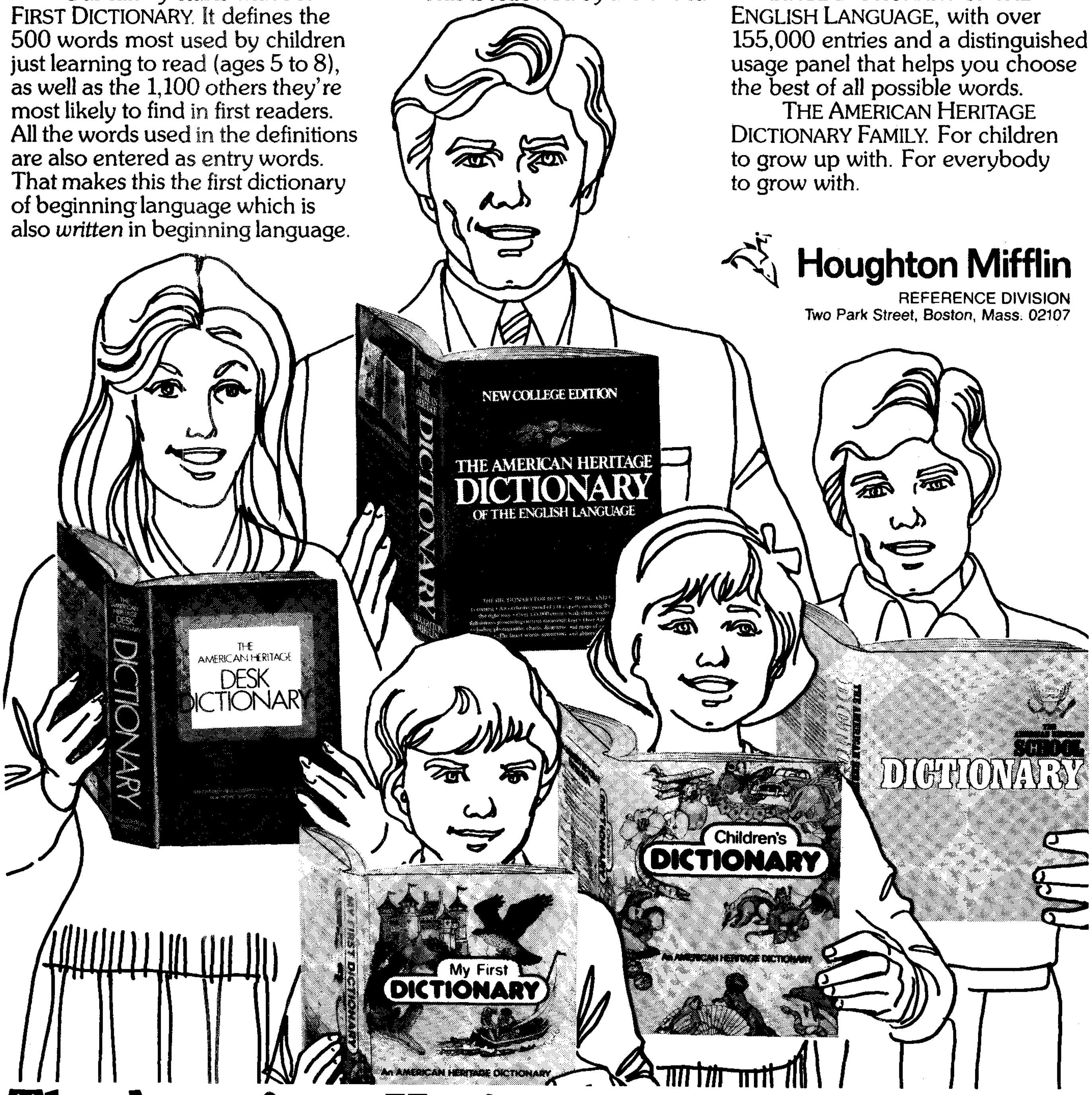
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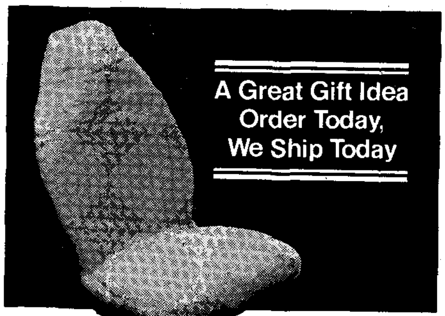

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ten exceeded what they could earn in other jobs. Since most employers believed their servants to be inferior, they tended to expect the worst, and the domestic confrontations repeat a drama of mutual nastiness and mutual incomprehension. The relationship between servant and employer was not susceptible to amendment. What did improve was the nature of housework; when this book closes, mechanization has begun to make it possible for middle-class families to perform their own domestic tasks. A chronicle of human irrationality.

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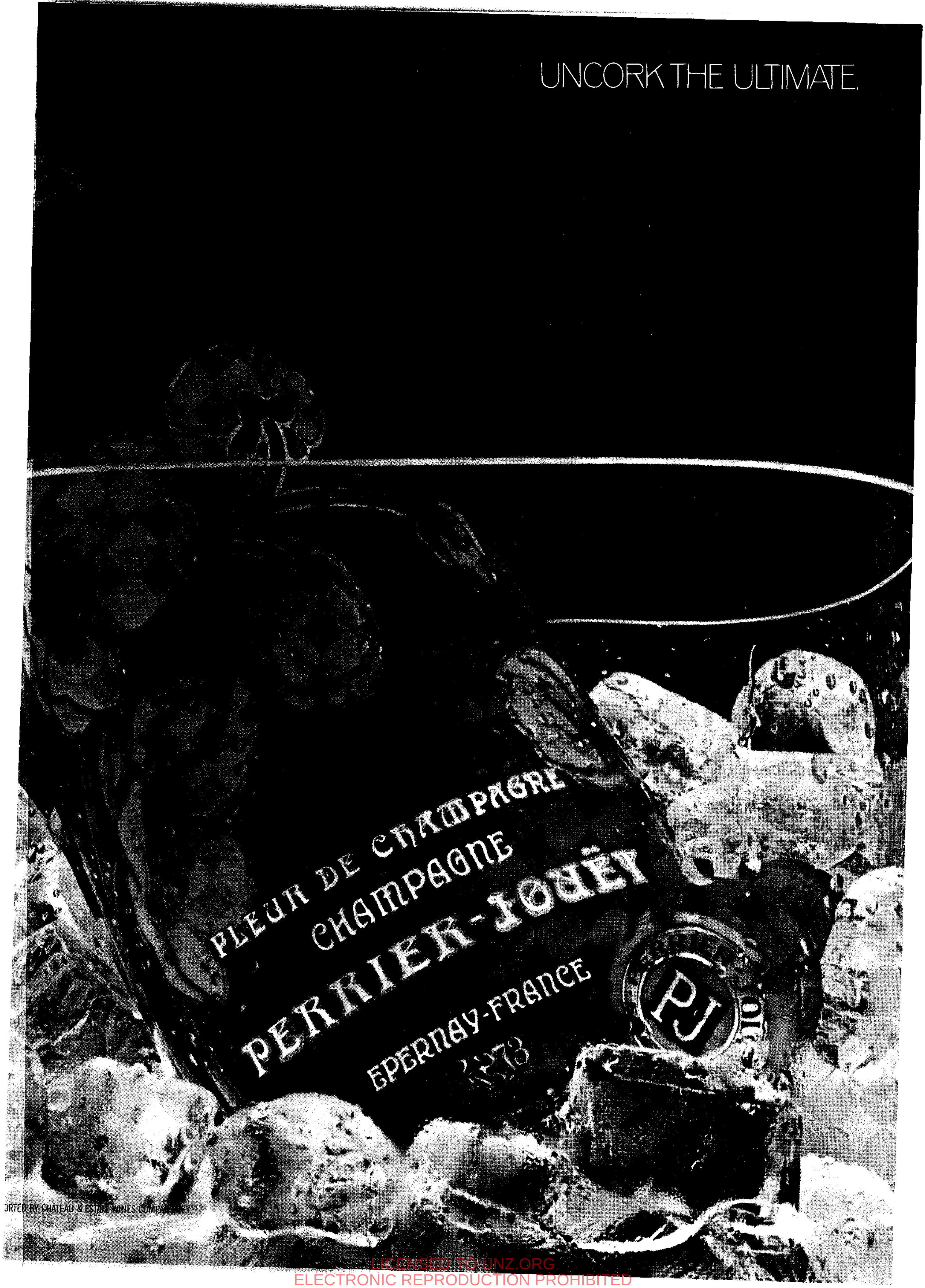
DANIEL LANG

Daniel Lang, who died last week of leukemia at the age of sixty-eight, had been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* for forty years. He arrived in our offices one day in 1941, shortly before the United States entered the Second World War, with an impressive sheaf of clippings of articles he had written for the New York *Post*. He was immediately taken onto the staff, and soon wrote his first Reporter at Large piece—on the British American Ambulance Corps. Thereafter, he wrote Reporter at Large pieces, Profiles, and Letters, in addition to shorter Notes and Comment pieces, until they numbered more than a hundred. About a third of these had to do with the atomic bomb, the hydrogen bomb, and various scientific, military, and political aspects of the nuclear situation. He was an inspired reporter, a lucid and enthralling writer: a writer of rare literary powers who brought deep feeling, deep thought, deep conviction to everything he touched. From the day we learned that Hiroshima had been destroyed, he was fully aware that mankind's survival was threatened by the bomb; he early developed a preoccupation with the subject, and kept after it bravely and persistently through the years. In 1946, he covered the first attempts by the Federation of American Scientists "to prevent the outbreak of an atomic war," or, in his words, "to save the world." He became a familiar figure at Oak Ridge, at Los Alamos, at Brookhaven, in Geneva, at the Pentagon, at the Atomic Energy Commission, at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, in the laboratories of our physicists, and at international conferences on arms control, and, monitoring the arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union and the evolution of our nuclear policy, he wrote what amounted to a vast history of the beginnings of the nuclear age. At physical risk to himself, he was on the scene at Yucca Flat, Nevada, on April 22, 1952, when an atomic bomb was tested. In 1963, he was in Great Britain for the Aldermaston peace march. He was determined to learn as much as he could about nuclear arms and nuclear disarmament, and to do what he could to educate others.

Besides producing this majestic series of articles, he served as a war correspondent for *The New Yorker* in France and Italy, and turned his attention to civil liberties, the early days of the space program, the war in Vietnam, the peace movement, and much else. Thirty years ago, he was discussing rockets with Wernher von Braun in Huntsville, Alabama, and bringing back to the rest of us at the magazine, and to readers, the incredible word that we would someday send a rocket to the moon. Similarly, he was among the first writers to explain fallout and the perils of radioactivity. Whatever the subject, he wrote in terms of individual human beings, with a particular emphasis on how the mind works and how people struggle with their dilemmas and grope their way toward their decisions. His writings invariably had moral weight. He was a student of the conscience. Implicit in nearly every piece he wrote was a controlling idea, but he never lapsed into abstraction. He tried very hard to understand the people he wrote about, and far more often than not he succeeded. The warmth he extended to them had its counterpart in his personal life. He was a warm family man, a warm friend. Extremely reticent, laconic and humorous in speech, with overtones in his conversation which could be at once mysterious and charming, a pensive, self-effacing, worried, lovable man, he will be keenly missed by this magazine.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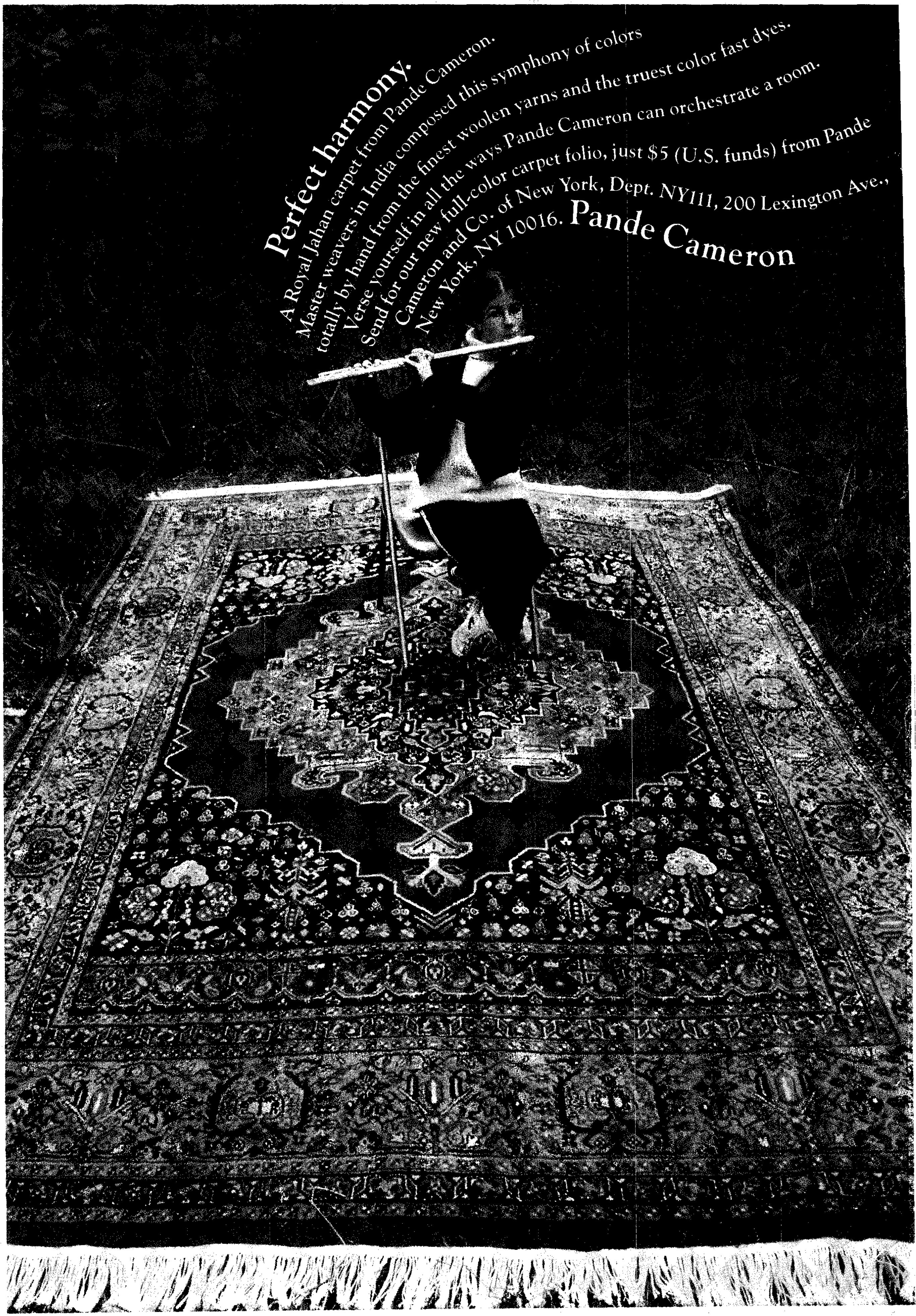

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